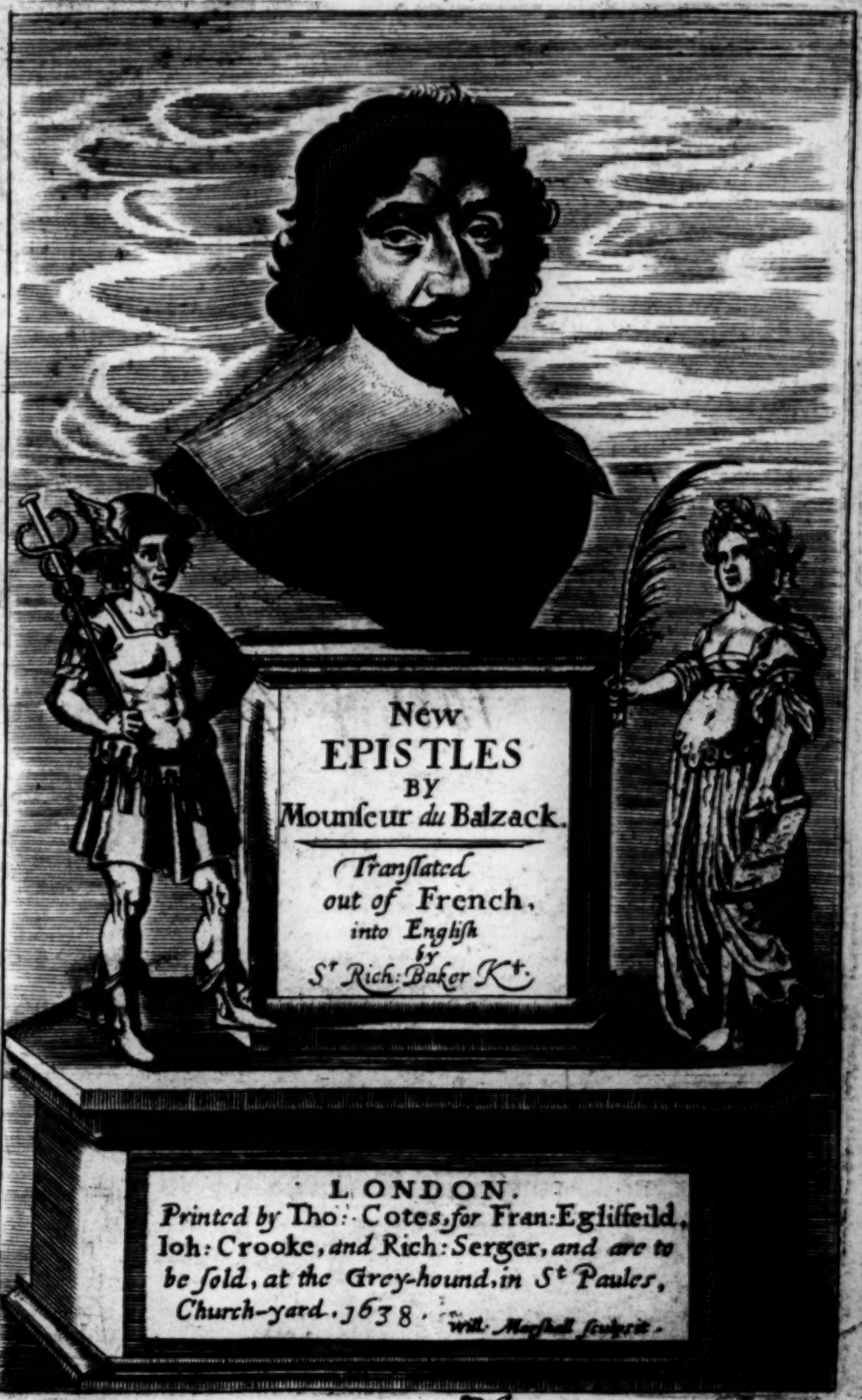
New
EPISTLES
BY
Mounſeur du Balzack.
Tranſlated
out of French,
into Engliſh
by
Sr Rich: Baker Kt.
LONDON.
Printed by Tho: Cotes, for Fran: Egliſſeild,
Ioh: Crooke, and Rich: Serger, and are to
be ſold, at the Grey-hound, in St Paules,
Church-yard. 1638.
Will. Marſhall ſculpsit.

V.B.9.

NEVV EPISTLES BY MOVNSIEVR D'BALZAC.

Tranſlated out of *French* into *Engliſh*,

By

Sr. RICHARD BAKER Knight.

Being the ſecond and third Volumes.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Cotes* for *Fra. Egleſfield*, *Iohn Crooke*, and *Rich. Serger*, and are to be ſold at the *Gray-hound* in *Pauls* Chuch-yard,
1638.

Imprimator
Tho: Wykes.

Septem.6. 1637.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO
THE HONOVRABLE
The Lord of *Newburge*; one of his Majeſties moſt honourable Privie Counſell, and Chancelour of the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*.

MY Lord, I may perhaps bee thought, beſides the boldneſſe, to be guilty of abſurdity; in offering a Tranſlation to him, who ſo exactly underſtandeth the Originall; and one, who if hee had a minde to ſee how it would looke in Engliſh *(were able to ſit a much fairer gloſſe upon it, then I have done: yet my Lord, this abſurdity may have a good colour; for it may not be unpleaſing to you, to ſee your owne perfection, in the glaſſe of anothers imperfection, ſeeing even the beſt Diamonds, ſeeme to take a pleaſure in having foiles. Beſides, I have my choice of another colour, for being to paſſe a world of hazard*

hazard, in the Cenſure of the world; I am willing to paſſe the Pikes at firſt, and account this done, having once paſſed yours. And towards it my Lord, I have two Comforts; One for the Reader; that the Authours Gold, is ſo much over waight, that though much be loſt in the melting, yet it holds waight enough ſtill, to make it be currant. The Other for my ſelfe; that by this meanes I may have a Teſtimony remaining in the world, how much I honour you; and in how high a degree, I moſt affectionately am,

Your Lordſhips

humble Servant.

RICHARD BAKER.

THE LETTERS of Mounſieur De BALZAC.

To Mounſieur *Moreau*, Counſellor to the King, and Lievtenant of *PARIS*.

Letter. I.

SIR, I come to renew my old importunity, and require your Authority, to call the Printers of *Paris* to account: They have ſet forth, in my name, certaine Letters, which I acknowledge to be mine, and deny not to father; but yet I ought to have beene of counſell to them, conſidering I never meant they ſhould gadde about the ſtreets. By this meanes, when I thinke

I am in my Cloſet, I finde my ſelfe upon the Stage; they carry me abroad, when I deſire to be private, and what I intended an incloſure to my Friends, they lay in common for all the Country. You know Sir, that this kinde of writing hath alwayes beene priviledged; and that many things are entruſted to the boſome of Letters, which neither curioſity, nor hatred ought to prye into: nor ever will, if that be any thing diſcreete; This, any thing generous. An Enemie in warre, that neither ſpares mens goods nor lives, yet makes a conſcience of opening Letters; and the law of ſecrets, ſeemes more forcible than the law of Armes: Yet ſo unfortunate am I that what an Enemy will not offer in Warre, I ſuffer in Peace; and that by men, that would be thought to have no thought of doing me hurt. I have nothing ſo properly mine, which they thinke not as properly theirs; Nothing kept ſo cloſe, which they bring not to light. If hold could bee layd on intellectuall things, they would dive (I thinke) into the very thoughts of my heart: but ſince their armes are too ſhort for this, they ſnatch them from me, aſſoone as ever I have made them ſenſible, and given them a body upon paper; in ſuch ſort Sir, that I ſhould not dare to write my very Auricular Confeſſion, for feare they ſhould put it in Print, and make it be cryed upon the Exchange; and I muſt be forced at laſt, either to renounce all commerce in this kinde, or at leaſt to invent ſome ſtrange unknowne Characters to ſpeake in ſecret, and to preſerve my conceits from

from their Arreſting. They arrogate to themſelves a more ſoveraigne power than Princes do, who alwayes leave to private men, the free uſe of that which is theirs, and never offer to make a High-way of my Garden, nor a thorow-fare of my Court-yard. This is a diſorder, whereof the conſequence reflects upon you, and wherein you are more interreſted, than my ſelfe; for I do not beleeve, you would be willing to ſee thoſe excellent diſcourſes which I have heard you make to your Auditours, bee disfigured by an uncorrected Impreſſion; and it would grieve you, that prophane hands ſhould touch them without choyce or diſcretion, and thereby marre their luſtre, and defile their purity. I therefore humbly intreate you in this point to take care of your ſelfe, and to do your ſelfe right: The boldneſſe of theſe mercenary perſons is not reſtrained by Reſpect, it muſt have a ſtronger Bridle; and if you give it not a ſtoppe by feare of puniſhment; neither our Cloſets, nor our Beds will have any thing ſo ſecret, which will not bee cryed upon the Market place, and to ſpeake in the Comœdians phraſe: That which *Jupiter* ſpeakes to *Juno* in her eare, ſhall bee made Table talke for all the people. You being as you are, the cenſor of manners, and Pylot of the ſtate; it belongs to your place to reſtraine this ſo Tyrannicall an uſurpation upon the liberty of mens ſpirits, and whilſt you defend from violence our fortunes and our lives; you muſt not expoſe to the ſame violence, other of our goods, no leſſe deare to

us than thoſe. And herein, I promiſe to my ſelfe, ſome conſideration of my owne particular, and that for my ſake, you will let your courteſie goe further than your juſtice. And having obliged me to you already upon the like occaſion; I doubt not but you will maintaine that firſt favour, with a ſecond, and make the Printers know, that you have taken my Name and Writings into your protection, to defend them againſt all their practiſes. This ſhall bee to me a ſingular favour, and which ſhall binde me, all my life, to ſeeke out meanes to teſtifie, that I am

Sir,

Your moſt humble, and moſt affectionate ſervant,

BALZAC.

To Mounſieur *Rigault.*

LETTER. II.

SIR, having adventured to ſpeake Latin, I feared my boldneſſe might have had but ill ſucceſſe; and I doubted, whether in a forraigne Country I might paſſe for an Enemy, or for a Friend. But your Letter hath given me aſſurance of my condition. I account it as the Letters Pattents of my Naturalizing; and where I

W is

was afraid to bee held a *Barbarian*, I ſee my ſelfe ſuddenly become a Cittizen of *Rome*. For ſince there is now, no more Vſe, that can ſerve for the Law; nor People, that can ſerve for the Iudge of a dead language; I have therefore recourſe to you Sir, in whom I ſeeme to ſee the very face of the moſt pure Antiquity; and who, after the diſſolution of the body of the Common-wealth, do yet preſerve the Spirit. It is falſe to ſay, The *Gothes* and *Vandalls* could juſtly bragge they left nothing of any worth behinde them: I finde ſtill the full Majeſtie of the language in your writings; and your ſtile hath in it, not onely the Ayre and Garbe of that good time; but the very Courage and the Vertue. You draw your Opinions from the ſame Well, and I ſee no cauſe that any man can have to contradict them. It is certaine, that to gaine beleefe, one muſt keepe himſelfe within the bounds of likelihood; and preſent to poſterity examples which it may follow; and not Prodigies, with which it may be frighted. Words that are diſproportionable to the matter, ſeeme to ſavour of that Mountibankes ſtraine; who would have it beleeved, he could make a ſtatue of a Mountaine, and would perſwade us, that a man were a mile long. There are ſome mens workes, not much leſſe extravagant than this Mountibanks deſigne; and moſt men ſeeme to write with as little ſerioufneſſe; and with as little care to be beleeved. And though men make a conſcience in dealing with particular perſons; yet when they come to deale with the Publike,

they ſeeme to thinke themſelves diſpenſed with; and that they owe more reſpect to one neighbour than to whole Nations, and to all Ages to come. You know notwithſtanding, that this is no new vice; and not to make a troubleſome enumeration of the antient adorers of Favour: Is not that baſe delight of *Velleim* come even to us? and was he not a Bond-ſlave, that deſired one ſhould know he was in love with his Chaine? I could curſe the ill fortune of good letters, that hath bereft us of the booke which *Brutus* writ of vertue; wherein wee might have ſeene the infamous profeſſion he makes of unmanlineſſe; to have more care of the orders of a corrupted Court, than of upholding the maine ſtructure of the Latine Philoſophie. If it had beene his fortune to have outlived *Sejanus*; I doubt not, but hee would have taken from him all the praiſes hee had given him to make a preſent of them to his ſucceſſour *Macron*: and if the gappes and breaches of his booke were filled up, one ſhould ſee he had not forgotten ſo much as a Groome in all *Tiberius* houſe, of whom he had not written *Encomiums*. Wee live in a Government much more juſt, and therefore much more commendable; the raigne of our King is not barren of great examples. It is impoſſible the cariage of *M.* the Cardinall, ſhould bee more dextrous, more ſage, more active than it is: yet who knowes not that hee hath found worke enough to doe for many Ages, and battailes enow to fight for many Worthies: That hee

hath

hath met with difficulties worthy of the transcendent forces of himſelfe, farre exceeding the forces of any other; it is neceſſary, that Time it ſelfe ſhould joyne in labour with excellent Maſter-workemen to produce the perfection of excellent workes. The recovery of a waſted body, is not the worke of onely one potion; or once opening a veine: the reviving a decayed eſtate, requires a reiteration of endeavours, and a conſtancy of labours. The ſalving of deſperate caſes, goes not ſo ſwift a pace, as Poets deſcriptions, or Figures of Orators. Wee muſt therefore keepe the extenſion of our ſubject within certaine bounds; and not ſay, that the victory is perfected, as long as it leaves us the evills of warre, and that there remaines any Monſter to bee vanquiſhed, ſeeing even poverty is it ſelfe one of the greateſt Monſters; and in compariſon whereof, thoſe which *Hercules* ſubdued, were but tame and gentle. With time, our Redeemer will finiſh his worke; and he that hath given us ſecurity, will give us alſo no doubt abundance. But ſeeing the order of the world, and the neceſſity of affaires affoords us not yet to taſt this happines; it ſhall bee a joy unto mee, to ſee at leaſt, the Image of it in your Hiſtory: to returne and re-enter by your meanes into theſe three, ſo rich and flouriſhing yeares, after which the peace hath ſhewed it ſelfe but by fits; and the Sunne it ſelfe hath beene more reſerved of his beames, and not ripened our fruits but on one ſide. You ſhall binde mee infinitely unto you,

to grant me a ſight of this rare Peece, and to allow me a key of that Temple, which you keepe ſhut to all the world beſides. I aſſure my ſelfe I ſhall ſee nothing there but that which is Stately and Magnificent; ſpecially I doubt not but the Pallace it ſelfe is admirable, and that your words doe Parallell the ſubject, when you come to ſpeake of the laſt Deſignes of our deceaſed King; and of the undoubted revolution he had brought upon the ſtate of the world, if he had lived. And though in this there be more of divination, then of knowledge; and that to ſpeake of ſuch things be to expound Riddles; yet in ſuch caſes it is not denyed to be *Speculative*; and I do not beleeve that *Lyvie* recounting the death of *Cæſar*, did lightly paſſe over the Voyage he intended againſt the *Parthians*; and that he ſtayed not a little to conſider the new face he would have put upon the Commonwealth, if death had not prevented him. If all my affaires lay here, yet I would make a journey to *Paris*, expreſſely for this; and to reade a diſcourſe, made after the faſhion of this Epitaph, which pleaſed me exceedingly. He had a Deſigne to winne *Rhodes* and overcome *Italy*. I ſhould have much adoe to hold in my Paſſion till then; but now I ſtand waiting for your *Tertullian*, that I may learne of him that patience which he teacheth, that I faint not in waiting till it Printed, and in ſtate to be ſeene; and till he come abroad under your Corrections; like to thoſe glorious bodies, which being clenſed from all impurity of matter, doe gliſter

glister and shine on every side. This is an Authour, with whom your Preface would have made me friends, if I had otherwise beene fallen out; and that the hardnesse of his phrase, and the vices of his age had given me any distaste from reading him. But it is long since, that I have held him in account; and as sad and thorny as he is, hath not beene unpleasing to me. Me thinkes, I finde in his writings that darke light; or lightsome darkenesse, which an ancient Poet speakes off; and I looke upon the obscurity of his writing, as I should looke upon a peece of Ivory that were well wrought and polished. This hath beene ever my opinion of him. As the beauties of *Africa*, doe not therefore leave to be Amiable, because they are not like to ours; and as *Sophonisbe* would have carryed the prize from many *Italian* faces; so the wits of the same Country, doe not leave to please, though their eloquence be a forreiner: and for my part I preferre this man before many that take upon them to be imitators of *Cicero*. Let it be granted to delicate Eares, that his stile is of Iron but then let it be granted also, that of this Iron; many excellent Armours have been forged, that with it he hath defended the honour and innocency of Christianity, with it he hath put the *Valentinians* to flight, and hath pierced the very heart of *Marcyon*. You see I want not much of declayming in his Praise, but to avoid this inconvenience, I thinke best to breake off abruptly. I am neither good at making Orations, nor at venting of Compliments;

ments; *I* am a bad Advocate, and as bad a Courtier: yet I entreate you to beleeve, that I am very truely:

Sir,

Your; &c.

To Mounſieur *du Moulin.*

Letter. III.

SIr, no modeſty is able to reſiſt the Praiſes that come from you. And I vow unto you, I tooke a pleaſure to ſuffer my ſelfe to be corrupted, with the firſt lines of your Letter. But it muſt be one, that knowes himſelfe leſſe then I doe, that dwels long in this errour. After a pleaſing dreame, One is willing to awake; and I ſee well enough, that when you take ſuch advantage to ſpeake of my Travell: you make not uſe of the whole ability of your Iudgement. You doe me a favour, I cannot ſay you doe me juſtice; you ſeeme to have a will to oblige me to you, by hazarding to incurre the diſpleaſure of Truth. Now that you are your ſelfe at the Goale; you encourage with all your forces thoſe that are in the race; and to perſwade them to follow you; make them believe they ſhall goe beyond you. An admirable tricke of Art, I muſt confeſſe; and which at firſt I did not diſcover. But whatſoever it be, and from what

what ground ſoever this wonderful cõmendation of yours proceeds; I eſteeme it not leſſe then an ambitious man doth a Crowne; and without piercing into your purpoſe. I take a joy in my good Fortune which is not ſmall Sir, to be loved of you, whom I have alwaies exceedingly loved; and whom I have a long time looked upon in the *Huguenot* Party, as an excellent Pylot that affronts a great Fleete, being himſelfe but in a Pinnace. The Right and Authority is on our ſide; the Plots and Stratagems on yours, and you ſeeme not leſſe confident in your courage, then we in our cauſe. It is certaine, that this is the way to give a ſedition, the ſhew of a juſt warre: and to a multitude of mutiners, the face of a well ordered Army. By this you keepe many in a good opinion of that which hath now loſt the attractivē grace of Novelty; and though it be now bending to its declination; yet it cannot be denyed, but that it holds ſtill ſome colour, and ſome apparance, by the Varniſh of your writings; and that never man hath more ſubtilly covered his cauſe from ſhew of weakeneſſe; nor more ſtrongly upheld his ſide from ruine then your ſelfe:

Si Pergama Dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac Defenſa fuiſſent.

This is my ordinary language, when it comes in my way to ſpeake of you. I am not of the paſſionate humour of the vulgar; which blancheth the liberty of their judgement; and finds never any fault in their owne ſide, nor vertue

in

in the oppoſite. For my ſelfe, from what cloud ſoever the day breake; I account it faire; and aſſure my ſelfe that at *Rome* honeſt men commended *Hanniball*; and none but Porters and baſe people ſpake baſely of him. It is indeed a kinde of ſacriledge to deveſt any man, whatſoever he be, of the gifts of God, and if I ſhould not acknowledge that you have received much; I ſhould be injurious to him that hath given you much; and for difference of the cauſe, wrong our Benefactor that is indifferent. It is true, I have not alwaies flattered the ill diſpoſed *French*: and was put in ſome choler againſt the Authors of our laſt broyles; but obſerving in your Bookes, that our intendments are alike; and that the ſubjection due to Princes is a part of the Religion you profeſſe; I have thought I might well ſpeake of your conformity herein, as much as I ſay; and in ſo doing, be but your Interpreter. Whether the tempeſt riſe from the Northerne winde, or from the Southerne; it is to me equally unpleaſing; and in that which concernes my duty; I neither take Counceſl from *England*, nor yet from *Spaine*. My humour is not to wreſtle with the Time; and to make my ſelfe an Antagoniſt of the Preſent; it is paine enough for me onely to conceive the *Idea* of *Cato*, and *Caſſius*; and being to live under the command of another, I find no vertue more fitting then obedience. If I were a *Switzer*, I would thinke it honour enough to be the Kings Goſſip; and would not be his ſubject, nor change my liberty for the beſt Maſter

ter in the world; but ſince, it hath pleaſed God to have me borne in chaines, I beare them willingly; and finding them neither cumberſome nor heavy, I ſee no cauſe I ſhould breake my teeth, in ſeeking to breake them. It is a great argument, that Heaven approoves that Governement which hath continued its ſucceſſion now a dozen Ages: an evill that ſhould laſt ſo long, might in ſome ſort ſeeme to be made legitimate, and if the age of men be venerable, certainely that of eſtates ought to be holy. Theſe great Spirits which I ſpeake of in my worke, and which are of your Party, ſhould have come in the beginning of the world, to have given lawes to new people; and to have ſetled an eſtabliſhment in the politicke eſtate; but as it is neceſſary to invent good lawes, ſo certainely it is dangerous to change even thoſe that are bad. Theſe are the moſt cruell thoughts that I entertaine for the heads of the party; in this ſort I handle the adverſe ſide; and take no pleaſure to inſult upon your miſeries, as you ſeeme civilly to charge me, who have written that the King ſhould be applauded of all the world, if after he hath beaten downe the pride of the Rebels, he would not tread upon the calamity of the afflicted. The perſecutors of thoſe who ſubmit themſelves are to me in equall execration with the violatours of Sepulchers; and I have not onely pitty of their affliction, but in ſome ſort reverence. I know that places ſtrucken with lightning, have ſometimes beene held Sacred. The finger of God

hath

hath beene reſpected in them, whom it hath touched; and great adverſities have ſometimes rather given a Religious reſpect, then received a reproach. But thus to ſpeake of the good ſucceſſe of the Kings Armes were to ſpeake improperly. Both ſides have gained by his victory. All the penalty that hath beene impoſed upon you; hath beene but this, to make you as happy as our ſelves, and you are now in quiet poſſeſſion of that happineſſe, for which before your Townes were taken, you were but ſuppliants. Our Prince will put no yoke upon the conſciences of his Subjects; he deſires not to make that be received by force; which cannot well be received but by perſwaſion; nor to uſe ſuch remedies againſt the *French*, which are not good, but againſt the *Moores*. If the King of *Sweden* uſe his proſperity in this manner, and ſoile not ſo pure a Grace with proſcriptions and puniſhments; I make you a faithfull promiſe, to doe that which you deſire me to doe; to employ all my cunning and all my engines, to erect a ſtatue to the memory of his Name. You touch the right ſtring of my inclination, when you pray me to praiſe and to magnifie that Prince. If all the Crownes that are wrought upon his Scarfe ſhould be changed into ſo many Kingdomes, they could never in my opinion ſufficiently recompence ſo rare a vertue; nor be able to fill ſo vaſte a Spirit as his is: As I expect nothing but great from his valour, ſo from his honeſty I hope for nothing but good; and although in *Spaine* it be

currant

urrant that he is certainely Antichriſt; yet I am neither ſo devout to beleeve ſuch a fable, nor ſo feareſull to be afraide of ſuch a deame. I only anſwer ſome ſcrupulous perſons, who queſtion me about this Prince; that our King hath in him a ſecond to ſtand by him; and ſuch a one as a fitter could never be found, to ſtrike an amaſement into the houſe of *Auſtria*; and to divert it from the care it takes of our affaires. But I will ſtay my ſelfe here for this time; and not enter upon a ſubject which I reſerve for the leareſt houres of my leaſure, it is better to make a ſtand at the porch of holy places, then to enter into them without preparation. Beſides, my diſcourſe may ſeeme already long, if not too long, for a beginning of acquaintance, pardon I beſeech you, the contentment I take to be this way with you, which makes me forget both your employments, and my owne cuſtome. It is not any deſire I have to be troubleſome to any, much leſſe to make Sermons to my friends, but your ſelfe gave me the Text I have handled, and I cannot doubt, but that having opened unto you the bottome of my heart, without diſſimulation; you will give my liberty the credit of your beliefe, and with this I ſolemnely aſſure you that I truely am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

To

To Mounſieur, the Abbot of *Baume*.

Letter. IV.

SIR, I am true, if not liberall; and I ſend you that I promiſed, though I cannot ſend you what I would. This is neither a moveable for the uſe of your houſe, nor an ornament to beautifie your cloſet; it is matter of diſcourſe onely for two or three dayes at your table; and a Novelty that will quickly grow ſtale. But if your ſelfe have any better opinion of it, and that you account it of any value, I am contented that you leave my ſtile to the mercy of any that will arreſt it; ſo you pleaſe to juſtifie my intentions to men that are reaſonable, and not ſuffer in the Country where you are, that an honeſt man ſhould bee oppreſſed with the hatred againſt his ſide. If I were a revoulted *Spaniard*, and that the words I write did come from the mouth of a Fugitive, they might with good reaſon bee taken in ill part; and we finde that a *Grecian* at *Athens*, was once puniſhed for ſerving the *Perſians* to bee their Interpreter: but I deſire you to conſider, that the cauſe I maintaine is the cauſe of my Prince and Country, which I could not maintaine coldly, without a kinde of treaſon. We puniſh Prevaricatours and Traytors, but true and lawfull enemies wee prayſe, and I cannot thinke

that

that *M.* the Cardinall of *Cueva*, will thinke the worſe of my paſſion, for the publike liberty, who hath ſhewed himſelfe the like paſſion, for one particular mans Regency. I am not afraid that a good action ſhould make me loſe his favour, or that being himſelfe extreamely juſt, hee ſhould not more eſteeme of my zeale, which is naturall and honeſt; than the choller of Doctor *Boucher*, a mercenary man, and a Pentioner to a ſtranger. It will be no Novelty to ſay that of *Spaine*, which hath beene alwayes ſaid of great Empires, and that rapine and cruelty is a reproach even to Eagles and Lyons. To be a Tyrant and an Vſurper, is it not in other termes to be a Grandee, and a Conqueror? And are not violence and ſeverity vices that exceed the reach of vertue, and which makes our morality ridiculous; I blame ſometimes the counſailes of Kings, but I never lay hands upon their royalty, and if I ſeeke to cut off ſuperfluities and exceſſes, it cannot therfore be juſtly ſayd, I teare that off which I ſeeke to prune. Crownes are to me ſacred, even upon Idolaters heads; and I adore the marke of God in the perſon of the great *Cham*, and of the great *Mogoll*. Having now made this declaration which yet is more expreſsly delivered in my booke: I hope there will be no place left for calumnie, and I promiſe to my ſelfe, that for my ſake you will whip the *Spaniards* in point of generouſneſſe, and ſhew them, that ſhe hath ſhewed her ſelfe principally to doe a favour to enemies, and to mingle things which ſeeme hard to bee min-

gled, courteſie and warre together, I demand not theſe good offices from you, I expect them from your friendſhip, and I doubt not but you will continue it to me in ſpight of all the ſpightfulneſſe and bitterneſſe of the oppoſites, ſeeing I know you are free from thoſe petty paſſions of vulgar ſpirits, and that you know I am

Sir,

Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *Bouthillier*, Counſellor of the King in his Counſailes, and Secretary of his commands.

Letter. V.

SIR, I vow I am one of the worſt Courtiers of *France*, and to juſtifie Fortune, for having little favoured me, I will accuſe my ſelfe for having little courted her, yet for the love of you I have uſed an extraordinary endeavour. My affection hath gone beyond my action, and I have put my ſelfe to the venture to goe as farre as *Gaſcogny* to ſeeke you out. If you had gone by *Cadillac*, as I was told you would, you had found me at the waters ſide at your diſim-

barking

barking, and I ſhould have put hard with the beſt of the Country to have had the honour to offer you my ſervice firſt of any, but God did not thinke me worthy of my deſires. It was his pleaſure I ſhould make a journey of fifty leagues not to ſee you, and I conceive my happineſſe to be ſuch, that if I ſhould goe to *Paris* with the like intention, God would preſently inſpire the Kings heart to ſend you away in ſome Embaſſage: Be pleaſed therefore Sir to ſpare me this travaile; I dare undertake no ſecond voyage, for feare leaſt ſuch a thought onely ſhould remoove you from the ſtation where all the good of life is ſeated, and out of which a man can have no contentment, but what he can get by the force of Reaſon and Philoſophie. It ſufficeth me that I have this one way left me, to preſent you my Complements; and that from time to time I can make you reade that your *Idea* is the deare company of my ſolitude, & your reputation the comfortable trouble of my repoſe. In the eſtate I now am in, this in effect, is all the part I claime in the affaires of the world; theſe are the newes for which I retaine ſtill my whole enquiery; I profeſſe unto you the publicke proſperities would be leſſe deare unto me if yours were not bound up in one volume with them. It doth not trouble me I confeſſe that our affaires are proſperous, and that our armies have glorious ſucceſſe, but to thinke that you are one of the inſtruments of ſo flouriſhing a kingdome, and that the king makes uſe of your pen to com-

municate himſelfe to his owne people, and to ſtrangers, and to diſtribute both good and evill to all Europe, this is that which raviſheth mee with extremitie of joy. From your words are framed the Oracles that are at this day given to all Nations, you trouble not your braines any more with the petty intereſts of *Tytius* and *Mævius*; *Italy* and *Germany* are now your clients; and the Princes that either feare or ſuffer oppreſſion expect their deſtinies from your anſwers. I had the pleaſure Sir to ſee all theſe things before they were viſible; I ſaw the fruit when it was but in the budde, I knew the Gold when it was yet in the mine, I remember your happy entrance into the world, and that you have not needed a time of probation for being perfectly an honeſt man, you ſayd things to mee in your infancie which I make uſe of now in my old age; and I keepe for a Monument a letter you once writ to me from *Villeſavin* as a ſeede of all the diſpatches, and of all the inſtructions you ſhall ever make. At that time I was proud of my fortune, and you gave me leave to boaſt of your friendſhip, I dare not now uſe the privacie of ſuch tearmes; it is fit my ambition ſhould be more modeſt and more moderate. I crave now only an acknowledging and a protection, and this I hope Sir you will not deny me; but take me for one of the charges deſcended upon you, with the inheritance of Mounſieur *d'Ayre* your deceaſed Vncle: Beare with my paſſion as a thing of your owne, and which you cannot put away,

away, ſince in effect I am and can never bee other.

Sir,

Then your, &c.

To *Monſieur*, the Earle of *Exceſter*.

Letter VI.

SIR, if I had made a vow of humility, you give me here a faire occaſion to bee proud for not breaking it, yet this ſhould not be an effect of the love of wiſedome; it ſhould be a marke of averſion from goodneſſe, if I did not teſtifie the joy of the Newes I have received I could never expect from your honour a more ſweet recompence of my travaile then this, which is preſented to me by your hands, and when I ſee the ſonne of the great *Cecile* let downe his ſpirits ſo low as to mine, and make himſelfe leſſe then hee is by repreſenting me in his Country; I cannot forbeare to vow unto you that it hath touched the moſt ſenſible part of my ſoule, and that with joy thereof my miſeries have given me a comfortable breathing time. For your ſelfe Sir, all the ſtaine you can take herein is but this, that it may bee ſayd, you have your ſports as well as your buſineſſes, and that all the houres of

your life are not equally ſerious, but ſeeing the gods in times paſt have changed their ſhapes, and diſguiſed themſelves in a thouſand faſhions; I conceive it may be juſtly allowed to you to give us the morall ſence of thoſe fables, you are able without any wrong to your ſelfe, to ſhew us, that great perſons cloyed with their felicitie are glad ſometimes to imitate the actions of private men, and to put on Maskes to ſave themſelves from the importunity of their greatneſſe, whatſoever your deſigne were I cannot but turne to my advantage, for by this meanes I am certainly an honeſter man in *England* then in *France*: ſeeing I ſpeake there by your mouth, I therefore moſt humbly thanke you for the favour you have done me, in making mee better then I was; and I joy in this, that by your meanes I am improved in value, which inables me to make you the more worthy preſent, in preſenting you my affection, and the deſire I have to be all my life,

Sir,

Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *de Boyſſat.*

Letter VII.

SIR, what occaſion ſoever it be that brings me your Letters, it cannot be but very pleaſing

ſing, I feele a joy at the only ſight of your name, & the honour you doe me to remember me, is ſo deare unto me, that though perhaps it be fortune that doth it, yet I cannot but thank you for it. You are one of thoſe whoſe leaſt favours are *Obligatorie*, & you never caſt them from you ſo careleſſely, but that they deſerve to bee carefully gathered. When others beare you affection and hold you deare, it is but to be juſt, and to pay debts, but when you doe the like to others, it is to be liberall, and to beſtow favours. You may then imagine what glory I account it, that the meaneneſſe of my ſpirit hath the approbation of your judgement, and I am not a little glad that my inclination hath ſo good ſucceſſe, not to be hated of one whom I ſhould love, though hee hated mee. For a traine to this firſt favour I require from you a ſecond; be pleaſed Sir that I aske you, if it be in truth my ſelfe whom you exhort to moderation, whether you thinke in your conſcience that I am fallen into the vice contrary to this vertue? It is now foure yeares that I ſuffer outrages, they thinke it not enough to doe me wrongs unleſſe they print them too; they doe me hurt, and would have me thinke my ſelfe beholding to them for it; an infinite Army of enemies are come into the field againſt mee, under the Colours of *Philarque*; it is not two or three private men, it is whole Companies, whole Troopes that ſet upon mee: I am the Martyr of a thouſand Tyrants, and if this unhappy influence paſſe not over, or abate not, I

ſhall come at laſt to be the object of perſecution for all the world. They have painted mee out a publicke ſinner amongſt honeſt men; a a man that cannot reade amongſt Schollers, a mad man amongſt the ſober: Theſe good offices they have done mee hitherto without any revenging, I am as yet a debtour of theſe charities to them that have lent them to mee; I have taken theſe blowes with hardineſſe in ſtead of repelling them with force, and my patience hath beene ſuch, that many have called it want of courage: If this bee ſo, you will grant me Sir that you trouble your ſelfe about that which cannot be, that another mans praiſes ſhould be inſupportable to mee, when I have not been ſenſible of my owne Calumnies: I am not like to be in haſt to hinder by my violence the making of friendſhip, who have by my remiſſenes as it were conſented to my owne hatred. There is no colour to thinke that I ſhould complaine of words feigned, and ſuch as declaymers uſe in ſport, who have not ſo much as ſpoken a word of the moſt cruell action that ever the moſt premeditated malice could bring forth. Let our friend if hee pleaſe make an Epitaph or a deifying of — let him imploy all his Morter and all his Art, to build him either a Sepulcher or a Temple, and to ſpeake after the manner of —, let him erect him a ſhrine, and place him amongſt his houſhould ſaints: I ſay nothing againſt all this, nor condemne his proceeding, whether it be that he honour the memory and merit of the dead, or that hee

ſtand

ſtand in awe of the credit and faction of his heires. I eaſily beare with theſe ſmall ſpots in my friends, and exact no more of them then they can well ſpare. I know that Greeke and Latine make not men valiant, nor are things that deſcend to the bottome of the ſoule, they ſcarce reach to the outermoſt ſuperficies: they ſtay commonly in the memory and in the imagination, and poliſh the tongue without fortifying the heart: I ſhould therefore deſire too much, if I ſhould deſire at all that theſe goodly knowledges ſhould get a new vertue for my ſake, and ſhould worke a greater effect in the ſpirit of — then they wrought in the Poet *Lucan*, whom feare conſtrained to accuſe his mother, and to praiſe a tyrant. If it ſtay but upon mee that this deare child ſhould ſee the light, after ſo many ſower lookes and ſo many throwes, I am ready my ſelfe to ſerve for a Midwife. I am content it ſhall be publiſhed to day, and to morrow bee tranſlated into all Languages, that the Author may not loſe a day in his glory, and that his glory be not bounded within River or Mountaine. Never feare that I will impaire his ill nights, or adde the care of one proceſſe to his ordinary watchings, if hee have no other unquietneſſe but what he is like to have from me, he may be ſure to enjoy a perpetuall calme, and a perfect tranquility, if he be not awaked but by the noiſe you thinke I will make him, he may ſleepe as long as *Epimenides*, who going to bed a young man was fifty yeares elder when

he

he roſe. Beſides, I have too much care of my owne quiet, to goe about to trouble his; and I love his contentment too well, not to procure it, being to coſt me nothing, but the diſſembling his weakeneſſe, And this I entreate you Sir, to aſſure him from me. But knowing you to be wiſe and vertuous in the degree you are, I doubt not, but of your owne head, you will tell him, that it becomes not a man of his gravity, to countenance ſuch petty things; and in a point of Schollarſhip to uſe as much formality and ceremony, as if it were the Negotiation of an Ambaſſador, but much more, that it is a baſe quality to juggle with his friends; and after having ſaid a truth, which was not for all mens taſte to make a Comment upon it, of a Sophiſter. I have read *Tacitus*, and the Bookes of—— and therefore ſhould know the ſtile of *Tyberius*; and the Art of Equivocation; but I ſhould be loath to ſeeme ingenious, to the prejudice of mine honour, and to make uſe of poyſon, though I had one ſo ſubtill that would kill without leaving any marke to be ſeene; I have loved men in affliction; and have made uſe of men in miſery. Lightning hath not driven me from places which it hath made frightfull; I have given teſtimony of my affection, not only where it could not be acknowledged, but where it was in danger to be puniſhed. I am not now ſo dealt withall my ſelfe; and yet if the juſtice of my cauſe were not as it is to be regarded; me thinkes the violence of my adverſaries ought to procure me ſome favour;

doth

doth not even honour oblige thoſe that have any feeling of it, not to joyne with the multitude which caſts it ſelfe upon a ſingle man? Oppreſſion hath alwaies beene a ſufficient ground for Protection; and Noble mindes never ſeeke better Title for defending the weaker; but the neede there is of them; and to take part with a ſtranger, it is cauſe enough that many aſſault him, and few aſſiſt him. and ſuch alſo I doubt not is your mind. I am not leſſe perſwaded of the generouſneſſe of your mind; then of the greatneſſe of your Spirit, and aſſure my ſelfe you are not the leſſe on my ſide, becauſe I have many perſecutors, as becauſe alſo, I am firmely,

Sir

Your &c.

To Mounſieur *Huggens*, Secretary to the Prince of *Orange*.

LETTER. VIII.

SIR, I complaine no more of fortune, ſhee hath done mee at leaſt ſome courteſie amongſt her many injuries, and ſince ſhee ſuffers that you love me, it is a ſigne ſhee hath care of me amidſt her perſecutions, this good newes I have learned by a Letter of yours to M. the

M. the Baron of Saint *Surin*, who will beare me witneſſe, that after I had read it, I deſired nothing more for perfecting my joy, but that I might be ſuch a one as you make me, and be like my picture. If this be the coale of *Holland* with which you make ſuch draughts, it ſurpaſſeth all the colour that we uſe here to paint withall, and yet the beauty coſts you nothing, but you ſhal hardly make me beleeve it; I know Gold and Azure, and can eaſily diſtinguiſh it from coale, I ſee Sir the Ambuſhes you lay for me. The Facilitie of your ſtile covers the force of it, but weakens it not, and under a ſhew of careleſneſſe, I finde true Art and Ornaments. It ſecures not your turnes to doe better in the place where you are than wee; and ſhutting us out to hold poſſeſſion of the ancient and ſolid vertue, but you goe about to take from us all that is any way paſſable to corrupt eſtates, I meane the glory of Language, and not ſuffer us to have this little toy to comfort our ſelves withall, for the loſſe of all our truer treaſures. After fifty yeares overcome you will now be talking of a parley, and thinke to make your ſelves maſters of men by a more ſweet and humane way then the former, as much in effect as to bee, that you have ſometimes beene termed the brothers of the people of *Rome*, and heyres of the old *Catoes*, who made profeſſion of ſeverity, and yet not enemies of the graces. This is to perfume Iron and Copper, and to the libertie and diſcipline of *Sparta*, to adde the bravery and dainties of

Athens

Athens, M. *de Saint Surin* hath thereunto made us excellent relations; and you have ſent him backe to us with his heart wounded, and his minde tainted with that he hath ſeene, and he wants not much of being become a bad Frenchman, at leaſt he reteines nothing for his country but a dutifull and reverent affection; his love your Iland hath gotten poſſeſſion of, and I am much afraid you will find more loadſtone to draw him to you, then we ſhall finde chaines to hold him with us. He is ful of the objects he hath left behind him, and when I talke to him of our Court and of our confuſions; hee anſwers with telling mee of your government and good order. And here you ſhall pardon me if I change my complement into blame, and require to be righted by you for dehaunching a friend, who with one looke of his countenance allayes and ſweetens all the bitterneſſe of my life. The number of my perſecutors is in a manner infinite, but for how many thinke you I account ſo brave a champion? Take him from me and you leave mee quite diſarmed againſt ill fortune, I looſe my comfort for adverſitie, and my example for vertue. And finding you the principall author of this diſgrace, I know not how I ſhould but hate you, and perſevere in the reſolution I have taken, to be moſt affectionately,

Sir,

Your, &c.

To

To the Baron of Saint *Surin.*

Letter. IX.

SIR, I learne by the *Gazette* that you have receiued a wound at *Maſtricke*, ſo it bee light I forgiue it you, but though it bee but a ſcratch I loue you too well not to accuſe you of too much forwardneſſe. They that are poore in reputation ought to preſſe up to the trenches, and ſuch fervour is as well beſeeming freſh ſouldiers as young Fryers; but for you, you haue ſeene too many warres to be called by the firſt name, and your valour having beene ſhewed in the preſence of the Prince, and approued by the teſtimony of the very enemy; it ſeemes to mee that your part is not ſo much to bring it forth as a new matter, as to keepe it up as a knowne good. I would haue you make good actions, yea ordinary; but I would haue you doe it now, if it might be had with a body charmed and with inchanted Armes, that leaving behinde you all danger, you might haue before you nothing but glory. If God had giuen us three or foure liues, we might at any time venture one, and ſometimes in a bravery let one goe, being aſſured we haue another in ſtore, but to be prodigall in poverty, and to be careleſſe of ones head when no art can make him a new, this is a point hath no apparence of reaſon. Wee muſt not ſet ſo light by the beauties

beauties of heaven and the Rayes of viſible things, nor turne our eyes from a ſpectacle ſo magnificently erected for us: I offend perhaps the eares of your courage with this diſcourſe, and you are like to ſend my counſaile away as it came, yet take not diſtaſtfully an officious injury and thinke it not ſtrange that I acquaint you with my feares, ſeeing a goddeſſe was not aſhamed to attire her ſonne in a womans habit to preſerve him; it would greeve me exceedingly to ſee you come halting home, or with but one eye, and to bring ſuch untoward favours from the warres; I will not be bound to flatter your griefe with that word of a *Lacedemonian* mother, Courage my ſonne; you cannot now take a ſteppe that puts you not in minde of your vertue, and leſſe with that example in the hiſtories of *Saluſt*, he made oſtentation of a face remarkeable onely for skarres, and for having but one eye, wherein he tooke a pleaſure though it made him deformed, and cared not for loſing one part of himſelfe, which made all the reſt the fuller of honour. Spare me I beſeech you this kinde of conſolation which I ſhould give you, if you ſuffer the like loſſes, and be not ſo hot in ſeeking after a faire death which can gaine you nothing but a faire Epitaph. Give mee beleefe onely this once, and after this I will leave you to your owne beleefe, and commend you to your good Angell. You ſhall have leave to diſpoſe of your time ſome otherwiſe then thus, but remember that Melons are paſt, and

make

make not ——— ſtand waiting too long for you: Our Rivers never ranne more cleare, nor our Meddowes were ever more greene. I make uſe Sir of all things both reaſonable and inſenſibe to perſwade your returne. In the name of God come and draw me out of the unquietneſſe you have put me in, I have ſomething, I know not what, lies heavy at my heart, and nothing will lighten it but your company: That which a ſuperſtitious man would doe for a dreame, or for ſome idle preſage, do you I pray you for a friend: who carries you alwayes in his minde, and who is more then any in the world,

Sir,

Your, &c.

To my Lord the Cardinall *De la Valette.*

Letter X.

SIR, the Letter you did me the honour to write unto me, the thirteenth of the laſt Moneth came not to my hands till the beginning of this, otherwiſe I had ſooner given teſtimony how deare theſe laſt markes of your remembring me are unto me, and how much I receive of ſecret glory, ſeeing all other is denied

nyed me, in that I have done any thing which ſeemes not altogether unpleaſing to you. It is no ſmall matter to entertaine eyes that uſe not to ſtay upon vulgar objects; and to miniſter pleaſure to a minde which hath nothing in it but lawfull paſſions, and indeede Sir the height of my ambition is bounded there. If I had no other payment for all my travaile, but onely your good opinion of it, I ſhould not complaine for being ill payd, and your goodneſſe hath made me full recompence for all the wrongs I have received. The number of my enemies is great, I ſee it well, the time doth not favour me, I confeſſe it, but having your favour Sir what can I feare under ſo powerfull a protection? Seeing thoſe to whom God hath given clearer eyes then to other men, and a more ſoveraigne reaſon, as well as a more ſovereigne dignitie, have no ill opinion of my opinions, what neede I care for the cenſure of the baſe world? and how can I but hope that the truth aſſiſted by a few ſages, will be alwayes able to withſtand a multitude of Sophiſters? I now ſend you Sir my anſwer to ſuch of their objections, that ſeeme worth the refuting, and which have but any ſparke of apparance to dazle the eyes of ſimple people; the reſt are ſo ridiculous that I dare not oppugne them, for feare you ſhould thinke I had deviſed them my ſelfe to make matter for diſcourſe; or that I coaped with them about points where I were ſure they could doe mee no hurt. And yet why ſhould I diſſemble my

ill happe? Thoſe ridiculous objections finde abettours and uphoulders, although I have juſtice on my ſide, yet am I ſued ſtill, and perſecuted by men I never offended; and that when I give over the field and intreate for my life, ſee the dealings of cruell mindes towards thoſe that are good. They have no feare, but becauſe I make no reſiſtance; they magnifie themſelves in the wrong of their advantage; they have not taken it; it is my ſelfe have given it them. Their firſt ſucceſſe which my ſufferance hath incouraged have beene new bonds for the continuance; and becauſe I have uſed no words againſt their blowes, they thinke I judge my ſelfe worthy to endure them; yet all this ſhall not make me change my reſolution, and I am bent to ſtay within the bounds into which I have voluntarily put my ſelfe. Although I am neighbour to a Marſhalls Court, yet I chuſe rather a diſgracefull quietneſſe then to entertaine the beſt quarrell in the world. I have got as it were a habit of careleſneſſe, I dare not ſay of patience, leaſt I might be accuſed to praiſe my ſelfe for a vertue. It may happen that their perſecution ſhall not continue ſo long as my innocency, and that I may ſee an end of that which would be my end. It may bee a calmer ſeaſon will follow after this, and perhaps the tempeſt that threatens my head will fall but at my feete. However the world goe, I will alwayes comfort my ſelfe with the Letter you did mee the honour to write unto me. I will put your good

will

will in ballance againſt all mens malice, and againſt all the injuries of Fortune, I will account my ſelfe not altogether unhappy as long as I ſhall have place in your remembring mee, and that you will beleeve I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

Another to the ſame Cardinall.

LETTER XI.

SIR, I never durſt adventure to be ſuter to you in behalfe of others, and finding my ſelfe unworthy of your favour, I have never offered to counterfaite a Favorite But though I did ſtand ſo farre in your grace as to doe good offices for any, and that you allowed me the liberty which I dare not take of my ſelfe; yet I ſhould doe very untowardly to begin with a ſuite in behalfe of Mounſieur *Conrades*, and to ſteppe before you in your owne inclinations. I know your love to him, is one of the moſt ancient you ever had, and hee therefore one of the firſt ſervants you ever entertainde: The choiſe of ſo judicious an infancie as yours, hath not I dare ſay beene raſhly made; and I diſcover daily by the opening of his heart and thoughts unto me, the reaſons you had to love him at firſt; I come not therefore as his Soli-

citour but as his bare witneſſe; and aſſure you moſt undoubtedly, that I know not a man living more religious towards the memory of his maſters, more firme in performance of his duty, more fervent in his paſſions, nor more paſſionately affected to your ſervice then himſelfe. Now that he hath loſt M. the Marſhall *Scomberg*, by whoſe commandement I came expreſſely from *Burdeaux*, to offer him on his part all the contentment hee could wiſh; hee thinkes hee hath right after him to place his hope in you, and that you will doe him the honour to uphold with your protection the affaires he hath at Court. I concurre with him in this opinion; and knowing that in this ſo generall a corruption of the world, this age of ours owes unto you the laſt examples wee ſee of goodneſſe, & that without you neither the dead ſhould any more finde pitty, nor the miſerable conſolation; I have conceived you will not take it ill that I confirme him in this beleefe, and that I take this occaſion to ſay that unto you which in the ſuddenneſſe of my departure, I had not time to ſay that I am perfectly and ever,

Sir,

At *Angouleſme* 23. *Novemb.* 1632.

Your, &c.

To

To Mounſieur *de Bois Robert.*

Letter XII.

SIR, you are a better man than you would have me beleeve you are. Your words of Fire and Blood agree ill with the ſweetneſſe of your ſpirit, and having received from you a Letter of challenge, I expect from you another of friendſhip. You may make your profit of the good examples you have ſeene on that ſide the Mountaines, but follow not the *Italian* examples of being captious and retaining of ſpleene, as if it were a jewell. It is not fit the holy weeke ſhould paſſe upon your choller without abating it. It would not bee an act of courage, but a hardneſſe of heart, and the beſt extremities partake ſo much of vice, that even ſupreme right is no better than ſupreme wrong. Play not therefore the tyrant towards your friend, but ſtay your ſelfe within the bounds of ordinary juſtice. The limits that part juſtice from wrong are not ſo well marked out, but that one paſſeth them often before he is aware; and it is neither a lawfull greatneſſe to make ones ſelfe terrible to thoſe he loves, nor an honeſt reſiſtance to ſtand obdurate to the prayers of men in miſery. But perhaps I offer remedies to one in better ſtate than my ſelfe; perhaps I am affrayd of in artificiall choller, and am frighted with

that which is but a Vizard. It may be you have a deſire to know in what degree I love you, and that your hard dealing with mee is but to try me; ſuch experiments would proove dangerous to any other man beſides your ſelfe, but you may make them ſafely, for I make you promiſe that my patience ſhall bee more inſenſible then your ſence is tender. But yet muſe a little upon the honour of our friendſhip, and upon the opinion of the world. I make confeſſion to you of my faults, and I am told you publiſh briefes of your diſlike; I have told you confidently that I ſuffer in it, and becauſe I tell it not with a good grace, you are offended with the incivility of privacie. Me thinkes you ſhould not exact from a plaine country man ſo punctuall a diſcretion, by living amongſt clownes I have forgotten all the good manners I learned with you: the wilde man you had civilized is returned backe to his naturall condition. I doe not any longer walke in the woods, I wander there, and had it not beene to ſee my Lord Mayors ſhew, I had not beene ſeene in the City, although to ſay the truth, ſo obſtinate a retyring might juſtly enough have beene cenſured as a kind of rebellion; and as the ſtudy of wiſedome takes from mee all admiration of vaine pompe, ſo yet it leaves mee the reverence of lawfull authority. And to this purpoſe (that I may change the tenour of my diſcourſe) I muſt tell you that I am very well pleaſed with my voyage, and doe not repent me to have performed

a ſmall Complement which hath diſcovered unto mee an eminent vertue. I have ſtudied M. *de Braſſac* now eight dayes together, I have obſerved him in publicke and in private. I have ſeene him handle different ſubjects, with ſo equall force, that I am even aſhamed, that having ſo perfect knowledge of his owne Art, yet he knowes mine much more better then my ſelfe. Hee is none of theſe limited wits that count themſelves full, if they have but three words of Latine, and have but read one of Plutarkes lives: Take them out of certaine common places within which they entrench themſelves and draw all diſcourſe thither, every where elſe they are utterly diſarmed and without defence; but his knowledge is ſo univerſall, and comprehends ſuch an infinite number of thinges that one cannot touch upon any point where hee is not ready for you, and to draw him dry I doe not thinke there are queſtions enow in the world to put unto him. In one day I have heard him diſcourſe with Gentlemen about hunting and husbandry; with Ieſuits about Divinitie, and the Mathematicks, with Doctors of leſſe auſtere profeſſion about Rhetoricke and Poetrie, without ever borrowing a forreigne terme, where the naturall were the fitter, and without ever flying to authority where the caſe in queſtion were to be decided by reaſon. To anſwer a premeditated oration from point to point upon the ſuddaine, and to ſend backe our oratours more perſwaded by his eloquence then ſatisfied with their owne,

this I have ſeene him oftentimes doe, and no man ever came to viſit him, whoſe heart hee did not winne with his words, or at leaſt left in it ſuch an impreſſion as is wont to bee the firſt elementing and foundation of love. No libertie can be ſo ſweete as ſo reaſonable a ſubjection; ſuch a yoake is more to be valued then the Mayor of *Rochels* Halberds, and when one is once aſſured of the ſufficiencie of his guide, it is afterwards but a pleaſure to bee led. In leſſe then one weeke hee hath new made all ſpirits here; hath fortified the weake, hath cleared the ſcrupulous, and hath given to all the world a good opinion of the preſent, and a better hope of the time to come. I vow unto you I never ſaw a man that had a more pleaſing way of commanding, nor better knew how to temper force and perſwaſion together. I have indeede knowne ſome not unfit to command, but it hath beene in a Gally not in a City; ſuch might ſerve for excellent followers, but are never good to make Governours; they underſtand not the Art of governing Freemen; there are even ſome beaſts of ſo generous a diſpoſition, that it would be rudeneſſe to carry a hard hand over them; much more whom one might leade in his garter to curbe them, beſides a bridle with a Cavaſſon. They thinke that power cannot ſubſiſt but by ſeverity, and that it growes weake and ſcorned, if it be not frightfull and injurious. This method and manner of governing is not like to come from the ſchoole and diſcipline of M. the Cardinall,

Cardinall, from whom nothing is ever ſeene to come that reliſheth not of the mildeneſſe of his countenance, and receiveth not ſome impreſſion from the clearenesſe of his eyes. All that have the honour to come neare about him are knowne by this Character, & weare all the ſame livery, though they bee of different deſerving. There is not ſo ſullen an humoriſt that is not mollified by his preſence, nor ſo dull an underſtanding that he makes not pregnant with a word of his mouth; this you know, and I am not ignorant of; hee makes powerfull uſe of weake inſtruments, and his inſpirations lift up ſpirits to ſuch a highth as their owne nature could never carry them. Hee needes in a man but a ſmall ſeede of reaſon to draw from him exceeding effects of prudence, and he inſtructs ſo effectually the groſſeſt ſpirits; that what they want in themſelves they get by his inſtructions. Theſe are workes which none can doe but he, materialls which none but he can put in frame; yet I thinke I may ſay without offence, that this is more of his choyſe then of his nature. To ſpirits that languiſhed for want of roome to ſtirre themſelves in, hee hath given ſcope and imployment, and where he hath found a vertue neglected, to make it as bright as it was ſolid; he hath not forborne to crowne it with his friendſhip. There is not a mouth in all his Province that bleſſeth not his Election; and every man beleeves to have received from him that power which he hath procured to him, who will

will not uſe it but for our good. Amongſt the ſhowtes of exultation which waite upon him in all places where he goes; the joy of the people is not ſo fixed upon preſent objects, but that it mounts to a higher cauſe, and gives thankes to the firſt moover of the good influences which the lower heavens powre downe upon us. And in effect if *Ceſar* thought hee tooke a ſufficient revenge of the *Africans*, for their taking part with the enemy, by placing *Saluſt* to be their Governour; who did them more hurt by his private Family, then a Conqueror would have donę with all his Army; by the contrary reaſon wee may gather that the true Father of his Country hath had a ſpeciall carę of us in advancing M. *de Braſſac* to the government of this Province, and meant herein to honour the memory of his abode there, and to make happy that Land, where perhaps he firſt conceived thoſe great deſignes which hee hath ſince effected. I ſhould not have ſpoken ſo much in this point if I did not know that you miſlike not in mee theſe kinds of exceſſe; and if it werę not the vice of Lovers now adayes to ſpeake of the object of their love without all limits. Beſides, I have beene willing to make you forget the beginning of my Letter by the length of the middle, and by a more pleaſing ſecond diſcourſe, to take from you the ill taſte I had given you by the firſt. And ſo adue Mounſieur *Choler*, never feare that I will provoke you againe; it was my evill Angell that caſt this temptation upon

upon me to make me unhappy; I might have beene wiſe by the example of —— whom you handled ſo hardly in preſence of —— I ſhall be better adviſde hereafter: and will never be

Sir,

From *Balzack* 16. of *Aprill* 1633. *But your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *de Soubran.*

Letter. XIII.

SIr, if you take mee for a man hungry of Newes, you do not know me; and if I have asked you for any, it is becauſe I had none to tell you; and becauſe I muſt have ſomething to ſay, I have done it againſt the ſtreame of my reſolution quite, which is, to quit the world both in body and minde: but cuſtome is a thing we often fall into by flying it; and we ſweare ſometimes that we will not ſweare; I deſire ſo little to learne that I know not, that I would be glad to forget that I know, and to be like thoſe good Hermites who enquired how cities were made, and what kind of thing a King or a Commonwealth was; I am well aſſured that *Paris* will not be removed out of its place that *Rochell* will not be ſurprized againe by *Guiton*; that petty Princes will not deveſt great Kings;

that

that favour will never want Panegyricks and Sonnets; that the Court will never be without Sharkes and Cheaters; that Vertue will ever be the moſt beautifull, and the moſt unprofitable thing in the world. And what can you write in the generall of affaires, that hath not relation to one of theſe points? And for my owne particular, what can I heare, but that either ſome Booke is written againſt me, or that my Penſion is like to be ill paid, or that I ſhall not be made an Abbot, unleſſe I be my ſelfe the Founder of the Abby: ſuch newes would be terrible to a man more interreſſed than my ſelfe, but to me, they are in a manner indifferent, and trouble mee no more, than if you ſhould tell me it will be foule weather all this Moone, or that the water is growne ſhallow in our river, or that a tree in my Wood hath been overturned by tempeſt. I have had heretofore ſome pretentions to Church preferments, but now they are all reduced to this one preferment of being a good Chriſtian; and ſo long as they caſt not upon *Balzac* the terme of an Apoſtata, for the reſt, I am well content with my preſent condition, and certainely deſires ſo moderate, cannot chuſe but be ſucceſſefull, and I will never beleeve that ill fortune any more than good will ſeeke after mee ſo farre as this; or that it is poſſible for him to fall that ſtands ſo low, yet if any devill, enemie of my advancement ſhould envie my retiring; and if any promoter ſhould lay to my charge, that to get out off —. I would corrupt —, I make my ſelfe this

this promiſe Sir, that you will ſtand ſtrongly in defence of your innocent friend, and that in ſo juſt a protection you will embarque alſo that excellent perſonage, of whom you ſpeake in your letter. I am, as you know, unhappy enough not to know her, but ſeeing the honeſt men of *Greece* have uſed to adore upon adventure, and built Altars to unknowne Deities, it may as well be lawfull for me to uſe devotion to this Saint upon the credit of the people of *Rome*, who have now theſe three yeares looked upon her, as upon one of the true Originalls, whereof they revere the Statues; they all agree in this, that ſince the *Porciaes* and the *Corneliaes* there never was any thing ſeene comparable to this; and that thoſe divine women, which were the domeſticall Senate of their husbands, and the rivalls of their vertue, have no other advantage over this *French Lady*, but that they died in an age of funerall Orations. You ſend mee word that you finde her in the ſame eſtate you left her, and that ſhe is now as freſh and amiable as ever ſhe was, and I eaſily beleeve it; this long continued ſtate of youth is no doubt the recompence of her extraordinary vertue: the calme within ſweetens and cleares the ayre without, and from the obedient paſſions of her minde, there riſeth neither wind nor cloud to taint the pureneſſe of her complexion, as there are certaine temperate Climates which bring forth Roſes all the yeare long; and where it is counted for a wonder, that ſuch a day it was cold or ſnowed: ſo are there likewiſe certaine faces

faces priviledged, preſerved to the end of old age, in the happy eſtate of their infancie, and never loſe the firſt bloſſomming of their beautie. But it is not for a man buried in the darkeneſſe of a Deſart, to talke of the moſt illuſtrious matter that si in the world: it befits me rather to reade that over again which you have written, than to adde any thing to it, & for feare leaſt any word ſhould ſcape from me that is not Courtly, and which may marre all I have ſaid already, without further diſcourſe, I aſſure you that I am,

Sir,

From *Balzac*, 8. of *Auguſt* 1633.

Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *de la Nauue*, Counſellor to the King in his great Chamber.

Letter. XIV.

SIr, I take great joy to heare you harken after me, & that you neede no remembrancer to put you in minde to be mindfull of me. This thought of yours is ſo much the more deare unto me, becauſe it comes from a heart that hath none vaine or caſuall, but makes choiſe of the Objects

objects it beholds, & of the Images it receives: to be thought of by you, is to be worthy of being thought of. This ought to be the ambition of men that are worth ought, and a vertue that is not approved of you, shewes there is something in it that is defective. If then I have this marke, I have the seale and confirmation of the true good, I have both the good fortunes, that of Vertue, and that of your Favour, and herein at least I have some resemblance of an honest man. There are some whom blinde chance hath lifted up above you, of whom I cannot speake in this manner, one may set their blame and their praise in equall degree of indifferencie, and there is no Obligation to follow them in their Opinions, but when they get it by constraint, or else by purchase, all their greatnesse is in their Titles, there scarce appeares upon them one little beame of it in dayes of Ceremony; and if they will have us to respect them, they must be faine to send a Herauld to put us in minde. For you Sir, it is not onely upon the Bench that the world reveres you, but your authority followes you wheresoever you are; shee accompanies you even in your ordinary conversation: you cannot so disguise your selfe; but that I shall alwayes take you for a Judge; and this gravity of your countenance, which changes every word you speake into a Decree, and gives a dignity to your very silence, may serve to verifie that Paradoxe of the *Stoikes*, That a wise man can never be a private person; and that

Nature

Nature her ſelfe makes him a Magiſtrate. Monſieur *Coeffeteau* and my ſelfe, have often had long diſcourſes about this point, and it is not as we would have it, and as wee wiſh, that a man ſhould be left at the bottome of the ſtaires, whoſe merit wee ſee aſcended to the toppe; but this is the deſtinie of the beſt things; either they are wholly neglected, or at moſt but halfe knowne: and I have ſeene in the ſame place a Munkey ſet upon the toppe of a *Piramis*, and a maſterpeece of *Phydias* ſuffered to ſtand upon a very meane Baſe; but the ſatisfaction of your conſcience, and the teſtimony of your good report ought to be your comfort for all ſuch events. There are illuſtrious lives of divers faſhions, but thoſe like yours, which caſt a ſweete and pleaſing light, pleaſe me much better than thoſe that thunder and lighten. It is not the noyſe and the flaſhes that make the faire dayes, it is a calme and cleare Aire; and a life led in tranquilitie and judgement, which is the worke of Reaſon, is preferrable before one halfe of the great ſucceſſe the world admires, which are but the extravagancies of Fortune. See here the Decree of a Countrie Phyloſopher, and matter of meditation for one of your walkes at *Yſſy*. To tell you true, I have a great longing to come upon you one day on the ſudden, and to ſurprize you in ſome of your conferences, but it ſhall be then with a purpoſe to returne as ſoone as I have ſeene you, without ſo much as ſeeing *Paris*; to make you thereby ſee, I can with more eaſe, goe a hun-

hundred miles for a man I love, than foure paces for the miracle of the world. Such a bravery would be an affront, & subject to interpretation not I suppose; yet I am assured thatthose who are diseased with opinion, and infected with custome, would make no ill censure of it, and it little concernes me, that the common people condemne me; if you, and those other good men doe justifie me, and beleeve that I am

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 15. *Ianu.* 1622. *Your, &c.*

To Mounsieur *Chaplain.*

Letter. XV.

SIR, Expect not from me a Regular Answer to your letters; for besides that I yeeld an absolute assent to all they containe, and that in treating with you, I desire rather to beleeve than to dispute, and to be found faithfull rather than reasonable, I should doe wrong to the acknowledgement I owe unto you, to make you see it, in the pensiveneſſe I am now in, and to disllustre so pure a matter with the impression of so blacke a vapour. I therefore reserve it for fairer dayes: when my minde shall enjoy its former serenity; and that I shall posſeſſe it

without diſtraction at that time if I continue my ill occupation, and after I have plaid a Prince, it comes in my fancy to play a friend: you, I aſſure you, muſt be the man I ſhall ſet before my eyes; and ſhall not ſeeke a more illuſtrious Originall, nor a more remote: yet it grives me Sir, that you ſhould love with ſo little ſucceſſe: it is not reaſonable you ſhould weary your ſelfe in a ſoyle that will beare nothing, and that you ſhould take pleaſure to imploy your husbandry in tilling of ſtones and thornes; you can never dive to the bottome of my ill fortune; you are, I denie not a powerfull agent, but it muſt be upon an apt ſubject; your induſtry is great, but Art corrects not deſtiny, and I am aſhamed to ſee, that all humane wiſedome ſhould be unprofitablely imploied in governing of me, when whole common wealths are governed ſometimes with leſſe adoe, a whole fleete would not put you to ſo much labour as one poore barke; and to ſuccour one particular perſon, you muſt enter combate againſt heaven and earth. It is better Sir, that this perpetuall Object of ſcandall be removed by my abſence; and that I leave peace to my friends by leaving the field to my adverſaries. This reſolution is not ſo unmanly as ſome would point it out unto me, change onely the termes; and that which they call cowardice and running away, is but to be better adviſed & to yeeld to the time. I have read a word in a letter which *Cicero* writ to *Brutus* that confirmes me much in this opinion;

You

You withdrew your ſelfe, ſaith he, out of a corrupted city, you gave place to Varlets; for you *Stoickes* ſay, That a wiſe man never runnes away. *Cato* himſelfe, who would rather die, than live to ſee a Tyranny; was he not reſolved to goe voluntarily into baniſhment for avoiding a more ſupportable evill? And thinke you, that hee had more reaſon to love his liberty, than I to love my quiet? Or that his griefe was more juſt than mine? As all reſiſtences are not honeſt, ſo neither are all flights ſhamefull, and as there are ſome naughty joyes, ſo there are ſome reaſonable griefes; and you ſhall ſee in the Paraphraſe of your friend, that for a diſgrace which Saint *Paul* received at *Epheſus*, his heart failed him, and he grew weary of his life. The authority of ſo great an example, bindes you to pardon in me, the weakeneſſes you charge me with; for my ſelfe, mee thinks I heare continually ſounding in my eares, the voice that cried to *Arſenius*, *Fuge, ſede, tace*; which ſeemes to counſell me, to give my ſelfe ſatisfaction by my quiet, and to give others contentment by abſenting my ſelfe, and by my ſilence. Some further reaſons I will acquaint you with, when I ſhall have the honour to ſee you; having no meaning to doe any thing without your liking, and without your leave; whoſe I am

Sir

At *Balzac* 8. of *April* 1632.

Moſt humble &c.

To Mounſieur *de Neſmond* Counſellor to the King, and Controller of the Princes Houſe.

Letter. XVI.

SIR, my deare Couſin, wee were put in hope we ſhould have the happineſſe to ſee you in this country, and that here you would make one of the repoſes of your voyage, but you have not beene pleaſed to make us ſo happie; It ſeemes you thought not our walkes pleaſant enough for you, you ſcorne now the fountaines of *Maillon*, and the river of *Balzac*; theſe ſweet Objects, which heretofore gained your inclinations, and enchanted the innocencie of your tender yeares, are not now able to excite in you the leaſt deſire, nor ſo much as to tempt your graver age. I finde in this ſomething to be offended at, and whereof to complaine. If you had to doe with a Poet, hee would make a mighty quarrell betweene you and the Deities of the Woods and Waters; and would ſend you moſt reproachfull Elegies in behalfe of the Nymphes whom you have ſcorned. But it makes well for you that I underſtand not the language of the Gods, and that I can ſpeake no otherwiſe than the common people doe: this will defend you from a num-

number of naughtie Verſes; and I will ſay nothing to you more ſpightfull than this, that you ſeeme to reſerve your ſelfe all for *Paris*, and feare to be prophaned with the baſeneſſe of a Village. Princes and their affaires leave not in you ſo much as one poore thought for us; and the pleaſures of the country are too groſſe and meager, for a taſte that is uſed to more delicate and ſolid pleaſures. You ſee Sir, my deare couſin, that my complaints are ſweete, and that I juſtifie you in accuſing you. It is certaine, there is a part of the active life, which one may call delightfull; and though Vertue have her joy with leſſe tumult than Vice, yet the very ſecrecie of her joy augmenteth alſo the ſweetneſſe, and vapours not out the puritie thereof; and ſo it happens, that while you ſought but after honeſty, you have found withall delight alſo: you dreamed but of being vertuous and profitable to your Country, and into the bargaine, you have contentment alſo and pleaſure for your ſelfe. For in effect conſidering your humour, I doubt not but the paines you take, is your ſufficient recompence for the paines you take, and that your very action keepes you in breath; or rather refreſheth you; and as one in *Ariſtotle* ſaid, That it was a death to him, when hee was not in ſome office; ſo I verily beleeve, that to take away imployments from you, were as much as to take away your life, and that you would refuſe even felicitie it ſelfe if it were offered you without having ſome thing to doe.

You doe well to love a burden that graceth you more than it weighes, and not to thinke it a trouble to be in a race which you have entred with as much applauſe as they can deſire that are going out. You have beene mens joy, from the inſtant you were firſt ſeene, and your many imployments that have ſince ſo happily ſucceeded, have but ratified the good opinion that was had of you being yet unknowne. There are ſome men that get more reputation by playing upon advantage; but yours is a lawfull acquelt, and this integritie which hath nothing in it, either fierce or fearefull, this learning which is neither clowniſh nor quarrelſome this courſe which can avoid Precipices without turning out of the right way, are none of the qualities with which men uſe to abuſe the world, none of the enchantments which you make uſe of to dazle our eyes. And though our eyes were capable of illuſion, yet having merited the grace & favour of a Prince, the cleareſt ſighted the heavens ever made, and whoſe gift I value leſſe than his judgement; it is not for us any longer to examine your ſufficiencie ſeeing he hath choſen you for an inſtrument of managing his affaires. You would not beleeve the pleaſures that *Madam Compagnole* and my ſelfe take in the conſideration of this matter; and what reflection wee receive of all thoſe good ſucceſſes that accrew unto you; I can aſſure you, ſhe forgets you not in her devotions, and if God but heare her prayers, you needs not make any wiſhes for your ſelfe; We promiſed

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our ſelves wee ſhould ſee you in our Deſarts, but ſince your honour calls you otherwhere; it is reaſon we reſt ſatisfied with ſo ſweete a neceſſity, and to beare with patience that the publicke hath neede of your ſervice. It is farre from me to preferre a ſhort ſatisfaction of my eyes before the long and durable joyes I expect from the progreſſe of your reputation; and if I ſhould deſire that for your comming hither you ſhould put your ſelfe the farther off from your ends, my deſires ſhould bee indiſcreet, and I ſhould not be the man I ought to be.

Sir, my deare Coſin,

From Balzac
1. Octob. 1632. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *de Pontac Monpleſir.*

Letter XVII.

SIR, my deare Coſin, if the counſaile I have given you did not give me an intereſt in the reſolution you have taken, yet I could not chuſe but acknowledge it to bee good, conſidering the good ſucceſſe it hath produced. It is true that till now I never liked of long deliberations, nor of ſtayd lovers; but ſeeing your wiſedome hath concluded in favour of

your love, and that it is no longer an idle contemplation of the perſon you love; I ſeeme to conceive the deſigne you had in drawing out the lines of your love to ſuch a length; in which it cannot be ſayd there hath beene time loſt. but that you would taſte all the ſweetneſſe of hope before you would come to that of poſſeſſion; this is not to be irreſolute but ſubtill, and not to make a ſtoppe of contentments but to husband them. This is not to have an apprehenſion of being happy, but to have a deſire to be happy twice, ſo that in this point you are fully juſtified. This circumſpection which I accuſed wrongfully, and which is equally remooved from Furie and Effeminateneſſe, puts the paſſions into a juſt and durable temper, and makes the minde capable of its felicitie by a ſerious preparation; and I vow unto you that the life you have begun was well worthy you ſhould take ſome time to ſtudy it; It is not fit to enter the ſtate of marriage raſhly, and by the conduct of Fortune; all the eyes that prudence hath are not too many to ſerve for a guide in this buſineſſe; many men fall into a ſnare whilſt they thinke to finde a treaſure, and errours are there mortall where repentance is unprofitable; but God be thanked you are out of danger, and your happineſſe is in ſanctuary. There is no *Nectar* nor Roſes now but for you; (accept from mee I pray this one word of a wedding Complement) and in the eſtate you are in, what are you not? Since a Conquerour that is crowned

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is but the figure of a lover that injoyes; the lover receiving that really which the Conqueror but dreames. You offend not the peoples eyes with proud inſcriptions, nor aſtoniſh them with the clamour of your conqueſt; you celebrate your triumphs covertly, and draw no mans envie upon you; you reigne by your ſelfe alone, and all the pompe which greatneſſe drawes after it, is not comparable to that which you injoy in ſecret. I am not acquainted with lawfull pleaſures, and ought not to bee with forbidden; but I have heard it ſayd, that in the firſt there is a certaine peace of ſpirit, & a confident contentment which is not found in the other: And as the Hony is leſſe gathered from the flowers then from the deaw which falls from the ſtars; ſo theſe chaſte pleaſures are ſeaſoned from heaven & receive their perfection from the heavenly grace and not from their owne nature. I have learned from the antient Sages, that there is not a more antient nor a more excellent friendſhip then this; that in this ſweet ſocietie greefes are divided, and joyes doubled, and that a good wife is a *catholicon* or univerſall remedy for all the evills that happen in life. I doubt not but ſhe whom you have choſen is worthy of this name, and though I ſhould hold your teſtimony in ſuſpition; yet I have heard it depoſed with ſo great advantage on her part; and by ſo tender and judicious ſpirits, that I am not onely glad in your behalfe for the good company you have gotten you, but give you thankes alſo in my

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owne behalfe for the good allyance you have brought me. I am exceeding impatient till I ſee her, that I may betweene her hands abjure my wrong opinions; and if neede bee, make honorable amends before her for all the blaſphemies I have heretofore written againſt marriage. I ſolemnely by this Letter ingage my ſelfe to doe it, and intreate you to diſpoſe her, that ſhee may accept my retractations, which proceede from a heart truly penitent and full of paſſion, to teſtifie to you both, that I am

Sir my deare Coſin,

From *Balzac* 23.
Septem. 1633. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Huggens*, Counſellor and Secretary to my Lord the Prince of *Orange*.

Letter. XVIII.

SIR, your Letter hath runne great hazards before it arrived here; It wandred about ſeaven moneths together, and that now at laſt it is come to my hands; I aſcribe it to the remorſe of a man unknowne, who being but halfe wicked, contented himſelfe onely with opening it, but would not by any meanes that I ſhould loſe it. Happy were I if I could as well

well recover other things I greeve for, and that I could say, hee were but strayed whom I loved with my heart; but I have lost him for ever, and you are never able to restore mee that I lent you; yet I lay it not to your charge, nor to the charge of your innocent Country. I am not of that mans humour, who spake a thousand villanies against poore *Troy*, and taxed all her Histories and Fables, because (forsooth) his brother dyed there, and perhaps of a maladie that he had gotten somewhere else. My greefe is wiser then his, I should take my losse unkindly at your hands, if you were your selfe the richer for it, but now the losse is common to us both; we both lament a common friend, and your selfe have rather the greater share in this sad societie, in as much as herein you have advantage over me, for having performed to him the last duties. Hee saw your teares fall amongst his blood, you filled your eyes and your spirit with all circumstances of his death, and I doubt not but it hindred you from being perfectly sensible of the victory at *Mastrich*, and to shew a joyfull countenance in the most joyfull day of all your Princes life. For my selfe, I am not as yet capable of consolation, yet have layd upon my wound all the plasters Philosophie could minister. Mee thinkes my griefe is to mee in place of my friend; I possesse it with a kind of sweetnesse, and am so tender of it, that I should thinke it a second losse, if I had it not to passe my time withall; yet I must intreate it a little forbearance,

rance, that I may have time to make you an account of your liberalitie, and that you may know what is become of the preſents you ſent me; I received them Sir after your Letter, and that by another kind of adventure. I have imparted them to the worthieſt perſons of our Province, I am at this time adorning my Cloſet with them, and make more reckoning of them then of all the riches your Havens can ſhew, or then all the pretious rarities the Sea brings to you from the fartheſt parts of the earth. There is as much difference betweene your friends ſtile, and that of other Panegyriſts, as betweene the ſtoutneſſe of a Souldier and the coyneſſe of a Courteſan. This manly eloquence full of mettall and courage, ſeemes rather to fight then to diſcourſe; and rather to aide the King of *Sweden* then to praiſe him. The ordering of his Tragedie is according to the rules and intention of *Ariſtotle*; preciſe decencie moſt religiouſly obſerved, The verſes lofty and worthy of a Theater of Ivory. Every part pleaſed me, but that of the *Chorus'es* even raviſhed me, and becauſe I ſigh alwayes after *Italy*, that *Chorus* of the Romane Souldiers put me in paſſion; I finde my ſelfe touched with it at the very quicke, and in all company where I come I cannot forbeare crying out, as if I were in rapture with divine fury: *O leta otia Formiæ; Lucrini O tepidi lacus, Baiarum O medii dies; O ſola Elyſiis emula vallibus; Laſſi temperies Maris: Campani via littoris, lis Baccho ac Cereri vetus, &c.* I have onely

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one little ſcruple to propoſe unto you; I know not well why *Tyſiphone* is brought in with *Mariamne*, ſpeaking of *Styx*, *Cocytus* and *Acheron*; and I cannot conceive how it is poſſible a naturall body ſhould be formed of two as differing peeces as are in my opinion, the Iewiſh religion and the Heatheniſh. My doubt growes from my ignorance, and not from preſumption: I aske, as deſirous to learne, and not to picke a quarrell, ſpecially with a man, who in ſuch Criticiſmes is a King, and whom I acknowledge for the true and lawfull ſucceſſor of the great *Scaliger*; I have read his two Tracts upon the Satyre of *Horace*, which are indeede two Maſter-peeces; and I doe not thinke, I ever ſaw togethet ſo much antiquitie renued, ſo much reaſon diſplaied, ſo much ſubtiltie fortified with ſo much force. Hee ſtands not dreaming upon a word of no difficultie, erecting as it were Trophees of like paſſages, after the faſhion of our Note-makers now adayes, who heape up places upon places, and bring nothing in their writings, but the cruditie and indigeſtion of their reading. He handles Grammar like a Philoſopher, and makes Bookes to be ſubject to Reaſon; and the authority which time hath given them to the Principles, which truth hath eſtabliſhed; he hath diſcovered that *Idea* of art, which the beſt workemen never yet came neere, and hath added that laſt perfection, which ſhewes ſpots and impuritie in the moſt elaborate writings. I have a great de-

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ſigne Sir, to goe make my ſelfe an Artiſt under his diſcipline, and to be at once both your Courtier and his Schollar. I have thought upon this Voyage a yeare ſince; but I would faine your warres would make paſſage for mee the way I would goe, and that there were nothing *Spaniſh* betweene *Paris* and the *Hage*. The ſanctitie of Oratours and Poets is not reverenced over all the world, they beare no awe amonſt *Barbarians*; theſe publike enemies would not ſpare *Apollo* himſelf, nor the Muſes, and my perſon would find as little reſpect at their hands as my Booke did, which in full councell they cauſed to be burnt by the hands of the Marqueſſe of *Aytona*, yet I think you may ſay, you never heard ſpeake of a more illuſtrious Executioner, nor of one that doth more honour to his trade; and that the Counts of *Egmont* and *Horne* were not handled in their puniſhment with ſuch pompe and ſtate. I dare not laugh Sir, at this extravagant crueltie. The Truce I had taken is expired, and I cannot poſſibly ſtretch the leave which my griefe gave me any further. I therefore leave you to returne to her, and end with ſwearing, *Per illas manes numina doloris noſtri*, that there is nothing in the world more deare unto mee than your friendſhip, and that I am with all my ſoule,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 2. of *February* 1633.

Your, &c.

To

To Mounſieur *de la Nauue*, Counſellor of the King, in his firſt Court of Enqueſts.

Letter. XIX.

SIR, my deare Coſin, I never doubted of your affection towards me, but I thought it proceeded of pittie rather then of merit; and that having nothing conſiderable in me, but my ill fortune; your good nature was thereby onely excited to doe me this charitie, but now I ſee, you propoſe to your ſelfe a more noble Object, and thinke to finde a better reaſon for your loving me; yet I know not whether it be ſo juſt as the former, and whether you may as lawfully reſpect a vulgar perſon as you may protect an unfortunate? If I had had any ſuch ſeedes of goodneſſe in me as you ſpeake of, my ill fortune would have ſtifled all their vertue. Nothing can bud forth in an aire perpetually tempeſtuous. It is not enough for the labouring man that he take paines in his husbandry, and that his ſoyle be good, but there muſt be a ſweetneſſe of the ſeaſon alſo to favour his trauell: which I have hitherto proved ſo contrary, that I wounder how I have the heart to be alwayes planting for tempeſts to ſpoile. I finde more good for me in idleneſſe than in labour, and more gaine by doing nothing than by doing well. When I am idle, I am at leaſt at quiet

quiet; and envy reſts as well as I, but as ſoone as once I offer but to ſtirre, there is preſently an alarum raiſed in the Latine Province: and oppoſition is made before I have conceived any thing to be oppoſed. Other mens good deedes are rewarded, mine onely, if any of mine be worthy the name, muſt looke for nothing but defacing: a very hard ſuiteit would be, but to get their pardon: and I follow not vertue, onely without reward, but I follow her with danger. You thinke notwithſtanding that I take a pleaſure in this ungrateſull occupation; and that I have a greater forwardneſle to it, than I finde reſiſtance. You thinke my ſpirit ſhould never ſhrinke for ill ſucceſſes, and that of its owne fertiltie without either one beame of the Sunne, or one droppe of dew, and at the mercy of all windes, it is able to budde and bring forth ſome thing. You judge too favourably of a vigor that is halfe extinguiſhed, and conſider not that melancholy indeede, is ingenious and pregnant when it comes from the temper which *Ariſtotle* commendeth, but that it is drie and ſtupid when it proceedes from the continuall outrages of adverſe fortune. And therefore Sir, my deare Couſin, expect nothing from me to anſwer your expectation, and to merit the veneration you ſpeake of in your letter. I cannot endure ſuch a great word in your mouth; are you not afraid to come under my office of a Grammarian? One ſuch improper terme is unexcuſable, unleſſe it be you had relation to that old Verſe, *Res eſt ſacra miſer;*

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or to that brave fellow in the controverſies of *Seneca*, who in the life time of the Oratour *Ceſtius*, but upon the wane of his ſpirit, affirmed that he reverenced his very Cynders, and would uſe to ſweare by his ſhadow, and by his memory. It ſhall ſuffice me that you handle me in this manner, that Mounſieur your Preſident and your ſelfe would ſometimes ſay in lamenting me, he had beene further off than now he is, if he had met with fewer ambuſhes in his way. I require your recommendation of my ſervice to that rare perſonage, whom I dare not call the laſt of the *French*; I remember what was laid to *Cremutius Cordus* his charge; but how ever, I account him worthy of the antient *France*, and of the Senate which we have not ſeene, that had the honour to be Arbitrator betweene the Emperour and the Pope; a mediator betweene the King and his People. I require from you but onely the like favour, and I acquit you of your veneration, provided that you keepe for me your good will, which I cannot loſe if you be juſt, ſince I am,

From *Balzac* 16. *Sir,*
Februa. 1634.
My deare Coſin,
Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *Conrade*.

Letter XX.

SIR, the account I make of you is farre from being a ſcorne. One ſhould doe you wrong to take you for any other than your ſelfe; and it would be a hard matter to finde a man for whom you could be changed without loſſe. I ſee therefore your drift, you would not thinke the number of your Vertues compleate, if you added not humility, and you would make me ſee that there are Capuchine Huguenots. Indeede a fine novelrie, but it belongs not to you, to be ſo modeſt; nor to take upon you Perfection who have not yet attained Converſion. To ſpeake uprightly, your reſpects and your ſubmiſſions are not ſufferable, men uſed to ſpeake otherwiſe in the golden age; and to ſay nothing more hardly of you, you are too unjuſt a valuer of your ſelfe. Doe what you can, you are never any more able to weaken the Teſtimony which Madam *de Loges*, and Mounſieur *Chapelain* have given of you, then you can deny me your friendſhip which I crave of you in their name. You ſee how contagious an ill example is; and how I imitate you in condemning you. I can play the Reſerved as well as you, and ſeeke for mediators and favour to obtaine that favour you have granted me already. Theſe are the ſubtilties of my paſſion, to the

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end I may taſte a ſecond joy; I will make you tell me twice one thing; I will have you once again lay forth your letter to our former view, thereby to husband the better for ſo long time, the pleaſure I take to heare you aſſure me that you love me. Such aſſurances ſhould perſwade me but little in the mouth of many men; but for you, I know with what Religion you make your promiſes, & of what holineſſe your word is. I know you approve of no lies, but thoſe of the Muſes, and that fictions in Poetry you can beare withall, but baniſh them from your converſation; I am glad therefore I have found one face among ſo many vyzards, and that I can lay hold of ſomething, I can feele, and that hath truth in it. It is nothing but the freedome of my minde that gives mee the boldneſſe to approach other vertues, with all which I am at defiance, if I finde not this freedome in their companie. By this Sir, you have wonne me, and I muſt vow unto you, that this ſyncerity whereof you make profeſſion hath beena wonderfull allurement to a man, that is no longer taken with the bravery or galantnes of ſpirit. Theſe flaſhes have ſo often abuſed me, that I am now growne to be afraid of any thing lookes redde, leaſt it ſhould be fire and burne me. I ſuſpect theſe Barkes that are ſo painted and guilded over, I have often made ſhipwracke in ſuch: I deſire thoſe that are ſound and ſafe, and enter them as Veſſells to ſayle in, and not as Galleries to walke in. When I ſpeake of a friend, I meane not a companion in

trade or in diſorder, nor one that can returne viſites the next day after hee hath received them, and is not failing in the leaſt duties of a civile life, but I meane, a witneſſe of the conſcience: a Phyſitian of ſecret griefes, a moderatour in proſperitie, and a guide in adverſitie. I have ſome few left me of this ſort, but have had many loſſes, and very lately one, which but for you would be irreparable; you whom God hath ſent to comfort me, and whom I ſubſtitute in the place of one of the honeſteſt men that was in *France*. Our contract if you pleaſe ſhall be ſhort and plaine. I will propoſe no matter of luſtre to engage you in it; onely I aſſure you my heart, and a ſinceritie anſwerable to yours. It is now of prooſe from the moſt dangerous Ayre of Chriſtendome, I have brought it from *Rome*, I have preſerved it at *Paris*; It is not therefore likely that to deceive you, I am come to loſe it in a Village; and that I have any deſigne to falſifie my faith; ſeeing I aſſure you, I will ever be

Sir,

From *Balzac* *Your, &c.*
5. of *February*
1633.

To

To ——

Letter. XXI.

SIR, ſince you will have me to write that in a letter, which I ſpake unto you by word of mouth, this Letter ſhall be a ſecond teſtimony of the account I make of ——, and of the feeling I have of the courteſies received from him. During the time wee had his company, I conſidered him with much attention; but in my conſcience obſerved nothing in the motions of his ſpirit, but great inclinations to great deſignes, and to ſee him doe wonders in the world, you neede wiſh him no more but matter of imployment. Hee hath all the Intendments of an honeſt man, all the Characters of a great Lord: by theſe he gaines mens eyes in preſent, and their hearts in expectation, and afterwards brings more goodneſſe forth than ever he promiſed, and exceedes expectation with performance. And in truth, if this Heroick countenance had no wares to vent but vulgar qualities, this had beene a tricke put upon us by Nature, to deceive us by hanging out a falſe ſigne. The charge hee exerciſeth in the Church, is no burden to him, hee hath in ſuch ſort accõmodated his humour to it, that in the moſt painefull functions of ſo high a duty, there lies nothing upon his ſhoulders, but eaſe and delight. He embraceth generally all that

hee beleeves to be of the decencie of his profeſſion, and is neither tainted with the heate which accompanies the age wherein he is, nor with the varietie which ſuch a birth as his doth commonly bring with it. In a word the way he takes goes directly to *Rome*. Hee is in good grace with both the Courts, and the Pope would be as willing to receive the Kings commendation of him, as the King would be to give it. He hath brought from thence a ſingular approbation, and hath left behind him in all the holy Colledge a moſt ſweete odour, and that without making faces; or making way to reputation by ſingularitie. For in effect, what heate ſoever there be in his zeale, hee never ſuffers it to blaze beyond cuſtome: his piety hath nothing either weake or ſimple, it is ſerious all and manly, and he proteſteth, it is much better to imitate S. *Charles*, than to counterfeit him. Concerning his paſſion of horſes, which he calls his malady; ſince hee is not extreme in it, never counſell him to cure it, it is not ſo bad as either the Sciatica or the Gout; and if he have no other diſeaſe but that, hee hath not much to doe for a Phyſitian. One may love Horſes innocently, as well as Flowers and Pictures: and it is not the love of ſuch things, but the intemperate love that is the vice. Of all beaſts that have any commerce with men, there are none more noble nor better conditioned; and of them a great Lord may honeſtly and without diſparagement be curious. Hee indeede might well be ſaid to be ſicke of them,

who

who caused mangers of Ivory to be made for them, and gave them full measures of peeces of gold; this was to be sicke of them, to bestow the greatest part of his estate upon beautifying his Stable, and to make a mocke what men said or thought of chusing a Consull by his horses neighing. You shall give me leave to tell you another story to this purpose, not unpleasant. It is of *Theophylact*, Patriarch of *Constantinople*, who kept ordinarily two thousand horses, and fedde them so daintily, that in stead of Barley and Oates, which to our horses are a feast, hee gave them Almonds, Dates, and Pistache nuts; and more than this, as *Cedrenus* reports, he watered them long time before in excellent wine, and prepared them with all sorts of precious odours. One day as hee was solemnizing his Office in the Church of Saint *Sophia*; one came and told him in his eare, that his Mare *Phorbante* had foaled a Colt; with which hee was so ravished, that instantly without having the patience to finish his Service, or to put off his Pontificall Robes, hee left the mysteries in the midst, and ranne to his Stable to see the good newes hee had heard, and after much joy expressed for so happy a birth, he at last returned to the Altar, and remembred himselfe of his dutie which the heate of his passion had made him to forget. See Sir, what it is to dote upon horses; but to take a pleasure in them, and to take a care of them, this no doubt may make a man bee said to love them: and nevertheless not the lesse the wiser man.

Even Saints themſelves have their pleaſures and their paſtimes, all their whole life is not one continued miracle; they were not every day foure and twentie houres in extaſie amidſt their Gifts, their Illuminations, their Raptures, their Viſions; they had alwayes ſome breathing time of humane delight, during all which time they were but like us: and the Eccleſiaſticall Story tells us, that the great Saint *Iohn*, who hath delivered Divinitie in ſo high a ſtraine, yet tooke a pleaſure, and made it his paſtime to play with a Partridge which he had made tame and familiar to him. I did not thinke to have gone ſo farre; it is the ſubject that hath carried me away, and this happens very often to mee when I fall into diſcourſe with you. My complements are very ſhort, and with men that are indifferent to mee, I am in a manner dumbe; but with thoſe that are deare unto mee, I neither obſerve Rule nor Meaſure; and I hope you doubt not, but that I am in the higheſt degree,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 5. of *January* 1633.

Your, &c.

To

To Mounſieur *Godeau.*

Letter. XXII.

SIR, there is no more any merit in being devout; Devotion is a thing, ſo pleaſing in your Booke, that even prophane perſons find a relliſh in it, and you have found out a way how to ſave mens ſoules with pleaſure. I never found it ſo much as within this weeke, that you have fedde mee with the dainties of the antient Church, and feaſted me with the *Agapes* of your Saint *Paul*. This man was not altogether unknowne to me before, but I vow unto you, I knew him not before, but onely by ſight; though I had ſometimes beene neare unto him, yet I could never marke any more of him than his countenance and his outſide: your Paraphraſe hath made me of his counſell, and given me a part in his ſecrets; and where I was before but one of the Hall, I am now one of the Cloſet, and ſee clearely and diſtinctly what I ſaw before but in cloudes, and under ſhadowes. You are to ſay true, an admirable Decipherer of Letters, in ſome paſſages to interpret your ſubtilty is a kinde of Devotion, & thoroughout the manner of your expreſſing is a very charme. I am too proud to flatter you, but I am juſt enough to be a witneſſe of the truth; and I vow unto you, it never perſwades me more that when it borrowes your ſtyle.

There

There reflects from it a certaine flaſh which pleaſeth inſtantly as beauty doth, and makes things to be lovely before one knowes they are to be loved. Your words are no way unworthy of your Authour, they neither weaken his conceits by ſtretching them out at length, nor ſcatter the ſence by ſpreading it out in breadth. But contrariwiſe the powerfull ſpirit which was ſtreightened within the bounds of a conciſe ſtile, ſeemes to breath at eaſe in this new libertie, and to encreaſe it ſelfe as much as it ſpreads it ſelfe: hee ſeemes to paſſe from his fetters into triumph, and to goe forth of the priſons of *Rome* where *Nero* ſhut him up, to enter into a large kingdome, into which you bring him with royall magnificence. There are ſome ſo curious palats, they cannot relliſh the language of the Sonne of God, and are ſo impudent as to accuſe the holy Scriptures of clowniſhneſſe and Barbariſme, which made Monſieur —, who died Archbiſhop of *Benevent*, that he durſt not ſay his Breviary, hee was afraid to marre his good Latin by contagion of the badde, and to take ſome tincture of impuritie that might corrupt his eloquence. I will not ſpeake at this time what I conceive of his ſcruple; onely I ſay that if in the vulgar Tranſlation there bee Barbariſme, yet you have made it civill, and if our good *Malherbe* ſhould come againe into the world, he would finde nothing in your paraphraſe that were not according to the ſtrictneſſe of his Rules, and the uſage of the Court, whereof he

ſpake

ſpake ſo often. Some other time we will conferre about the Preface, and the letters I received, which I have in a manner all by heart, but ſpecially I have culled out theſe deare words to print in my memory, and to comfort my ſpirits. *A little patience will crowne you, all their throwes ſeeme like thoſe of ſicke men, a little before they die, in which I thinke there is neither malice nor force, if you can but diſpiſe them, Proferre the better ſide before the greater, and the Cloſet before the Theater. Honeſt perſons are for you, and I make account you care not much for pleaſing others. The people have often times left* Terence *for dancers upon the Rope, and baniſhed Philoſophers, to gratifie Ieſters.* I have nothing to adde to this; and will take heede how I ſow Purple with packe-thread. I content my ſelfe Sir, at this time to aſſure you that I paſſionately am,

Sir,

From *Balzack* 10. *May* 1632. *Your, &c.*

To

To Mounſieur *Thibaudiere.*

Letter XXIII.

SIR, I will not raiſe to you the price of my teares, though I have ſhed them for you 8. dayes together: I content my ſelfe to tell you that I am now comforted ſince, the newes of your death, is changed into tidings of your hurt; and that I am made aſſured, you may be quitted of it, for a little paine and a little patience. I know well that Vertue is more happily imployed in well uſing honeſt pleaſures, than in patient bearing troubleſome croſſes, and that without an abſolute diſtemper in the taſte, one can never finde any ſweetneſſe in paine: yet you ſhall confeſſe unto me, that there is a kinde of contentment in being lamented; and though the joyes of the minde be not ſo ſenſible as thoſe of the body, yet they are more delicate and more ſubtill, at leaſt, you have come to know of what worth you are by the feare, which all honeſt men were in to loſe you, and that in a time when halfe the world weighs the other way; and every one reſerves his lamentation for his owne miſeries; yet all in generall have mourned for you, in ſuch ſort Sir, that you have had the pleaſure to heare your owne Funerall Oration, and to enjoy the continuance of a happy life, after receiving the honours done to worthy men after death. If the

the warre of *Italy* continue till Winter, I will come and learne from your owne mouth, all the particulars of your adventures, and I ſhall then know if your Philoſophy have not beene moved, and waxed pale, at the ſight of the Probe, and of the Raſour. In the meane time doe me the honour to be mindefull of him who exceedingly honours you, and to keepe for me that part in your affection which you have promiſed me, ſince I truly am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 29. *July* 1630. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Gyrard*, Secretary to my Lord the Duke *de Eſpernon*.

Letter. XXIV.

SIr I had heard that before, which you ſent me word off by your footeman; and had rejoyced already, for the new Dignity of Mounſieur the Preſident Segnier. It ſeemes you thinke he is made Keeper of the Seales, for none but for you, and that no Feaſt for the joy of it ſhould be kept any where, but at *Cadillac*. Within theſe foure daies, you ſhall ſee it kept all the Country over; it is a favour the King hath

hath done the whole Realme. It is not ſo much for the purity of the Aire, and for the fruitefulneſſe of the earth, that we ought to call it a happy yeare, as for the election of worthy Magiſtrates. I therefore take a joy in this Newes, as I am a Subject of the Kings; & this is my firſt part of joy I have in it: but beyond this, I have a ſecond Right of rejoycing, in that I am intereſſed in the advancement of a modeſty, which I know; & make account to be made happy, by the proſperity of him, of whoſe honeſty I am aſſured. I put not forth this laſt word, at adventure: I am ready to make it good, againſt whoſoever ſhall thinke it raſh, and I know he hath preſervatives againſt all the Poyſons of the Court; and a judgement that cannot be corrupted with all the bribes of Fortune. There is nothing of ſo high a price, for which hee would be willing to leave his vertue: if hee had lived in *Nerues* time, he had beene a conſtant Martyr, but living now under a juſt Prince he will proove a profitable Officer. To preſerve a life, which is to continue but a few daies: he would not obſcure that life, which ought to laſt in the memory of many ages: and the leaſt ſpot upon his honour, would be more inſupportable to him, then the effuſion of all his blood. He knowes that in the adminiſtration of Iuſtice, being the Interpretor of God; he cannot worke of himſelfe; that this Divine Act ought to be a Generall Suſpenſion from all humane affections, and that in the exercife thereof, he is no longer at his liberty, to ſhew love

or

of hatred; revenge or gentlenesse. He considers that he makes not law, but onely declares it, that he is a Minister, and not a Master of his Authority, and that the Soveraignty is in the Law, and not in himselfe. This is the reason why in every cause he censures, he bethinkes himself of his owne proper cause, which shall one day be censured; he so judgeth, as if Posterity were to take a review of his Iudging; and as though the present time, were but subalternate to the future. Thus I have heard him to make his account; and from his Principles I have drawne my conclusions, and in a conference I had sometimes with him; he seemed to me a better man then I have set him forth. In such sort Sir, that I am not of a minde to contradict you, in your writing of him to me, you say nothing wch is not of my knowledg, & in my writing of him to you, I do nothing but follow your conceits. Never feare that the common errors will deprave his Spirit, he hath laid too sure a foundation in the knowledge of Truth, he is too strongly confirmed in the good Sect. Having often and seriously meditated on the conditió of humane affaires, he values them just as much as they are worth, but hee addes nothing by opinion, he hates neither riches nor authoritie; this were the peevish humour of the *Cynicks*, to hate a thing that in it selfe is lovely, he makes use of them after the manner of the Academy, and of the *Lyceum*, which never thought them impediments to happinesse, but rather aides and furtherances to Vertue.

tue. Or may we not ſay more probably that he hath drawne his doctrines from a Spring nearer hand; and that hee hath not gone out of himſelfe to finde out the trueſt wiſedome? Hee hath examples at home, which may ſerve him for *Ideas* of perfection, and Sages in his owne race, which are Artiſts of vertuous life. Whilſt he governes himſelfe by their Rules, hee may well paſſe by all forraine doctrines; and having his diſeaſed Vncle before his eyes; hee neede not care to have *Socrates* for a myrrour: *Quippe malim unum Catonem quam trecentos Socratas*. The memory of this illuſtrious perſonage is in ſuch veneration thorough all *France*, and his name hath preſerved ſo excellent an Odour in the prime Tribunall of Chriſtendome, that it is not now ſo much the name of a Family; as it is the name even of integritie and conſtancy it ſelfe. Remember the Greeke Epigramme I ſhewed you in a Manuſcript; which ſaith, that in a place at *Athens* when one named *Plutarch*, there was an Eccho anſwered Philoſophy, as taking the one for the other, and making no difference betweene the two. By the like reaſon the Muſes might uſe the ſame Figure, and act the like miracle, in favour of this new Pillar of juſtice. They never neede to uſe reſervations; nor feare too deepe engaging themſelves, whatſoever they lay forth before hand for his glory, ſhall all be allowed them againe in the reckoning. Having beene bredde up in their boſome; and being entred into their Sanctuary, he will never ſuffer them to ſtand waiting and

catch

catch cold at his gate, no that a *Swytzer* ſhall keepe them out from entring his baſe Court. They ſhall never have I aſſure my ſelfe that unhappy advantage to have given him all; and receive backe nothing from him againe, to have enriched his minde with a thouſand rare Knowledges, and then hardly get him to ſeale them an acquittance. Let us now come to the other part of your Letter; and aſſay to ſatisfie your Doctour concerning his Objection. Hee findes fault with me, becauſe I praiſe the Pope for his beauty, and ſayes that ſuch praiſe is for women and youth, and belongs not to old men and Prieſts. Firſt Sir I anſwer, he wrongs mee in changing my termes; for I make a great difference betweene beauty and a good Viſage: of this I ſpake in the perſon of the Pope, and ſhould never have thought I had committed a ſinne, though I had ſpoken of the other alſo. As concerning age, you know there are beautifull old men, though there be not beautifull old women, and you remember that antient perſonage, who by report of Hiſtory was of equall pleaſing to all companies thorough all the ages of his life. As concerning the quality, beſides that God rejected in ſacrifice all leane and unſound Oblation, he required alſo to have hanſome Prieſts, and you may ſhew your friend in the Bookes of *Moſes*, that not onely the lame and pore-blinde, but even the flat noſed, were excluſed from being Miniſters in ſacrificing. But if being as he is a prophane Doctour, the holy Scriptures doe not pleaſe him; yet hee

might have remembred that old word of the *Tragicke* Poet, ἄνδρ' ἄξιον τυραννίδος, upon which I had an eye when I ſaid, This Viſage worthy of an Empire. And yet more being a *Gaſcogne* Doctour, I wounder hee never read the *Panegyricke*, which a countrie man of his pronounced at *Rome* before the Emperour *Theodoſius*; where hee ſhould have found theſe words; *Auguſtiſſima quæque ſpecies, plurimum creditur trahere de Cœlo; ſive enim Divinus ille animus venturus in corpus, dignum prius metatur hoſpitium, ſive cum venerit fingit habitaculum pro habitu ſuo; ſive aliud ex alio creſcit; & cum ſe paria junxerunt utraque majora ſunt, partam Arcanum Cœleſte rimari; Tibi iſtud ſoli pateat imperator cum Deo conſorte ſecretum. Illud dicam quod intellexiſſe hominem & dixiſſe fas eſt; talem eſſe debere qui a gentibus adoratur cui toto orbe terrarum privata vel publica vota redduntur; a quo petit Navigaturus ſerenum, Peregrinaturus reditum, Pugnaturus auſpicium. Virtus tua meruit imperium, ſed virtuti addidit forma ſuffragium. Illa præſtitit ut oporteret te principem fieri; hæc ut deceret.* In this diſcourſe, there are ſome termes which yet may ſeeme fitter for a Pope than for an Emperour: and here is to be noted, that *Theodoſius* was no young man, when *Latinus Pacatus* praiſed him thus for his beautie, for it was after his defeate of the tyrant *Maximus*; and when after many victories obtained againſt the *Barbarians*, hee was in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of his glory. Sometime before this *Gregory Nazianzen* had upbraided

braided the Emperour *Iulian* for his ill favoured Viſage, for the ill feature of his face, and for other deformities of his body, of which nevertheleſſe hee was not guilty. Though one might here queſtion the holy Oratour, whether in doing this hee did well or no? Yet from hence wee may at leaſt gather, that the qualities contrary to theſe hee blames, ought juſtly and may be lawfully made account of, and that ſuch praiſes which reflect upon the Creatours glory, are much more Chriſtian than thoſe accuſations which trench upon the ſcorning of his knowledge. Your friend therefore is certainely more ſevere than hee neede to be. He is much to blame to reject in this ſort the bleſſings of heaven, and the advantages of birth; and to imagine that holineſſe cannot be Exemplar and Apoſtolicke, unleſſe it be pale and leane, and looke like one were ſtarved. Theſe are the dreames of *Tertullian*, who will have it, that our Saviour was in no ſort beautifull, and therein gives the lie to all Antiquitie, and to the tradition of the whole Church. He drawes a Picture for him, which is not only injurious to his Divine, but diſhonorable alſo to his humane Nature. This in my opinion is one of his greateſt errours, and which moſt of all ſtartles me in reading his Bookes. If hee would have it, that his watchings and abſtinence had dried up his blood, and made him looke gaſtly; it may perhaps be granted him: but to ſay, that to the burnt colour of *Africke*, hee added alſo that of burnt Melancholy, and of overflowing choler;

ler; I like not ſuch accuſing, either the Sunne of that countrie, or the temperature of that body, but leave every one in his naturall eſtate; and ſo ſhould he have done. But to goe about to disfigure the moſt beautifull amongſt the children of men, and to eclipſe all the beames and luſtre of a divine countenance, this is an abuſe which no patience can beare, no charitie can ever pardon. You wondered at this ſtrange opinion when I laſt ſhewed it unto you; and I perceived you ſuſpected I did him wrong; now therefore to juſtifie my credit with you, and to let you ree I did it not to abuſe you: I ſend you here the paſſages I promiſed you to looke at. The firſt is in his Booke of Patience; where Chriſt is called *Contumelioſus ſibi ipſi.* The ſecond in his Booke againſt the *Iewes*, where hee is ſaid to be, *Ne aſpectu quidem honeſtus*, but heare the third, which will fright you to heare, in his Tract of the fleſh of Chriſt; *Adeo ut nec humanæ honeſtatis corpus fuit; tacentibus apud nos quoque Prophetis de ignobili aſpectu ejus, ipſæ paſſiones, ipſæque contumeliæ loquuntur; paſſiones quidem humanam carnem; contumeliæ vero inhoneſtam. An auſus eſſet aliquis ungue ſummo perſtringere corpus novum? Sputaminibus contaminare faciem niſi meruentem, &c.* Let us ſee what Mounſieur *Rigaut* thinkes of this; and whether he be of theſe ſharpe and ſoure ones that would take from heaven its ſtarres, and from the earth its flowers. Certainely my cenſure is of this number; for I perceive beautie offends him, and hee would

would eaſily ſubſcribe to *Tertullians* opinion. Yet ſay no more to him of all this, but that which hee muſt needes know, and ſpare ſending out a ſecond Proceſſe againſt a man that hath too much of the firſt, and deſerves you ſhould take ſome care of his quiet; ſince hee is from the bottome of his heart,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 10. of *March.* 1633. *Your, &c.*

To my Lord the Biſhop of *Nantes.*

LETTER. XXV.

SIR, It is told mee from all parts that you ſpeake of me, as of one that is deare unto you, and of my ill fortune, as of a thing that concernes you. If this tenderneſſe proceeded from a ſoft effeminate ſpirit, yet it would not be without merit; and oblige me infinitely unto you; but now that it comes from a feeling of the pureſt ſpirit in the world, and the leaſt capable of weakeneſſe; how much ought I to eſteeme it, and of how great price to value it? It wants not much of making m e love that griefe which procures mee ſo glorious a conſolation; and I vow unto you, that to be pit-

tied of you, is a more pleaſing thing than to be favoured of the Court. In that country men goe upon ſnares and ruines, the beſt places there are ſo ſlippery that few can ſtand upright; and if the miſerable pretenders avoid a ſudden falling, it is by enduring a tedious hanging, receiving perpetuall affronts, and returning perpetuall ſubmiſſions. I therefore like much better to hide my ſelfe here with your good favour, and my owne good quiet, than to beare a ſhew there with their frights and ſoure lookes; and I bleſſe the winds, and count my Shipwracke happy which hath caſt mee backe upon my old home. Some that were more ſenſible than my ſelfe, would in this caſe complaine of the world; but I content my ſelfe to forget it: I will neither have warre, nor commerce with the world: I have founded a retreate to all my paſſions; as well thoſe that be troubleſome as thoſe that be pleaſing; and I proteſt unto you Sir, I ſhould reade with more delight, a relation of one of your walkes at *Cadillac*, then the moſt delightſome paſſage of all the *German* Hiſtory; when I thinke upon you in company with ———, me thinks I ſee *Lælius* come to viſite *Scipio*, and confirming him in the reſolution he hath taken to ſtand a looſe from the tumults and turbulencies of worldly affaires, and by a quiet retreate to place his vertue, and his glory in a ſure hold. I am extreamely glad of the honour hee will doe my father to paſſe this way, and bring you along with him; and you may well thinke that

that after this I ſhall not reckon our Village inferiour to *Tempe* or to *Tyvoly*. If it were not for the fit of an Ague which is now leaving me, but very quickly to returne, I would goe as farre as *Rochel* to get before this good fortune, that I might bee at the firſt opening of thoſe Largeſſes of the Church, which a mouth ſo holy and eloquent as yours muſt needs diſtribute. But I am not happy enough to ſee you, and gaine a Iubilee both at once; It muſt be your pleaſure to be ſo gracious as to accept of ſuch a compliment as I am capable of; and to reſt aſſured with my aſſuring you by this meſſenger that I am, and alwayes will be with all the forces of my ſoule,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 13. *May*, 1633.

Your, &c.

Another to the ſame.

LETTER. XXVI.

SIR, there are ſome of your bounties I have cauſe to complaine of; they are ſuch as cannot be acknowledged, and in the leaſt of your actions you are ſo great, that if I take meaſure of my ſelfe by you, I cannot appeare but very little. Your libertie makes me rich, but withall it diſcovers my neceſſitie, there being

being no proportion betweene you and mee, how extreme ſoever my paſſion be, it can bee no competent price for yours, and in the Commerce that is betweene us, I returne you but Flints for Diamonds, yet I preſent them to you but *in forma pauperis*, not as a Mountibanke, and know I give you nothing though I keepe nothing for my ſelfe. I am well aſſured Sir that I honour you infinitely, but am infinitely unſatisfied to offer you ſo meane a thing; there is no reaſonable man that doth not as much, and ſince ſo much is due to you for onely your vertue, how much am I to pay you more for your affection? Of this laſt moyitie I am altogether *Non ſolvent*; my ſervices; my blood are not all worth it; and I confeſſe unto you, I ſhall never be able to deſerve but theſe foure words of your Letter, *Non diſcedo abs te Mi Fili, ſed avellor*; nor thoſe *Delicias in Chriſto meas*; nor this, *Dulce decus meum*, with which you graced mee at another time. Mounſieur *Gyrard* who knowes all my ſecrets, and offers to be an agent for me with you, will tell you with a better grace how ſenſible I am of your ſo great favours, and how proud of ſo illuſtrious an adoption as you are pleaſed to honour mee with, of which I make farre greater reckoning then to be adopted into the family of the *Fabians* or the *Marcelli*; you ſhall alſo heare by him, that ſince your departure from hence. you have beene (I may ſay) ſolemnly invocated, and moſt honorable commemoration hath beene made of you in all our innocent

Innocent diſorderly Wakes. Our Curate beleeves verily that your preſence hath brought a bleſſing to the fruits of our Pariſh, and wee looke for better Harveſts then our neighbours, who had not the happineſſe thereof as we had. There is therefore juſt cauſe that every weeke we make a feaſt upon the day of your comming to *Balzac*, *Et ut tibi tanquam futuro in poſterum loci Genio non uno poculo libetur.* If this kinde of acknowledgement will content you, I ſhall perfectly acquit my ſelfe of performing my duty, having learned in *Lorraine*, and the Low Countries the meanes of teſtifying that I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 6. of *Iune* 1633.

Your, &c.

Another to him.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR, though I know the good deſerts of — are not unknowne unto you, and that you neede no forreigne commendation to increaſe your reſpects towards him, yet I cannot hold from doing a thing ſuperfluous; and aſſure you by theſe few lines that it will be no blemiſh to your judgement to let him have your teſtimony of his pietie. Ever ſince the time he

he renounced his errour, hee hath continued firme and ſtedfaſt in the doctrine you taught him: of an etronious Chriſtian you made him an Orthodox, and your hand is too happy to plant any thing that doth not proſper. He is therefore your workemanſhip in Chriſt Ieſus, and otherwiſe ſo perfect a friend of mine that I know not, if in the order of my affections, I ought not to ſet him in equall ranke with my owne brother. This at leaſt I know, that the leaſt of his buſineſſes is the greateſt of mine, and I will not onely part your favour betweene him and me, but will become your debtour for the whole my ſelfe alone. I am now poliſhing thoſe writings which I had condemned, but that you asked their pardon; and ſince it is your will they ſhould not periſh, I revoke my ſentence, and I am reſolved your ſelfe ſhall be the other perſon of my Dialogue; after the example of that Roman you love ſo well, whoſe bookes of Philoſophie are commonly his conferences with *Brutus*, or other Sages, the true and naturall judges of ſuch matters; yet Sir it is impoſſible for me to diſſemble any longer a griefe I have at my heart, and to end my Letter without letting you ſee a little cut you have given me there; you made me a promiſe to come backe by *Balzac*, and now you have taken another way: Thus the wiſe men of the Eaſt dealt with *Herod*; yet I am neither tyrant nor enemy to the Sonne of God. This kind of proceeding is farre unlike the Belgicke ſinceritie, and it is not fit for

Saints

Saints to mocke poore ſinners. But how unkindly ſoever you deale with me, I can never turne Apoſtata, and ſhould you proove more cruell, I ſhould yet never be,

Sir,

From *Balzac.*
15. *Octob.* 1633. *But your, &c.*

To ——— ——— ———

LETTER. XXVIII.

SIR, ſince you have taken pleaſure in obliging me, I will not have you have the greefe to looſe your obligation, nor that my incompetent acknowledgment ſhould make you have the leſſe ſtomacke for doing good. I know your goodneſſe is cleare and freē from all forreigne reſpects, and hath no motive but it ſelfe; it is not at any mans prayers that the Sunne riſeth neither doth he ſhine the more for any mans thankes; your courteſies are of like condition: Your favours have not beene procured by my making ſuite; and as of my part nothing hath gone before the kindneſſes I have received, ſo on your part I aſſure my ſelfe you expect not that any thing ſhould follow them; yet ſomething muſt bee done for examples ſake, and not to give this colour for ſhewing little courteſie to ſuch as complaine

plaine that men are ungratefull. The place where you are is full of ſuch people; all commerces are but Amuſements, and to make men beleeve the whole world is given to deceive; and it is a great merit in you that you can follow ſo forlorne and ſolitary a thing as truth is; in a Country where Divines maintaine her but weakely, and where ſhee dares ſcarce bee ſeene in a Pulpit, doth it not ſhew an extraordinary courage to take upon him to diſtribute her amongſt the pretenders, and that in open Theater? It is no meane hardineſſe to be good at the Court, to condemne falſe Maximes where they have made a Sect, and where they have gotten the force of Lawes. I have beene aſſured you make profeſſion of this difficult vertue, and that in the greateſt heate of calumnie; and the coldeſt aſſiſtance that ever a poore innocent had, you have beene paſſionately affected in my behalfe, being altogether unknowne unto you, but by the onely reputation of my ill fortune, and even at this preſent you are taking care of ſome affaires of mine which I in a manner had abandoned, and upon the report you heard of my negligence you make mee offer of your paines and induſtrie. The onely uſing your name were enough for all this, I might well ſpare my owne unprofitable indeavours, where my negligence being favoured by you ſhall without all doubt be crowned. You have heard ſpeake of that Grecian whom the love of Philoſophie made to forget the tilling of his ground; and of whom

whom *Ariſtotle* ſaid that hee was wiſe, but not prudent. Hee found a friend that ſupplied the defect of his owne ill husbandry, and repaired the ruines of his houſe. If my eſtate was like his, I ſhould expect from you the like favour; but I aske not ſo much at this time. All that I deſire now, ——— hath promiſed me a dozen times over; and I ſee no reaſon to diſtruſt an Oracle. Hee is neither inſpired by any falſe Deitie, nor hath made mee any doubtfull anſwer; ſo that reſting my ſelfe upon this foundation, there ſeemes to have beene a kinde of Religion in my negligence: and I am not altogether in ſo much blame, as ——— would make you thinke mee. Hee is, I deny not, an Authour worthy to be credited; and his teſtimony ought to be received; but yet hee hath not the gift of not erring, and never beleeve him more, then when hee aſſures you that I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

From *Balzac* 9. of *Feb.* 1630.

To

To Mounſieur *du Pleix*, the Kings Hiſtoriographer.

Letter. XXIX.

SIR, ſince the time that perſecution hath broken out into flames againſt mee, I never received more comfortable aſſiſtance then from your ſelfe, and I account your ſtrength ſo great, that I cannot doubt of the goodneſſe of a cauſe which you approve. You were bound by no Obligation to declare your ſelfe in my behalfe, and you might have continued Neutrall with decencie enough, but the nobleneſſe of your minde hath paſſed over theſe petty rules of vulgar Prudence; and you could not endure to ſee an honeſt man oppreſſed, without taking him into your protection. This is to ſhew mee too much favour in a Kingdome where Juſtice is no better than Mercenary, and where paiment comes not, but after long ſolliciting. I know well that the ſoundeſt part is of my ſide; and that my ſtate is not ill amongſt the wiſe; but on the other ſide, there are ſo many oppoſites on the By, make warre upon mee; that I am ready to leave my ſelfe to the mercy of the multitude, and to be perſwaded by the number of my enemies, that I am in the wrong. It is therefore no ſmall Obligation I am bound to you in, that you have preſerved the libertie

of

of your judgement amidſt the altercations and factions of paſſionate men, and have taken the paines to cleare a truth, which is to mee of great advantage, and was to you of ſmall importance. I doe not deſire that men ſhould count me learned: this qualitie hath often troubled the peace of the Church; and they are not the ignorant that make Schiſmes and Hereſies. And leſſe I pretend to the art of well ſpeaking; many bad Citizens have uſed this as an inſtrument to ruine their country, and a dumbe Wiſedome is much more worth than an ill minded eloquence. That which I deſire, and which would trouble me much to have taken from me is honeſty; of which onely I make profeſſion, and without which wee are never able to attaine ſalvation, where with all the Greeke and Latine of our Books we may incurre perdition. Mounſieur *Gyrard*, a man you dare truſt, and one that hath never borne falſe witneſſe, will anſwer for me concerning this laſt point. Hee hath ſeene my ſoule to the very bottome, and can aſſure you without deceiving you, that I am no lover of vice; and if you deſire aſſurance that I am an extreme lover of vertue, hee will enter into bond for me that I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 17. *Aug.* 1630. *Your, &c.*

To

To Mounſieur *Maynard.*

Letter. XXX.

SIR, that ſorrow is happie which hath you for a comforter. I finde more contentment in your compaſſionating me, then I finde affliction in others perſecuting mee: and I am farre from wiſhing ill to an age, to which I am beholding for ſo excellent a friend. In this reſpect I eaſily pardon it, the wrong you ſay, it hath done me; and ſhould be more unjuſt than it ſelfe is; if being beholding to it for a treaſure; I ſhould thinke much to partake of its iron and ruſt. It is not now onely that opinion governes the world; there hath beene diſputing againſt Reaſon in all ages. Contentions and Hereſies have ever beene, and the truth it ſelfe was not beleeved, when it came into the world in perſon and would have ſpoken. I ſeeke not the favour of the multitude, it is ſeldome gotten by honeſt and lawfull meanes; and in that Enchanters have advantage over Prophets. I ſeeke the teſtimonie of few; I number not voyces but weigh them: and to ſhew what I am, one honeſt man is Theater enough. Therefore never trouble your ſelfe that things have befallen me as I made account they would, and never aske for reaſon of the vulgar who have it not. Ignorance can never be juſt, nor goe right in the darke: Alarums

are

are given, and ſurprizes are made by the favour of night: this is the time of murthers and robberies, ſhee the mother of dreames and phantaſmes. Your ſelfe have had your part in this experience as well as others. And at this very time I am talking with you, it may be you are accuſed by ſome for being a miſcreant, for not beleeving that Saint *Gregory* made prayers to God for *Trajans* ſoule; or that Saint *Paul* was ever a boſome friend of *Seneca*. It may be you are called *Haguenot* for doubting the infallibilitie of *Philarchus*, and denying ſome of his miracles. It may be you are charged with ſeeking in vaine to perſwade a Maſter of Art, that *Ariſtotle* had as much learning as *Ramus*; and that *Ciceroes* ſtile is as good as that of *Lipſius*. What ſhall I ſay more? It may be your deare and well beloved *Martiall* puts you to more paines to defend him than to imitate him: ſome Scholler of *Muret* maintaine boldly againſt you, that hee is a beaſtly Buffon; and perhaps the contrary will not be beleeved upon your bare word.

Forſitan & ſtupidas bona carmina perdis ad aures.

It is fit to laugh at ſuch diſorder, and not to grow in choler; and if you will make a Satyre of it, that it be of the Charocter of *Horace*, and not of *Iuvenal*. I cannot abide victories that are cruell; I aske mercy for my enemies, and love that my revenges ſhould be imperfit, and that your Penne ſhould not be bloody, as indeede it could not be, but of a baſe obſcure

blood, and to put you into a quarrell unworthy of you, I make too great a reckoning of your valour, and am too much,

Sir,

From *Balzar*, 20. *Your, &c.*
March 1632.

To Mounſieur *Deſcourades.*

Letter XXXI.

SIR, my deare couſin, if I could with any honeſty leave the buſineſſe I have in *Angoumois*: ——— ſhould not goe into *Languedoc* without me; and I would make this journey of purpoſe onely to have the happineſſe to embrace you; you would know mee preſently by the old yellowneſſe of my face; and thereupon the force of blood would draw along with it a little tenderneſſe, and I doe not beleeve but you would make a difference betweene your owne and ſtrangers. The effects of Grace deſtroy not the affections of Nature; they onely take away that which is impure and earthly; and I aſſure my ſelfe you doe not love me leſſe than you did, but that you love me in a better faſhion. I am told that the kinde of life you have choſen is not auſtere, but onely to your ſelfe, and that your thornes pricke no body elſe; in truth, a devotion that

pleaſeth

pleaſeth me exceedingly, and I could never away with this ſtudied ſadneſſe, which diſguiſeth the hatred it beares to men, under pretence of the love of God. I am right glad you have taken the other way, becauſe wee may now come ſafely to you, and never be afraid your vertue ſhould ſcratch us. Chriſtian Philoſophie hath nothing in common with the Cynicke. This diſguiſeth, and that reformeth; one compoſeth the countenance, the other regulates the ſpirit; and indeede without an exact managing the ſuperiour part: all the paine that is taken about the inferiour is to no purpoſe without that, Mortification is not ſo good as Carnalitie; and if you doe nothing but change your cloath of gold for a ruſſet coate; and your cutworke band for a demy collar, you ſhall no doubt be a loſer by the change. But the caſe is not ſo; you have left cares and trouble, for calmeneſſe and quiet; and you poſſeſſe a happineſſe which Kings can neither keepe with themſelves, nor ſuffer amongſt their neighbours; I ſpeake of Peace, which in vaine is expected from their Alliances and from their Leagues, being not to be obtained but onely of God, and who gives it not but to his friends. You are a happy man to be of that number, and you may beleeve mee that I am not troubled about it, ſeeing there is good hope I may have a benefit by it my ſelfe, and that your prayers may draw mee after you, I doubt not but they are of great power and efficacie, and doubt as little that I am my ſelfe of the number of thoſe you hold

deare unto you, but as one that hath more neede than any other, I conjure you to double them unto me, who am in heart and ſoule,

Sir my deare Coſin,

From *Balzack* 4. *Your, &c.*
May 1633.

To Mounſieur *D'Andilly*, Counſellor of the King in his Counſels.

Letter XXXII.

SIR, I perceive that Mounſieur the great Maſter is a great extender of Expoſitions, and hath tied you to explaine your ſelfe in a matter whereof I never doubted. Herein hee hath exceeded his Commiſſion, and done more than hee had in charge to doe. I ſeeke no new aſſurance of your friendſhip; this were to ſhew a diſtruſt in the old, whereas the foundation already laid is ſuch that makes me forbeare even ordinary duties, for feare I ſhould make ſhew to neede them, and as if I would hold by any other ſtrength then your owne inclination. Care and diligence, and aſſiduitie are not alwayes the true markes of ſincere affections, which I ſpeake in your behalfe as my owne:

Truth

Truth walkes now adayes with a leſſe traine, men uſe not to make open profeſſion of it, but rather to confeſſe it as a ſinne: her enemies are ſtrong and open, her adherents weake and ſecret: yet Sir, if ſhe were in more diſgrace, and were driven out of *France* by Proclamation: I ſhould beleeve you would be her receiver, and to finde her out, I ſhould goe directly to *Pompone*. I therefore never doubted of your love; God keepe me from ſo evill a thought, onely I marvelled that ——— knew nothing of it, and that you let him take poſſeſſion of his government, without recommending unto him, your friends there. To ſatisfie my ſelfe in this point; I ſaid in my minde, that certainely this proceeded from the great opinion you had of his juſtice; and that conceiving there would not be with him any place for Grace or Favour; you would not doe me a ſuperfluous office. This is the interpretation I made of an omiſſion, which in appearance ſeemed to accuſe you; and this is the conjecture I made of your ſilence, before I came to know the cauſe. Now I ſee I was in the wrong, to imagine you had ſuch ſubtill conſiderations; or that you were reſtrained by ſuch a cowardly wiſedome which dares not aſſure the good to be good, leaſt ſuch aſſuring ſhould corrupt it. For my part I renounce a prudence that is ſo daſtardly and ſcrupulous, that feares to venture a word for a vertuous friend, becauſe this friend is a man, and may perhappes loſe his vertue. You doe much better than ſo, and I am glad to find you

not ſo jealous of the glory of your judgement, but that you can be contented to be ſlighted and ſcorned, when it is for the benefit of a friend you love: let us leave fleame and coldneſſe to old Senatours; and never make queſtion whether wee ought to call them infirmities of age, or fruits of reaſon: Theſe are good qualities for enabling men to judge of criminall cauſes, but are nothing worth for making men fit to live in ſocietie: and he, of whom it was ſaid, that all he deſired, hee deſired extremely, ſeemes to mee a much honeſter man than thoſe that deſire ſo coldly; and are ſo indifferent in their deſires. If you were not one of theſe violent reaſonable men, and had not ſome of this good fire in your temper, I ſhould not have your approbation ſo good cheape. That which now galls you would not at all touch you; and things which now deſcend to the bottome of your ſoule, would paſſe away lightly before your eyes. There came yeſterday a man to ſee me, who is not ſo ſenſible of the pleaſures of the minde, and tooke great pitty of me and my Papers: hee told me freely that of all knowledges which require ſtudy, he made reckoning of none but ſuch onely as are neceſſary for life; and that he more valued the ſtile of the Chancery than that of *Cicero*; he more eſteemed the penning of a Chancery Bill, than the beſt penned Oration that ever *Cicero* writ. I thought this at firſt a ſtrange compliment, but thinking well of it, I thought it better to ſeeme to be of his opinion, then undertake to cure a man uncureable.

cureable. I therefore anſwered him, that the Patriarch *Calarigstone* ſo famous for the peace of *Vervins*, was in a manner of his minde, who being returned from his Embaſſage, and asked what rare and admirable things hee had ſeene at *Paris*; made mention of none but their Cookes ſhoppes; ſaying to every body, as it were with exclamation *Veramente quelle roſtiſſeries ſono Coſa ſtupenda*; as much as to ſay that there are *Barbarians* elſewhere, then at *Fez* and *Morocco*. One halfe of the world doth not ſo much as excuſe that which you praiſe: our merchandiſe is cried downe long ſince, and to bring it into credit againe and put it off, there had neede returne into the world, ſome new *Auguſtus* and *Antoninus*. —— ſaith, that whilſt he waites for the reſurrection of theſe good Princes; hee is reſolved to reſt himſelfe; and not to publiſh his Verſes, till they ſhall be worth a Piſtole a peece. I feare it will be long ere we ſhall ſee this Edition come forth; for my ſelfe who make no ſuch reckoning of my Proſe; I have no purpoſe to make merchandiſe of it; yet deſire I not nither to tire my hands with writing continually to no profit. I meane to make hereafter no other uſe of my Penne, then to require my friends to let mee heare of their healths; and to aſſure you Sir, that I am no mans more,

At *Balzac* 12. *Than yours, &c.*
Iune 1633.

To Mounſieur *Conrart.*

Letter. XXXIII.

SIR, I had a great longing to ſee —— and you have done me a ſpeciall kindneſſe to ſend it mee over. Yet I muſt tell you, that your ſending it gets him a greater reſpect with me then his owne deſerving, and if you appoint me not to make ſome reckoning of him, all that I ſhall doe for his owne ſake, will bee but to beare with him. A man had need be of ſufficient reaſonable men, and had not ſome of this good fire in your temper, I ſhould not have your approbation ſo good cheape. That which now galls you would not at all touch you; and things which now deſcend to the bottome of your ſoule, would paſſe away lightly before your eyes. There came yeſterday a man to ſee me, who is not ſo ſenſible of the pleaſures of the minde, and tooke great pitty of me and my Papers: hee told me freely that of all knowledges which require ſtudy, he made reckoning of none but ſuch onely as are neceſſary for life; and that he more valued the ſtile of the Chancery than that of *Cicero*; he more eſteemed the penning of a Chancery Bill, than the beſt penned Oration that ever *Cicero* writ. I thought this at firſt a ſtrange compliment, but thinking well of it, I thought it better to ſeeme to be of his opinion, then undertake to cure a man uncureable.

troverſies, and fall to this kinde of writing, in which in my opinion hee would prove excellent. This would draw his Genius out of Fetters, and give it the extent of all humane things to play in; onely he ſhould ſpare the Church for her eldeſt ſonnes ſake, and forbeare the Pope for M. the Cardinalls ſake, one of the Princes of his Court. Theſe are reſpects you ought to have, untill your converſion furniſh you with other more religious, and change this your honeſt civilitie into a true devotion. If we be not bound to ſpeake of mens honour reverently, yet we are bound to ſpeak ſeriouſly, and even at this day we call *Lucian* an Atheiſt,

[illegible]

new *Auguſtus* and *Antoninus*. —— ſaith that whilſt he waites for the reſurrection of theſe good Princes; hee is reſolved to reſt himſelfe; and not to publiſh his Verſes, till they ſhall be worth a Piſtole a peece. I feare it will be long ere we ſhall ſee this Edition come forth; for my ſelfe who make no ſuch reckoning of my Proſe; I have no purpoſe to make merchandiſe of it; yet deſire I not nither to tire my hands with writing continually to no profit. I meane to make hereafter no other uſe of my Penne, then to require my friends to let mee heare of their healths; and to aſſure you Sir, that I am no mans more,

At *Balzac* 12. *Than yours, &c.*
Iune 1633.

To Mounſieur *Conrart.*

Letter. XXXIII.

SIR, I had a great longing to ſee —— and you have done me a ſpeciall kindneſſe to ſend it mee over. Yet I muſt tell you, that your ſending it gets him a greater reſpect with me then his owne deſerving, and if you appoint me not to make ſome reckoning of him, all that I ſhall doe for his owne ſake, will bee but to beare with him. A man had neede be of a ſanguine complexion, and in a merry veine before that ſhould be mooved to laugh at his poore jeſts. Melancholicke men are too hard to be ſtird, that which goes to the Centre of other mens hearts ſtayes without doores in theirs, at leaſt it toucheth but very weakely the outſide; and oftentimes I am ſo ſadly diſpoſde and in ſo ſullen an humour, that if a Ieaſter be not excellent I cannot thinke him tollerable nor indure to heare him. It is certaine the *Italians* are excellent in the art of jeaſting, and I could marke you out a paſſage in *Boccace* that would have made —— and all his predeceſſours the Stoick Philoſophers to forfeit their gravitie. But there are not two *Boccaces*, nor two *Arioſtoes*, there are many that thinke themſelves pleaſant when they are indeede ridiculous; I would our good —— would leave his wrangling about controverſies,

troverſies, and fall to this kinde of writing, in which in my opinion hee would prove excellent. This would draw his Genius out of Fetters, and give it the extent of all humane things to play in; onely he ſhould ſpare the Church for her eldeſt ſonnes ſake, and forbeare the Pope for M. the Cardinalls ſake, one of the Princes of his Court. Theſe are reſpects you ought to have, untill your converſion furniſh you with other more religious, and change this your honeſt civilitie into a true devotion. If we be not bound to ſpeake of mens honour reverently, yet we are bound to ſpeak ſeriouſly, and even at this day we call *Lucian* an Atheiſt, for ſcoffing at thoſe Gods who we know were falſe. For the reſt Sir, I pray take heede you ſhew not my Letter to ——, he would give me a terrible checke in behalfe of ——, hee would not indure I ſhould ſpeake ſo inſolently of an Author approved by the Academie, *De gli inſenſati de Perouſe*, and indeede I had not ſpoken as I did, but that I dare truſt your ſilence, and know, that to diſcover a ſecret to you is to hide it. Make much of this rare vertue and never leave, and be pleaſed to beleeve me that I am

Sir,

At *Balzac*. 13.
June. 1633.

Your, &c.

To

To the ſame another.

Letter. XXXIIII.

SIR, I am going to a place where in ſpeaking good of you I ſhall finde no contradiction, and where your vertue is ſo well knowne, that if I ſay nothing of it but what I know, I am ſure I ſhall tell no newes. I bring along with me the laſt Letter you writ unto me, and meane to bee earneſtly intreated by Mounſieur —— before I yeeld to grant him a Coppy. As for Madam —— ſhee ſhould entertaine an enemy upon this paſſeport, and though ſhee were reſolved to give me no audience, yet ſhee would never deny it to the reader of your writings. I know of what account you are in her heart, and how much I ought to feare leaſt all the roome there be taken up before hand with your favour. Yet ſuch opinion I have of her juſtice, that I willingly make her Arbitratour of our difference, and require her to tell whether ſhe think I have done wrong to —— in deſiring him to give over his going to Law, and to paſſe the reſt of his dayes in more quiet and ſweet imployments. The art of jeaſting, whereof I ſpeake is no enemy to the art of morality whereof you ſpeake, rather it is the moſt ſubtle and moſt antient way of retailing it; And that which would fright men, being uſed in the naturall

mall forme, delights and winnes them ſometimes, being uſed under a more pleaſing maske. A wiſedome that is dry, and altogether raw, is it for the heart? it muſt have a little ſeaſoning, ſuch a kind of ſawce as *Socrates* was wont to make it; that *Socrates* I ſay whom all the Families of Philoſophers account their Founder, and acknowledge for their Patriarch. The ſtory ſayes he never uſed to ſpeake in earneſt, and the age hee lived in called him the ſcoffer. In *Platoes* Booke you ſhall finde little elſe of him but jeaſting; with diſorderly perſons you ſhall ſee him counterfet a Lover, and a Drunkard, thereby to claw them whom he would take. He ſhunnes the ſtile of the Dogmatiſts, or to ſpeake definitively of things, as thinking it an inſtrument of Tyranny, and a yoake that oppreſſeth our libertie. In ſhort he handles ſerious matters ſo little ſeriouſly that hee ſeemes to thinke the ſhorteſt way to perſwade was to pleaſe; and that vertue had neede of delight, to make way for her into the ſoule. Since his time there have come men who contented not themſelves with laughing, but make profeſſion of nothing elſe, and have made it their recreation to play upon all the actions of humane life. Others have diſguiſed themſelves into Courtiers and Poets, and left their Dilemmaes and their Syllogiſmes to tutne jeaſters, and to get audience in privie Chambers. Wee ſee then the world had not alwayes beene ſad before *Arioſto* and *Bernia* came into it, they were not the men that brought

brought it firſt to be merry; Ieaſting is no new invention, it was the firſt trade that wiſe men uſed; who thereby made themſelves ſociable amongſt the people. *Theophraſtus* who ſucceeded *Ariſtotle* thought it no diſparagemen: to Philoſophie, nor that there was in it any uncomlineſſe unfit for his ſchoole *Lyceum*, he is excellent at deſcriptions, and counterfeitings, and his Characters are as ſo many Commedies, but that they bee not divided into Acts and Senes, and that they repreſent but onely one perſon. *Seneca*, as ſolemne and of as ſullen humour as he was otherwiſe, yet once in his life would needs bee merry, and hath left us that admirable *Apotheoſis* of *Claudius*, which if it were loſt, I would with all my heart give one of his bookes *de Beneficiis* to recover againe; and a much greater ranſome if it were poſſible to get it entire. No doubt but you have heard ſpeake of the *Cæſars*, of the Emperour *Iulian*; that is to ſay, of the ſports of a ſevere man, and of the mirth of a melancholicke man, and from whence thinke you had the *Menippæan* Satyrs their names? Things ſo much eſteemed of by antiquity, and under which title the learned *Varro* compriſed all wiſedome divine and humane; even from *Menippus* the Philoſopher, who was of a Sect ſo auſtere, and ſo great an enemie to vice, that *Iuſtus lipſius* doubts not to ſet it in compariſon with the moſt ſtrict and reformed order of the Church. I am much deceived but Madam——— will not bee found ſo ſcrupulous as you, and not

give

give her voyce in favour of an opinion authoriſed by ſo great examples. And indeede Sir, why ſhould you not like that our friend ſhould reſerve ſome mirth and ſome pleaſure for his old age? and having declaimed and diſputed abroad all day, ſhould come at night to have ſome merry talke in his owne lodging; why ſhould you thinke it amiſſe, that after ſo many warres and cumbats I ſhould counſaile him to refreſh himſelfe with a more eaſie and leſſe violent kinde of writing; and to afford us ſuch wares as may bee received as well at *Rome* as at *Geneva*? Theſe thirty yeares he hath bin a Fencer upon Paper, & hath furniſhed all *Europe* with ſuch ſpectacles; why ſhould hee not now give over a quarrell that he is never able to compoſe? He may in my opinion honeſtly ſay, *it is enough*, and content himſelfe to have outlived his old adverſaries, without ſtaying to looke for new. Having had to doe with Mounſieur *Coeffeteau*, and with Cardinall *Perron*; it would bee a ſhame for him to meddle now with a dizzy headed father, or with the Anticke of *Roan*; and a poore ambition it would be in my judgement to erect Trophies of two ſuch broken Bables; it were better hee left *individualls* and fell to judge of *ſpecies* in generall, and that he would conſider other mens follies without partaking of them. It were better to diſcredit vice by ſcorne, then to give it reputation by invectives, and to laugh with ſucceſſe, then to put himſelfe in Choler without profit. Though there be ma-

ny

ny ſorts of diſciplining men, and correcting their manners; yet I for my part am for this ſort, and finde nothing ſo excellent as a medicine that pleaſes. Many men feare more the bitterneſſe of the potion that is given them, then the annoyance of the infirmitie that offends them; we would faine goe to health by a way of pleaſure, and he ſhould bee a much abler man that could purge with *Raſpices*, then he that ſhould do it with *Rhubarbe*. Our Gentleman by ——— his leave is none of theſe; for commonly hee neither inſtructs nor delights, he neither heales nor flatters their paſſions that reade him; hee hath neither inward treaſure nor outward pompe; and yet I can tell you, as beggarly and wretched as hee is, hee hath beene robbed and ranſacked in *France*. Hee could not ſave himſelfe from our Theeves; and you may ſee ſome of his ſpoiles which I preſent you here.

My fidling Doctor in his viſage various,
Had twice as many hands as had Briareus;
There was not any morſell in the diſh
Which he with eyes and fingers did not fiſh;
And ſo forth.

You ſee wee live in a Country where even Beggars and Rogues cannot paſſe in ſafetie; though they have nothing to loſe, yet they loſe for all that, and men pull the hayres even from them that are bald. There is no condition ſo ill but is envied of ſome, no povertie ſo great

great which leaves not place for injuries. Cottages are pillaged as well as Pallaces; and though covetouſneſſe looke more after great gaines, yet it ſcornes not ſmall. But all this while you muſt remember that my diſcourſe is allegoricall, and that I ſpeake of Poets and not of Treaſures. I am

Sir,

From *Balzac*, 25. *Septemb.* 1633. *Your, &c.*

To my Lord the *Mareſchall* Deffiat.

Letter. XXXV.

SIR, though I know your life is full of buſineſſe, and that it hath neither feſtivall, nor day of reſt; yet I am ſo vaine as to fancy to my ſelfe that I ſhall be able to ſuſpend this your continuall action. and that the recreation I ſend you ſhall finde ſome place amidſt your affaires: you are not one to be wrought upon, you know the true value of things, and ſee in Arts thoſe ſecrets which none but Artiſts themſelves ſee. There is no thinking therefore to deceive you by a ſhew of good, and by falſe flaſhes of reputation; no way to gaine eſtimation with you, but by lawfull wayes, and rather by ſeeking commendation from ones ſelfe, then teſtimony from others. This is the cauſe that

that I come alwayes directly to your ſelfe, and never ſeeke to get a favour by canvaſing and ſuite, which is not to be gotten but by merit. If my Booke be good that will be a ſollicitour with you in my behalfe; and if it make you paſſe ſome houres with any contentment, you will let me underſtand it when you have read it. Howſoever I hope you will grant, that the Penſion which the King gives me is no exceſſe that needs reformation; and feare not to bee accuſed of ill husbandry, if you pleaſe to pay me that which is my due. There have beene heretofore in the place that you are now in certaine wilde unlettered perſons, who yet made ſhow of valuing humane learnings, and to reſpect thoſe graces in others which were wanting in themſelves; forcing their humour and ſweetning their countenances to winne the love of learned men; and either out of opinion or out of vanitie have revered that which you ought to love out of knowledge, and for the interreſt you have in it, I ſay for the intereſt, becauſe beſides the vertues of peace, having in you the vertues of warre; it concernes you not to leave your good atchievements to adventure, but to caſt your eyes upon ſuch as are able to give your merits a teſtimony that may be laſting; I dare not ſay that I my ſelfe am one of that number, but thus much I can aſſure you moſt truly that I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac* 20. *Octob.* 1633.

To

To Mounſieur *Granier*.

Letter XXXVI.

SIR, I have received your Letter of the 27. of the laſt month; but it makes mention of a former which never came to my hands: and it muſt needes be that Fortune hath robbed me of it, for feare I ſhould be too happie, and ſhould have two pleaſures in Sequence. This is an accident which I reckon amongſt my misfortunes; and I cannot ſufficiently complaine of this Violatour of the law of Nations, who hath beene ſo cruell as to breake our Commerce, the very firſt day of our entring into it; and to make mee poore without making himſelfe rich. I am more troubled for this loſſe, than for all that ſhall be ſaid or written againſt mee: Slander hath a goodly catch of it to be at warre with mee, it ſhall never make me yeeld; it is an evill: is it not a glory for a private man to be handled in ſuch manner, as Princes and their Officers are? And is it not a marke of greatneſſe to be hated of thoſe one doth not know? I never ſought after the applauſe of ——, which cannot chuſe but have corrupt affections in ſuch ſort, that when they praiſe me, I ſhould aske what fault I had

done? Though their number were greater than you make it, this would be no great novelty to me, who know that truth goes ſeldome in the throng; and hath in all times beene the Poſſeſſion but of a few. Even at this day, for one Chriſtian there are ſixe Mahometans; and there was a time, when *Ingemuit orbis, & ſe Arrianum eſſe miratus eſt.* If God ſuffer men to be miſtaken in matters of ſo great importance, where their ſalvation is at ſtake; why ſhould I expect hee ſhould take care to illuminate them in my cauſe which no way concernes them; and to preſerve them from an errour which can doe them no hurt? Whether I be learned or ignorant; whether my eloquence be true or falſe, whether my Pearles be Orientall, or but of *Venice*: what is all this to the Commonwealth? There is no cauſe the publicke ſhould trouble it ſelfe about ſo light a matter; and the fortunes of *France* depend not upon it. Let the Kings ſubjects beleeve what they liſt; let them enjoy the libertie of conſcience which the Kings Edicts allow them. A man muſt be very tender that can be wounded with words; and hee muſt be in a very apt diſpoſition to d e, that lets himſelfe be killed by *Philarchus*; or *Sciopp:us* his Penne. For my ſelfe I take not matters ſo to heart; nor am ſenſible in ſo high a degree. The good opinion of honeſt mindes, is to me a ſoveraigne remedy againſt all the evills of this nature. I oppoſe a little choiſe number, againſt a tumultuary multitude, and count my ſelfe ſtrong enough, having you on my ſide;

and

and knowing you to be as vigorous a friend of mine, as I am

Sir,

From *Balzac* 15.
Februa. 1633. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Gaillard.*

Letter. XXXVII.

SIR, I am unfortunate, but I am not faulty. I was aſſured you had written to me, but I received not your letters. You have beene my defendour; and I have beene a long time without knowing to whom I was bound for defending me: whether it were a man or an Angell that was come to my ſuccour. Theſe are honeſt injuries, and generous ſupererogations. This is to deceive in charitie, and to his advantage that is deceived. This is to bring againe that good time, wherein Knights unknowne to become free-men, that were oppreſſed without telling their names; or ſo much as lifting up the Beavers of their Helmets. You have done in a manner the like; you have hidden your ſelfe under a borrowed ſhape; thereby to take away from a good action, all apparence of vaineglory; and to let them that are intereſſed, ſee, that you are vertuous without looking for reward. For my ſelfe, I doe not thinke I am bound to follow the intention

of this ſcrupulous vertue. If you have a will to ſhun noiſe, and the voice of the people; yet you cannot refuſe the acknowledgement of an honeſt man: nor let me from paying what I owe you. Becauſe you are modeſt, I muſt not therefore be ungrateful, as I am not by my good will, I aſſure you. You poſſeſſe my heart, as abſolutely, as you have juſtly purchaſed it; I am yours by all the ſorts of right, not forgetting that of the warres. I will even beleeve that my enemie hath gotten a full victory, to the end I may more juſtly call you my Redeemer; and that you may have the crowne that was due to him had ſaved a citizen. Mounſieur *Borſtill*, whoſe wiſedome and integritie you know, will anſwer for the truth of my words: and for my ſelfe, I ſhall neede none to anſwer, being ready to teſtifie by my actions; that there is not in the world, a man more than my ſelfe,

Sir,

From *Balzac* *Your, &c.*
22. *Aprill* 1633.

To

To Mounſieur the Maſter Advocate in the Parliament.

LETTER. XXXVIII.

SIR, I have too great a care of your reputation, to ſeeke to have you be found a liar. It ſhall not lie upon mee, that you be not a man of your word; and that your friend is not contented; and ſeeing it is expected to ſee this preſent day what I have written of his companie; It is not fit to put off till to morrow the effect of your promiſe: or that hee ſhould languiſh in the expectation of ſo ſmall a thing. It is true my Booke is not here, and my memory is not now ſo faithfull, that I dare truſt it to deliver that I gave it to keepe: yet I conceive after I have ſtined it up in your name, which is ſo deare unto me, I ſhall finde enough to ſatiſfie your deſire, and receive from it this good office. I ſeeme therefore to remember I ſaid, that after ſo many yeares, that the Chriſtian Muſes have beene in *France*: hee is the onely man hath entertained them with honour; and hath built a Pallace for this ſoveraigne ſcience to which all other are ſubject and inferiour. He hath drawne her out of an obſcure and cloſe manſion, where like the poore *Socrates* ſhe diſcourſed in priſon of the ſupreme felicity, to place her in a ſeate worthy of her, and to ſet

up a ſtately and ſumptuous race for the exerciſe of her children. From hence wee may apprehend the dignitie and merit of our Sorbone: for which a man the fulleſt of buſineſſe in all the world, hath yet had ſo particular a care amidſt the moſt violent agitation of his thoughts, that the deſigne of the houſe hee erects for her, hath found place in his breaſt, amidſt the Forts and Rampires of *Rochell*. If our predeceſſors the *Gaules* next to their gods, gave the ſecond place of honour to their *Druides*, who ſhewed them but a dimme and confuſed light of the ſtate of our ſoules after this life; what reſpect then, what reverence can be too great for thoſe venerable Fathers, who teach us by a knowledge moſt infallible; what the chiefe and ſupreme good is; who diſcover to us in certainty, the things that are above the heavens, who make us true relation of that admirable commonwealth of happie citizens that live without bodies, and are immateriall; and who deliver to us the wounders of the intellectuall world, more pertinently and more directly, than wee relate to blinde men the ornaments of this viſible world. With them are had the ſprings of pure D ctrine; where with others, but onely Brookes and Streames; with them are had reſolutions of all doubts, remedies for all poyſons: with them Time wrongs not antiquitie; nor doth old age either neede painting, or feare tainting: with them this ſixteenth age of the world, behold Chriſtianity preſerved and kept in its firſt luſtre.

luſtre. Seing the memory of the moſt part of the *Romane* Lords is periſhed together with their Baths, their Aqueducts, their Races, their Amphitheaters; whereof the very ruines are themſelves ruined and loſt; I find that M. the Cardinall underſtands more than ever they did, and goes a ſtraighter way to eternity, travelling in a place where his travell can never periſh & leaving the care of his name to a company that of neceſſitie ſhall beimmortall, and ſhall ſpeake of his magnificence as long as there ſhall be ſpeaking of Sinne and Grace, of good and evill Angells, of the paines and rewards of the life to come. I aſſure my ſelfe I have not ſpoken too much; and I thinke I could not have ſpoken leſſe: it is lawfull for us to ſet a price upon our owne; and if an antient writer ſaid, that more worthy men came forth of *Iſocrates* Schoole; then out of the *Trojan* Horſe: why may not we ſay as much of *Albertus Magnus*, and of Saint *Thomas*? Me thinks I know not how to ſpeake to our countrimen, but of the *Lyceum* and of the Academy: and it is now five and twenty yeares that I have beaten my braines about the Gymnoſophiſts the Brachmanes and the Rabbins: but when all is done, wee ſhould remember that wee are Chriſtians; and that we have Philoſophers that are nearer to us, and ought to be dearer to us then all they. I am glad occaſion hath beene offered me to put my opinion hereof in writing; and thereupon to let you know I make no myſterie of my writings; and ſpecially with you, to

whom I have opened my very heart; and whoſe I am wholly without reſervation,

Sir,

At *Paris.* *Moſt humbly, &c.*
4. *July.* 1633.

LET-

LETTERS OF Mounſieur *de* BALZAC.

LIB. II.

To my Lord the Earle of *Exeter.*

LETTER. I.

SIR, if you had wholly miſliked my Booke, I had wholly defaced it: but ſeeing ſome parts of it, ſeemed to you not unſound, I have thought it ſufficient to cut off the corrupt part, that you might be drawne to endure the reſt. I now therefore ſend you an Edition of it reformed, done expreſly for you, and which I have taken care to cleanſe from the ſtaines, that in the two former were diſtaſtefull to you. It is not my purpoſe to ſtand diſputing in an Argument, where I am willing to be confuted: nor to defend that which is condemned by you, where the queſtion is to give you ſatisfaction by my rigour; I preſently grow inſenſible of the tenderneſſe of a Father: and ſhall he uncompaſſionate

onate to my deareſt iſſues, as often as your pleaſure ſhall be that they ſhould periſh. My Writings are to mee no better than Monſters when they offend your eyes, and to ſeeme vile to you, is to be vile indeede; and therefore in ſtead of asking there pardon, I have beene my ſelfe the haſtner of their puniſhment. There cannot a greater teſtimony be given of a mans integritie, then when the Delinquent concurres in opinion with the judge; and is the Executioner, where he is the condemner. All this have I already done; and although in that unhappy paſſage which gave you diſtaſte: I had not ſomuch a meaning to bite as to laugh; yet I confeſſe I tooke my marke amiſſe for laughing juſtly. Oftentimes one countenance for another changeth the face of the moſt innocent action of the world: and though I failed onely in ill explaning my ſelfe; yet it was fault enough, ſeeing thereby I gave you cauſe to doubt of my intention. Truly, my Lord, it was never my meaning ſo much as to touch the reſplendent glory of your divine Princeſſe. I know well enough, it was fitter to conſider her by the magnanimity of her ſpirit; whereof your whole poſteritie ſhall taſte the fruits, then by the light flower of bodily beauty; which not onely falls away by death; but runs away at the very firſt approaches of age. I ſhould come out of another world, if I were ignorant of the *Encomiums* ſhee hath in this kinde received by all peoples voyces. She hath I know beene ſtiled the Starre of the North:

the

the goddeſſe of the ſea; the true *Thetis*. I have read in a Letter, which *Henry* the great writ unto her in the hight of all his troubles; and in the violence of the league: theſe words, *I will Madam be your Captaine Generall*. Even hee that excommunicated her, ſpake of her with honour: and hee was, as you know, an underſtanding Prince, and admirable in the Art of Ruling. Hee tooke a pleaſure to be diſcourſing of her with Embaſſadours reſident at his Court; and would ſometimes ſay merily, that if hee had beene her husband, certainely Greatneſſe and Authority would have beene the iſſues of ſo renowned a marriage. But though ſhe had not aſcended to this high degree of reputation, and though ſhee ſhould be deveſted of all theſe glorious markes of honour; yet there are two conſiderations; leſſe ſpecious indeede in the eyes of the world: but more ſenſible to my ſpirit, that would binde mee ſtrongly to reverence her memory: One Sir, that ſhe hath not ſcorned our Muſes; the other, that ſhee hath loved your houſe. I was taught by *Cambden*, the knowledge ſhee had in all kindes of learning; ſo farre, as that ſhe had happily Tranſlated out of Greeke into Latine ſome of *Sophocles* Tragedies; and ſome of *Iſocrates* Orations. Of the ſame Authour alſo, I have learned the great part your Anceſtours bare in her confidence and ſecrets; and your name is ſo often uſed in the hiſtory of her life, that where ſoever *Elizabeth* is mentioned, there *Cicile* for the moſt part is never left out. So that ſhe being

ing by good right your domeſticall Deitie, and the reverence you beare her, your moſt antient inclination; it is farre from me to violate that which you adore, or to hate that which you ſo dearely love; ſeeing I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 25. *Iune*, 1634.

Your, &c.

To my Lord the Archbiſhop of *Thoulouſe*.

Letter. II.

SIR, I have never beene ſociable ſince your departure from hence; no man can make me ſpeake; and I doe not yet breake my ſullen ſilence, but onely to tell you, I am the ſaddeſt Hermite that ever was. Thoſe whom Saint *Hierome* reports to have beene companions of Serpents and Scorpions, were never of ſo untoward an humour as I, for I have their vexation, and I have not their conſolation. Nothing pleaſeth mee in the place where I am; you have carried away with you all its worth and goodneſſe, and it is not the hardneſſe of the ſeaſon, it is your abſence that obſcures the beauties of my ſolitude. It was not well done

Sir

Sir to accuſtome mee to a pleaſure which you meant ſo ſuddenly to take away from me, or to ſay better, to ſhew mee onely my good fortune thereby to procure me envie, and then goe preſently and make others happy with enjoying it; and yet I know well, that ſuch petty conſiderations owe obedience to a greater, and that particular intereſts ought alwayes to give place to publicke. Mine therefore is not ſo deare unto me, but that I willingly forget it upon ſuch occaſions, and eaſily forgoe my owne conceits, to enter upon the purpoſe of divine providence. The peace wee hope for ſhall perhaps by your voyage be advanced, and you are now perhaps ſent from heaven to goe whither you thought to have gone without commanding; If peradventure there be found ſome particular men that are too much heated, your *Euſebius* and your *Theodoret* will helpe to allay their heate, and if they be too ſtifly bent upon ſeveritie, you will make them abate their rigour by the examples you bring them, of the moderation of their fathers; I have too good an opinion of ſo many worthy Prelates as are in your aſſemblies, to imagine they would ever agree to arme Princes, either againſt a penitent, or againſt an honeſt man, miſtaken; and would not in the intereſts of their order content themſelvs with imploying the Thunderbolts of the *Vatican*, but would doe their uttermoſt to call forth alſo thoſe of the *Arſenall*; Whatſoever may be ſayd in defence of ſuch proceeding, it can never in my opinion

nion have ſo genetall approbation, but that ſome honeſt ſpirits will bee ſcandalized by it. This would bee to bring excommunication into a poore account, to make it ſerve onely for an Eſſay, and for a preparative of puniſhment, and to make it the firſt plaſter of a light wound, wch ought to be the laſt remedy of the extremeſt evills. Such practiſe would be farre from the cuſtome of the antient Chriſtianitie, and of the age of Martyrs; and I cannot conceive, neither can it be, that Chriſtian Paſtors ſhould become Butchers of their Flocke; and that the Church which hitherto hath beene in perſecution, ſhould now it ſelfe begin to perſecute. This Church Sir, as your ſelfe and my maſters your brethren teach us, is not a cruell Stepdame, proud and maligning her Ipouſes children; but it is a naturall mother, compaſſioning her owne, and deſirous to adopt even Proſelytes and ſtrangers: You tell us that ſhee runnes after the greateſt ſinners, and goes as a guide before all the world, which is farre from ſaying that it ſtands not with her dignitie to be an inſtrument of their converſion, nor ſo much as once to take care what becomes of them; It is you who aſſure us that ſhee is content to loſe her richeſt veſſels, ſo as thereby ſhee may recover the ſacrilledge of her robbers; it is from you wee learne that ſhee is farre from animating juſtice to ruine innocents, who gives ſanctuary of pardon to Delinquents. I have heard ſpeake of the ſweet nature and ſighing of the Dove; but never of her cruelty

nor

nor of her roaring; and to give her clawes and teach her to love blood, would be no leſſe then to make her a Monſter; this would bee Sir to make love it ſelfe turne wilde, and metamorphiſe it into hate. This would bee to imitate the antient Pagans, who attributed to their gods all the paſſions and infirmities of men; no man I hope ſhall be able to lay ſuch prophanation to our charge, wee will be no corrupters of the moſt excellent puritie, no handlers of holy things with polluted hands, no ſtretchers of our defects to the higheſt point of perfection: They which doe ſo, in what part of the world ſoever they be, are Anathemaes in your Bookes, accurſed in your Sermons, condemned by the rules of your doctrine, and by the examples of your life. Theſe falſe Saints doe not ſerve Chriſt, but ſerve themſelves of Chriſt; they ſollicite their owne affaires in his name, and recommend it as his cauſe when it is their owne ſuite. Perſwaſion that they doe well makes them more hardy in doing ill; they call their choller zeale, and when they kill, they thinke they ſacrifice. Thankes be to God no part in the whole body of our Clergie is ſo unſound; it is returned to its oyle, and to its balme, in whoſe place the civill warres had ſubſtituted deadly Aconite and bitter Wormewood. The League is dead, and *Spaine* heartſicke, our Oracles are no longer inſpired by forreigne Deities, the ſpirit of love and charity animates all our Congregations; and no doubt he that ought to be the mouth of the

aſſembly,

aſſembly, will conſider that Biſhops are Miniſters of mercy, and not of juſtice; and that to them our Lord ſaid, *I leave peace with you*, but ſaid not I leave vengeance with you; the wiſedome of M. the Cardinall will ſtrip off all the thorny prickles of paſſions, and ſweeten all the bitterneſſe of figures, before they arrive to come neare the King. This divine ſpirit is farre ſurmounting all orations, all deliberations, and all humane affaires, and in this he will eaſily finde a temper both to preſerve the honour of the Church, and yet not oppreſſe the humilitie of him that ſubmits, both to give full ſatisfaction to the firſt order, and yet not withdraw regard from the merit of the ſecond; both to make us ſee heads bowed and knees bended before the Altars; and yet no houſes demoliſhed, nor governments deſtroyed, whereof the Altars ſhould receive no benefit. I am in hope you will doe me the favour to informe me of the occurrents of the whole hiſtory, whereof I doubt not, but you are your ſelfe one of the principall parties, and I expect by your letters a true relation of all the newes that runnes about. In the meane time Sir, I truſt you will not take it ill that I ſpeake unto you of this great affaire, as a man that ſees it a farre off; and whom you appoint ſometimes to deliver his adviſe upon matters, of which he hath but ſmall underſtanding. At your returne we will renue the Commerce we have diſcontinued, and ſince you will have it ſo, I will once againe play the Oratour, and the

Poli-

Politician before you; yet I feare me much, you will scarce bee suffered to keepe your promise with me; I see you are more borne to action then to rest, and that our rurall pleasures are not worthy so much as to amuse so great a spirit as yours is, I therefore wish you such as are worthy of you; that is, the solidest and the perfectest, and such as glorious Atchievements and glorious actions leave behind them; and I love not my selfe so much that I am not much more,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 25. *January* 1630. *Your, &c.*

To Mounsieur *Arnaut*, Abbot of S^t. *Nicholas.*

Letter III.

SIR, the small service you desired of me is not worth considering, but onely for the great thankes I have received for it; I had altogether forgot it when I received your Letter, which makes mee yet forget it more in making me to remember it. You have words that change things, and in your Language an impuissant willingnesse is an immortall obli-

gation. If you make ſo great account of good deſires, I merveile what price you ſet upon good deeds; and if you thus beſtow your compliments without neceſſitie, I feare you will want them when you have neede; you ſhould goe more reſerveldy to worke, and retaine more providence for the future. A man may be a good husband, and yet not bee covetous; and ſeeing limits and bounds are fit in all caſes, they cannot bee unfit in the caſe of courteſie: Thinke not therefore Sir, that herein you have done an act of acknowledgement, you have gone farre beyond the bounds of this vertue. If there be a vice oppoſite to ungratefulnes, your too great officiouſneſſe hath made you fall into it, and by the exceſſe you have avoided the defect. The intereſts of M. the Cardinall *Bentivoglio* have no neede of recommending, but amongſt people that are not yet Civilized; that which concernes his honour, is no matter of indifferencie to them that know his vertue, and they that know it not are no better then Barbarians. If to doe him ſervice I had not run whither you prayed me to goe, and if I had not required an abſolute ſuppreſſion of that diſcourſe, whereof you required onely but a ſweetning; I had performed my duty but very weakely, and had deſerved blame in that for which you praiſe me. Though his name were not reſplendent in hiſtory, nor his dignitie in the Church, yet he ſhould have luſtre enough in his very ſtile and writings, and though he were not a grandchild of Kings,

and a Senatour of the whole earth; yet I finde ſomething in him more worth then all that: I conſider him without his Purple, and deveſted of all externall ornaments; regarding onely thoſe that are naturall to him; and which would make him moſt illuſtrious, though hee had but a blacke cap on his head, and moſt eminent, though he were but a private man. Theſe are advantages hee hath over other men, and which hee communicates to this age of the world, goods that hee poſſeſſeth and I enjoy. For I vow unto you that in this ſad place whither my owne humour hath miſs-led me; and where there is no talke but of Suits and quarrells; I ſhould not know in the world how to paſſe my time, if I had not brought his booke along with me. This hath beene the companion of my voyage, and is now the comforter of my Exile, and after I am dul'ed with a deale of troubleſome diſcourſe, and have my eares filled with idle chat, I goe and purifie my ſelfe in his delicate relations; and gather my ſpirits together, which the noyſe and clatter had before diſperſed. I never ſaw in ſo ſober and chaſt a ſtile, ſo much fulneſſe and delight; if nature herſelfe would ſpeake, ſhee could never make choyſe of more proper termes then thoſe he uſeth; and where proper termes faile, ſhee could never more diſcreetly borrow forreigne then he doth. The Character of his phraſe is ſo noble, that by this onely, without any other ſignes I ſhould eaſily know hee is come of a good houſe; and I ſee that fortune

which hath beene ſo great an enemy of his blood, and hath done ſo much hurt to his anceſtors, hath not yet beene able to take from him the marke of their greatneſſe, nor the manners and language of a Prince. At your departure from thence you gave me thankes for loving qualities that are ſo lovely, and that making profeſſion of Letters, I am put in paſſion for him who preſerves their honour, and who in his country is the Crowne and glory of our Muſes; as often as there is queſtion for his ſervice I ſhall neede no ſecond conſideration to put mee in heate about it; I tell you plainely, I ſhall doe it no whit the more for any love of you, I intreate you to provide ſome occaſion apart from all intereſts of his, where you may ſee the extraordinary account I make of your merits, and the deſire I have to manifeſt unto you that I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 3. of *Octob.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Ogier*.

Letter IIII.

SIR, you could never have fallen againe to your pen upon better termes then you have done;

done; and I have a conceite your ſilence hath not beene ſo much a neglect as a meditation. The Letter you pleaſed to write unto me is ſo full of infinite excellent things, that it ſeemes you have beene making proviſion three yeares together to make one feaſt, and that your ſparing for ſo long a time had no other meaning but to bee magnificent for one day. The diſpatch of the *Conſtantinopolitan* ſlave you ſent me, and the newes of *Koppenhagen* you writ unto me are ſo inriched with ornaments of your making, that I ſee plainely whatſoever paſſeth thorough your hands receiveth an impreſſion of excellencie, and that glorious atchievements have neede of you to be their hiſtorian. It is not ſtrange unto me that M. your brother hath pleaded my cauſe, I am an eternall clyent of your family, and as it is my part to honour my benefactors, ſo it is yours to preſerve your benefits: But verily I could never have thought this laſt action ſhould have had the Court of *Denmarke* for a Theater, and the King and his daughters the Princeſſes for Iudges. You ſent me word I had a famous decree paſſed on my ſide, and that the aſſailant was as much hiſſed at, as the defendant was applauded. God be praiſed that grants us juſtice amongſt the Gothes, for injuries done us by the French; and that raiſeth up in an end of the world a ſoveraigne defender of perſecuted innocencie, ſuch ſuccour ſometimes hee hath extraordinarily afforded when men abandon her; the Lyons have become humane, ra-

ther then leave her without protection; & in the moſt frightfull deſarts there have beene found Nurſes for children, whom the crueltie of their mothers had expoſed. Let us therefore never beleeve that ſweetneſſe and humanitie are qualities of the earth or of the Ayre; they are neither proper goods of the eaſterlings, nor captive vertues of the *Grecians*. They are wandring and paſſant, all climates receive them in their turne, and it is not the *Cimbricke Cherſoneſus* any longer, it is *Athens* and *Achaia* that at this day are Barbarians. This divine princeſſe of whom your brother writes ſuch wonders, hath no doubt contributed much to this change, and though there ſhould ſhine no other Sunne upon the bankes of the *Balticke* Sea, this one were enough to make vertue bud forth in all hearts, and to make Arts and diſcipline to flouriſh in all parts. This is a ſecond *Pallas* that ſhall have her Temples, and her ſuppliants ſhall be preſident of Letters and ſtudies, as well as the former. Even that which you ſay of the defect of her birth, and of the obſcuritie of her mother, might bee ground enough for a Poet to make an entire worke and to aſſure us that ſhee was borne and came out of her fathers head at leaſt Sir if your relations bee true, ſhee is the lively Image of his ſpirit, the interpretour of his thoughts, the greateſt ſtrength of his eſtate, and who by her eyes and tongue reigneth and ruleth over all objects that either ſee or heare. Why ſhould I diſſemble or hide my content-

ment?

ment? I must confesse I am proud in the highest degree for the praises shee hath given me. Never Prince passed the *Rhine* more happily then mine hath done, seeing so good fortune hath attended him there, and that there hee should be crowned by a hand which was able to give wounds to all others. What shall I say more? I scorne all the antient triumphes when I thinke upon this: I hope for no lustre, but for her splendour, I seeke for no glory, but in her recommendation; her onely voyce is instead of the suffrages of a whole Diet of all the north; and what reason they should not forever be banished the Empire who blame that wch she praiseth, or that would oppose the soveraignty of her excellent judgement? As for our common enemie, condemned by her; to keepe company with the Hobgoblins of *Norway*; since hee is no longer in the world, he is no longer in state to do her obeysance. If it be not that God will have that to bee the place of his purgatory which shee would have to be the place of banishment, and that this proud spirit is confind to live amongst the tempests & other frenticke issues of the North, as *Varro* speakes of Satyres. You have read I suppose the Dialogues of Saint *Gregorie*; and therefore must needs know that all soules are not purged after one manner, but some passe thorough the fire, and others endure the Ice; and the extremitie of cold is no lesse an instrument of the divine justice, then extremitie of heate. But I purpose not to set a broach a question of divi-

nitie, for I ſhould then beginne a new Letter; and it is now time I ſhould finiſh this: but telling you firſt, that he which ſhall deliver it to you, hath in charge to preſent you a larger diſcourſe; and to let you ſee, that there is both Greeke and Latine in our Village. If it were not for my ſtudy, my ſolitude would neither have excuſe, nor comfort, and yet ſhall not have it perfit neither, unleſſe you bring it to me; and be ſo honeſt a man as to come and ſee me: as I moſt hartily intreate you to doe; and to beleeve that I paſſionately am,

Sir,

At Balzac 7. Feb. 1635. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Sirmond.*

Letter V.

SIR, be not ſcandalized, nor take exception at my ſilence. The greateſt part of the Letters I writ; are but the paiment of my old debts: and before I anſwer one, I caſt up my reckoning three or foure times. I ſeldome ſtay upon matter of compliment, all I can doe, is but to defend my ſelfe untowardly; I thinke

my

my ſelfe ſufficiently honeſt, if I be but indifferently uncivill; and becauſe I am apt to doe courteſies voluntarily; I expect alſo voluntarily to receive them; of you Sir eſpecially, who judge not friendſhippe by the looke, and knowes that ſuperſtition is more ceremonious, then true pietie. The new favours I have received from your Muſes are to mee as they ought to be, exceeding ſenſible: yet thinke not, that this makes me forget your former benefits; and that I carry not in minde, that it is you that gave me the firſt taſte of good, and the principles of vertue; you doe but build upon the foundation you laid your ſelfe; and give eſtimation to your owne paines. Having beene my guide in a countrie which I know not; it is for your honour it ſhould be beleeved, I have made ſome progreſſe there, that ſo it may apppeare your directions are good. Thus your Poeme hath in it a hidden art, which few underſtand; and I am but the colour of your deſigne. You enjoy your ſelfe all the glory you have done me; all the glory you have imparted to mee ſtayes ſtill with your ſelfe; and you have found out a way how to praiſe your ſelf, without ſpeaking of your ſelf: and how to be liberall without parting from any thing. If you come this Sommer to *Paris*, I will give you account of an infinite number of things that will not diſlike you; and in revenge thereof, I require to heare from you ſome newes of our male content;

Cui

Cui mos in trivijs humili tentare Veneno
Ardua & impoſitos ſemper Cervice rebelli
Ferre duces; Cœloque Iovem violare Tonante.

I know not whether you will be able to bring the ſtate into his favour; but this I know, it is no ſmall worke for perſwaſion to effect, ſeeing hee is no leſſe obſtinate in his errours, then you ſtrong in your Reaſons. Whatſoever he ſay of the time; and of the carriage of things; the impunitie with which he triumphs, is a viſible marke of the moderate goverment of this Kingdome; and in any country but this; his Head long before this time had paid for his tongue. But I heare he is of ſo vile an humour, that he is angry for his very liberty; and thinks it is done in ſcorne, that hee hath not all this while been put in the Baſtyle. He valewes himſelfe to be worthy of an informer; and of Commiſſioners, and thinkes hee hath merit enough to be puniſht in ſtate. Let us beare a little with his malady; he is otherwiſe not evill, nor of evill qualities: It is onely the temperature of his body that is faulty: and if Mounſieur *Cytois* can purge away his choller, hee ſhall procure to M. the Cardinall a faithfull ſervant. I expect hereupon an Epigramme of your making, and am with all my ſoule,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 4.
March. 1631. *Your, &c.*

To

To Mounſieur *Colombiers.*

Letter. VI.

SIR, I finde by the Letter which Mounſieur *de Martin* writ unto you, that you have done mee good offices with him; and that upon your word, hee takes mee for more than I am worthy. It is your part now to make that ſpeech unto him which you have warranted, and to diſguiſe mee with ſo much Art, that may make good your firſt deceit by a ſecond. For to think that I ſhall be able to anſwer his expectation, and ſatisfie your promiſe: I know he expects too much; and know you have promiſed too much, that which hee ſpeakes of me and of my writings, ſeemes rather to come from the paſſion of a lover, than from the integritie of a Judge; and I ought to take it, rather as a Preſent, then as a Recompence. I know beſides, that the place from whence hee writes hath alwayes beene the habitation of courteſie; and that the ſparke of the Court of *Rome* which hath reſted there, ſince it parted from thence; hath left a light which gives an influence to the manners and ſpirits of the Country. Yet diſtinction muſt be made betweene the civilities of *Avignon*, which extend

to

to all ſorts of ſtrangers, & the reſentments of an able man, which reſpect nothing but reaſon, and a difference muſt be put betweene the honeſty of a compliment, and the Religion of a teſtimony. Mounſieur *Malherbe* deceaſed, who never gave any mans merit, more than its due: and but coldly praiſed the moſt praiſe-worthy things; yet hath heretofore to me, in ſo high a degree extolled this man, of whom we ſpeake; that I could not but thinke, it muſt needes be a very extraordinary Vertue that tranſported him ſo unwontedly, and a very preſſing verity, that forced him to open himſelfe ſo freely, I have ſince beene confirmed in my judgement of him by divers perſons of good qualitie, and generally by the voyce of all our country: But yet there is in this more cauſe for me to feare, than hope: Wiſe men doe but only taſte an errour; with which common people drinke themſelves drunke: They do not plunge themſelves in falſe opinions, they paſſe them lightly over; and I am afraid you will ere long receive another letter in retractation of this, he hath now written ſo much in my favour, if the worſt come to the worſt; and that there be no meanes for me, to keepe all the good you have gotten me; I yet may lawfully require to have a part left me; which Mounſieur your brother in Law cannot honeſtly deny me. I am unfit for the termes hee gives me; I willingly returne them backe to himſelfe. Let him keepe his Admiring for Miracles; or at leaſt for the great ſtupendious workes of Nature; I aſpire

not

not, nor have any pretence to so high a degree of his account; but I thinke I have right to his friendshippe; and that both of you are my debters of some good will; seeing I honour you both exceedingly, and passionately am

Sir,

From *Balzac* *Your, &c.*
20. *Octob.* 1632.

To ——————

Letter VII.

SIR, I am not altogether prophane, yet am but a simple *Catechumene* neither: I adore your mysteries, though I comprehend them not; and dare not give my spirit that liberty which you give it. Is it fit to be a judge of a Science, of which it is yet but learning the Alphabet? It scarce knowes visible Objects, and runnes a hazard, when it considers but the exteriour face of Nature; as for that which is above, it climbes not to it, nor soares so high. My curiositie is not so ventrous: and concerning the condition of superiour things; I wholly referre my selfe to the Sorbone. Never thinke therefore that I will give my Censure of your Booke: I have not yet discovered the bottome; onely the barke, I must tell you seemes very precious; and I am ravished with

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the ſound and harmony of things, I underſtand not, this kinde of Writing would have aſtoniſhed Philoſophers whom it could not have perſwaded: and if Saint *Gregory Nazianzen* had but ſhewed ſuch a peece as this to *Themiſtius*, he could not chuſe but have beene moved with it, and muſt needes have admired the probabilitie of Chriſtianity; though he had not knowne the ſecret. Theſe are not words that one reades, and are painted upon paper: they are felt, and received within the heart. They live and moove, and I ſee in them the ſinewes of the firſt Chriſtians; and the ſtyle of that Heroicke age, where one and the ſame vertue, gave life both to diſcourſe and actions; gave influence both to the ſoule and to the courage, made both Doctours and alſo Martyrs. Tell mee true, Did you not purpoſe to your ſelfe a Patterne to follow? Have you not beene at the Oracle of ——— : have you not received ſome inſpiration from our excellent friend? Me thinkes I meete with his very Character. In certaine paſſages I obſerve ſome markes and traces of his ſpirit; and when I reade them, cannot ſometimes forbeare crying out: *Sic oculus, ſic ille manus, &c.* You neede not take offence at my ſuſpition: ſo noble a reſemblance is an inferiority lifted up extremely high. You are not therein his Ape, but his Sonne: There is nothing baſe nor meane in the imitation of ſo high and perfect an *Idea*: and you know the example of *Plato*, made *Philo* goe checke by jowle with him.

All

All I aske of you at *Paris*, where you ſo liberally offer me all the good offices you can doe, is but this; that you will doe me the favour, to aſſure that great perſonage of the great reverence I beare to his merits: and what glory I count it to be counted his friend: but I require withall the continuation of your owne love, with which you can honour none, that is more truely then I am,

Sir,

25. *July* 1630. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Coeffeteau*, Biſhop of *Dardanie*.

LETTER VIII.

SIR, ſincē your departure from *Mets*; there hath nothing hapned worthy of the Hiſtory I promiſed you, but onely that the Emperour as I heare, hath preſented to the view of brave ſpirits, certaine new and very ſtrange recreations by which hee hath gained a great opinion of his knowledge. As to make the Images in a peece of Tapiſtry, to walke, and move: to make all the faces in a roome, to ſeeme to be double; to make a river riſe in a Hall; and after ſtreaming away without wetting

ting of any, make a company of Fayries appeare and dance a round; theſe are his ordinary ſports, & to uſe the phraſe of our friend; but the outſide of his ſecret Philoſophy. Signior *Mercurio Cardano*, ſweares hee hath ſeene all this, and more; enough to finde you diſcourſe for many meetings: and if you appoint him to ſet hand to his Penne, he will be a *Philoſtratus* to this *Appolonius*. Hee hath told me, as hee hath heard it from him, that for certaine, the heavens meuace *France*, with a notable revolution; and that the fall of ——, hath not beene ſo much the end, as the change of our myſteries. For my ſelfe who know, that God never makes Mountibanks of his Counſaile; and that the vertue of the King, is able to correct the malignity of the ſtarres: I laugh at the vanitie of ſuch Preſages; and looke for nothing but happineſſe from the aſcendant and fortune of ſo great a Prince. But to change this Diſcourſe, and this Mountibanke for another: I have ſeene the man Sir, that is all armed with thornes: that purſues a Propoſition to the uttermoſt bounds of Logicke; that in moſt peaceable converſations, will put forth nothing, nor admit of nothing that is not a Dialemma, or a Syllogiſme. To tell you true, what I thinke of him; he would pleaſe me more if hee had leſſe reaſon: this quarrelſome Eloquence affrights me more than it perſwades mee. They which commonly converſe with him; runne in my opinion the ſame fortune, which they doe, that live neere the falls of *Nilus*; there is no over-

flowing

flowing, like that of his words, a man cannot safely give him audience; a *Headache* for three dayes after, is the least hurt hee can take, that but heares him after dinner. The Gentleman that brings you this Letter, hath charge given him from all in generall to entreate you Sir, not to forsake us in so important a matter: but to come and free our companies from one of the greatest crosses, that hath a long time afflicted civill societie. You are the onely man in whom this Sophister hath some beleefe: and therefore none but you, likely to reduce him to common right; and to bring his spirit to submit it selfe to Custome and Vsage. You can if you please make it appeare unto him; that an honest man proposes alwayes his opinions, no otherwise than as doubts; and never raiseth the sound of his voyce, to get advantage of them, that speake not so loud, that nothing is so hatefull, as a chamber Preacher who delivers but his owne word; and determines without warrant, that it is fit to avoid gestures, which are like to Threatnings, and termes which carrie the stile of Edicts; I meane, that it is not fit to accompany his Discourse, with too much action; nor to affirme any thing too peremptorily. Lastly, that conversation reflects more upon a popular estate, then upon a Monarchie; and that every man hath there a right of suffrage: and the benefit of libertie. You know Sir, that for want of due observing these petty rules, many have fallen into great inconveniences; and you remember one who maintained an ar-

gument at the Table, with too great violence, diſturbed and drove Queene *Margaret* from her dinner. Such men commonly ſpoile the beſt cauſes; whilſt they ſeeke to get the better, not becauſe their cauſe is good; but becauſe themſelves are the Advocates; Reaſon it ſelfe ſeemes to be wrong, when it is not of their ſide, at leaſt not in its right place, nor in its ordinary forme. They diſguiſe it in ſo ſtrange a faſhion that it cannot be knowne to any; and they take away her authority and force, by painting her in the colours and markes of folly. Againſt theſe Ringleaders, it is that wee deſire you to come, and to take the paines of applying your Exorciſmes, particularly upon ——— you will have a thouſand Benedictions, if you can drive out of his body, this devill of diſpute and wrangling; which hath begunne already to torment us. Wee expect you at the end of the weeke; and I remaine,

Sir,

From *Mets*, 15. *Augu.* 1618.

Your, &c.

To

To my Lord the Earle of *Brassac.*

Letter IX.

SIR, that which I have written of you; is but a simple relation of that I have seene of you: and if there be any ornament in it: It must needs be, that either your selfe have put it there; or else that Fortune hath lent it to me. I had done it very innocently, I assure you, if I had spoken any thing well; who was so ill prepared for it. I should have hit a marke which I aimed not at; and have drawne a Picture, by the casuall falling downe of my Pensill. My drift was to entertaine my friend, who was accustomed to the negligence of my style: and with whom; if I committed any fault, I was sure of Pardon. Hee cries not out murther, upon seeing one Vowell encounter another, nor stands amazed at meeting with an untoward word as if it were a Monster: This favour I receive from him; and he, the like from me: we allow all liberty to our thoughts: and if in treating together, wee should not sometimes violate the lawes of our Art, wee should never shew confidence enough in our friendshippe. Rhetoricke therefore hath no place in Writings where Truth takes up all: There is great difference betweene an Oratour, and a Register; and my private testimony ought not to passe for

your *Encomium*. Yet you will have it to be ſo; you had rather accuſe me of being eloquent, then confeſſe your ſelfe to be vertuous; and you avoid preſumption, by a contrary extremitie. It ſeemes this occaſion is dangerous to you; and as in a ſhipwracke, where all runne to ſave the deareſt things: ſo you abandon your other vertues, to preſerve your modeſty. Shee doth her ſelfe wrong Sir, to ſtand in oppoſition to the publike voyce; and to reject the teſtimony of noble fame. Shee ought not to contradict the two chiefe Courts of *Europe*; whereof the one honoureth your memory, the other makes uſe of your counſels. *Ariſtotle* would never approove of this; who ſpeakes of a vice, with which if a man be tainted, he reſembles him to one, who will not confeſſe hee hath wonne in the Olympicke games, though men come and adjudge him the Garland; and calls himſelfe ſtill culpable: though three degrees of the *Areopage*, pronounce him innocent. Be not you, of ſo little equitie to your ſelfe; and ſuffer mee to tell you what I thinke; ſeeing I thinke nothing, but that which is the common opinion; and I deliver not ſo much my owne particular conceit, as the generall beleefe of the whole world: They who preferre a Captaine of *Carabins* before *Alexander* the Great; and know not how to praiſe the integritie of a Stateſman, without affronting that of *Ariſtides*, fall into that exceſſe which reaſon requires ſhould be avoided. Yet we ought not for all this, generally to ſlight all merit of the preſent age; and fancie to our ſelves, that we are not bound to

revere

revere vertue, unleſſe it be conſecrated by Antiquitie. For my ſelfe, I judge more favourably of things preſent, and doe not thinke I run any hazard in ſubſcribing to the Popes judgement of you, that in ſerving the King, you have beene his governour. This would be to be too ſcrupulous, to feare miſtaking, after him that they ſay cannot erre; and you are too courteous, to count it a courteſie that I doe my dutie; and to give mee thankes that I am not a Schiſmaticke. Concerning the laſt Article of your Letter; I ſay it gives me not ſo much, as a temptation: neither am I indeede capable to receive it. It ſufficeth me Sir, that you protect my repoſe here; for to enter into defence of my intereſts in the place where you are, as you doe me the honour to promiſe me; I would adviſe you not to undertake it. You could never looke for better ſucceſſe, then the prime man of this age had, who could not obtaine of —; the favour he required of him, in my behalfe. It is much eaſier to breake downe the Alpes; and to bridle the Ocean, then to procure the paiment of my Penſion: and there is nothing that can make a worker of miracles ſee, there is ſome thing impoſſible for him to doe; but onely my ill fortune. There are the bounds of this power, which is ſo much envied: The good will hee beares me, cannot draw from *Spaine* the eight thouſand pounds which are due unto me: and it is Gods will hee ſhould be diſobeyed in this, that I may be a witneſſe againſt them who ſay that he is abſolute. I onely intreate you, ſeeing you deſire to oblige me

to you, to ſhew him the conſtancie of my paſſions, which is obdurate againſt ill ſucceſſes, and preſerves it ſelfe entire amidſt the ruines of my hopes. It ſhall be ſatisfaction enough for me that hee doe me the honour to beleeve I can adore freely and without hope of reward; and that I ſhould doe him as great reverence if he were not in ſo great a height of happineſſe. I expect this favour from your ordinary goodneſſe, and promiſe my ſelfe that you will alwayes have a little love for me, ſeeing I have a will to be all my life moſt perfectly,

Sir,

From *Balzac* *Your, &c.*
30. *May* 1633.

To Mounſieur *de la Nauve*, Counſellor of the King in his Great Chamber.

Letter X.

SIR, ſay what you can, I am not ſo indulgent to my paſſion as you are injurious to your owne merits. Amongſt all your good qualities you have one that ſeemes an enemy to all the reſt, detraction doth you more injſtice then you doe your ſelfe, and envie it ſelfe gives

gives you that which your owne modesty takes away from you. This is not to handle the truth civilly, to respect her then when shee embraceth you? This is to render her evill for good, to call her *fabulous*, when shee calls you vertuous. I finde in this Sir more scruple then Religion: The first and most antient charitie is thereby broken, and you are faultie in the first principle of your dutie; if before doing justice to all the world, you deny to doe it to your selfe alone. It must bee a great precisenesse of conscience that shall finde in you the evills you accuse your selfe of, and a sight more cleare then mine that shall see defaults in the course of your life. If you have any that are surely immateriall, and such as fall not under sence. They come not within the knowledge of any; It must bee a secret betweene your confessour and you. None is knowne Sir, at least not knowne to be revealed, and if any were so knowne, it would rather be found a proofe of humilitie then a marke of imperfection. I am none therefore, as you say I am, of these charitable lyars, who attribute to them they love all that they want, nor of these forgers of commonwealths, who carry their imagination beyond all possibilitie of things; I present not unto you an *Idea* to make you better then you are, but taking you into consideration I propose you as my example to stirre me up to goodnesse; I draw your picture for my owne use and not for your glory; I intend more the instructing my selfe then the prating with

you. The object of ſo elevated a vertue fills my minde with great deſires, and if it aſtoniſh me ſometimes with its heighth, it makes mee at leaſt ſee by experience, that an inferiour vertue is poſſible to be acquired; ſo that to ſay true, I ſtudie you more then I praiſe you, and am in this more ſwayed with intereſt then with paſſion: I meane this paſſion without eyes, that riſeth onely from the animall part, for as for that which is reaſonable and works with knowledge I have that for you in the high:ſt degree, and by all kinds of obligations and of duties am

Sir,

At *Balzac.* 6. *Febru.* 1634. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Heinſius*, Profeſſor of the *Politicks* at *Leyden*.

Letter XI.

SIR, I acquit my ſelfe of a charge that was laid upon me, and ſend you from Mounſieur *Favereau* the verſes hee lately made for the King; they have had the approbation of all *France*, but they have not yet had his owne, and if this publicke judgement bee not confirmed by your particular, he takes it but as the paſſion of a mother; and that *France* doth but

but flatter her children. He thinkes no glory is legitimate whereof you are not the diſtributour, and that things are not ſo good by their owne goodneſſe, as by the account you make of them; you ſee by this Sir what ranke you hold in the Commonwealth of Letters, and that I am not the onely man that looke upon you with veneration, being ſeated in the Throane of the great *Scaliger*, and giving lawes to all the civill parts of Europe. The higheſt degree that a man can aſpire unto, who is Prince amongſt his owne, is to become a judge amongſt ſtrangers; and there to get reverence where he cannot pretend ſubjection. To this uppermoſt Region of merit are you aſcended; the light of your doctrine ſhines upon more then one people, and more then one country; it ſpreads and communicates it ſelfe in divers places and kinds; it hath as well adorers a farre off, as admirers at home: He of whom I ſpeake Sir is worth a whole multitude, and makes not onely a part of a choiſe company, but is himſelfe alone a company and a number. Doe you aske for qualities intellectuall and morall? for vertues civill and militarie? would you have a Philoſopher a Mathematitian, a Poet, for Latine, Italian, French? you ſhall finde them all in his one perſon. Hee hath the key of the moſt ſublime ſciences, and the ſuperintendance of the nobleſt Arts. Heretofore he hath beene the diſpenſer of the conceits of *Marino*, the reformer and pruning knife of the ſuperfluities of his

his ſtile, at this time he is overſeer of all curious workes; the Oracle that Carvers conſult, and the ſpirit that guides the hand before Painters. Hee meddles in an infinite number of things with equall capacitie, and hath as many trades as Sage *Stoick* had; but makes better workes of them then he did. It is not poſſible either to fill his ſpirit, or to ſet it about worke enough; ſo greedy and unſatiable it is of knowledge, ſo impatient of reſt, and growing freſh with action. And to impart to you the expreſſion of a gallant friend of ours; hee is in as great a heate for the pleaſures of the minde, as the Princes of *Aſia* are for the pleaſures of the body; and as they have many Concubines beſides the *Sultana* which they marry, ſo hath he one profeſſion as his principall ſtudie, but leaves not for all that to follow other exerciſes, though follow them but with inferiour affection; ſo that it cannot be ſayd of him, that hee knowes all, but that hee ought to know; and that hee is nothing leſſe then that hee ought to be. Hee acquits himſelfe moſt worthily of his charge, and never ſtands in contemplation, when it is time to be in action. If hee be a great Poet, he is no leſſe a great Lawyer; hee makes as well the draught of a Proceſſe as the deſcription of a Tempeſt; and having ſung *Phillis* and *Amarillis* with an admirable grace, he treats of *Seia* and *Sempronia* with no leſſe ſoliditie. I give this teſtimony as religiouſly of him, as if I gave it before a Iudge, and as if my writing were upon oath. Is it not fit you

ſhould

ſhould be ignorant of his merit, whom without any merit you ought to reſpect, though but onely for his reſpect to you. It is fit you know that he is an elevated perſon, humbling himſelfe before you, and a Saint offering you ſacrifice. It is fit alſo I ſhould ſatisfie his deſire, which you ſhall ſee in the word he hath written to you, as hee was going out of his Inne and taking Coach, but that done Sir, it is not fit I ſhould forget my ſelfe; I entreate you therefore you will be pleaſed that in preſenting to you the vowes of another, I may offer you alſo my owne, and make you this true proteſtation, that I am,

Sir,

From *Balzac*, 5. *Decemb.* 1634. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *de la Pigeonniere*, Lievetenant Generall of *Bloyes*.

Letter XII.

SIR, the Letter you tooke the paines to write unto me hath calmed my ſpirit, and given it eaſe; I could have no comfort of the newes of your death, but onely by that of your reſurrection; and to make an end of weeping for you, it was neceſſary you ſhould come

come your ſelfe and ſtay my teares. I am none of theſe broachers of Paradoxes, whom too much reaſon makes unreaſonable, and have no feeling either of joy or greefe. My ſpirit is more tender, and my Philoſophie more humane; and let them as long as they pleaſe call theſe paſſions infirmities, yet for my part I had rather have my maladie then their health; If I had loſt you, I had loſt part of my ſelfe, and ſhould never thinke my ſelfe an entire man againe, and if I had not hope to enjoy againe your learned converſation, I ſhould finde nothing but bitterneſſe in my life; nothing in my ſtudies but thornes, at this time eſpecially when I am promiſed a retreate three miles from *Bloys*, and that I ſhall come under the juriſdiction of M. the Lievetenant Generall. I doe not much rejoyce at this your new Dignitie, becauſe I doe not rejoyce at the ſervitude of my friends; and becauſe I doe not count it any great happineſſe to bee alwayes handling the Sores and Vlcers of the people. I make more reckoning of your idleneſſe then of your imployment, and of the Elegie you will make then of all the judgements you will give. If you pleaſe to ſend it, or pleaſe to bring it your ſelfe to *Paris*, you ſhall make choyſe your ſelfe in what place of my booke you will have it ſet; and I ſhall not bee a little proud to have ſo faire a marke remaining of your friendſhip. I had more to ſay, but I was pull'd away from my Letter, and your owne beſt friends debauch me; I muſt therefore

fore perforce leave you, yet aſſuring you once againe that I am infinitely glad I ſhed my teares for you without cauſe, and that no man is more truly then my ſelfe,

Sir,

At *Paris* 7. *Sept.* 1631.

Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *Chapelain.*

Letter XIII.

SIR, if your ticket had overtaken me at *Orleans*, I had certainly returned to *Paris* to receive that honour it promiſed me; and not have loſt ſo pleaſing a viſit, which would have comforted me for a troubleſome one that afflicted me not a little the day before. But the miſchiefe is, that I was come hither before your ticket, and all I can doe now, is to let you know the greefe I take, that my inclination and my affaires lye not alwayes in the ſame place. They have drawne mee from the ſuburb Saint *German*, to make me ride Poſte in the greateſt violence of the late heate; and have expoſed my head to all the beames, or to ſpeake like a Poet, to all the Arrowes of the Sunne. I vow unto you that being in this caſe, I even repented my ſelfe of all the good I had ever ſaid of it, and would faine call backe my praiſes, ſeeing it made no difference at all betweene

tweene mee and my Poſt boy who had never prayſed it. Thankes be to God I am now in place of ſafety, where you may well thinke I ſeeke rather to quench my thirſt, then to make my ſelfe fat, and looke more after refreſhing then tricking my ſelfe up. To this purpoſe I forget nothing of that I have learned in *Italy* : My ordinary Diet is upon the fruits of Autumne; being of opinion that no intemperance of theſe pure Viands can be diſhoneſt, and that it is not fit to be ſober as long as the Trees offer us their ſtore, and tempt our appetite. Bee pleaſed Sir, that my buſineſſe may not be to doe untill the Trees ſhall have nothing upon them but leaves; and that I may not goe to the Citty but when the Winter drives mee from the Country. In the meane time, I leave mine honour to your care, in the place where you are, and recommend unto you a little reputation that is left me, having ſo many warres upon me, and ſo many combinations made againſt me. I would bee glad my name had leſſe luſtre, and my life more quiet, but I know not where to finde obſcuritie; I am ſo well knowne, if not by my good qualities, at leaſt by my ill fortune, that though I ſhould baniſh my ſelfe into a ſtrange country, I doe not thinke I could be hidden. *Vbique Notus perdidi exilio locum*, I have no remedy therefore but to continue in this famous miſerie, and to be labouring continually to provoke the envious, and to make worke for the idle; wherein notwithſtanding, if I ſhall doe

any

any thing that pleaſeth you; I ſhall not thinke my labour ill beſtowed ——————: I am in truth in great impatience to make knowne to all the world, the account I make of your vertue: and to leave a publike teſtimony, and if I durſt ſay it, an eternall; by which poſterity may ſee, that wee have loved one another; and I paſſionately have beene and am,

Sir,

From *Balzac*, 10. *Septemb.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Mainard.*

Letter XIV.

SIR, I have heard this day by a Letter from Mounſieur *Chapelain*, that you are at *Paris*, and that in ſome buſineſſe of his; you have obliged him exceedingly: wherein you have done more than ever you ment; and your action hath in it a double merit. I owe you thankes for it in my owne behalfe: and beſides, being joyned as I am with him in communion of all goods and evills; you cannot faſten upon him, and leave me free. Hee ſends mee no word of the nature of his buſineſſe, in which you have done

done him ſuch good offices: but I doubt me, it is ſome imployment beyond the Alpes, and dependance upon ſome Ambaſſadour to *Rome*. Whereof I thinke I may truely ſay, without giving reines to my Paſſion at all; that hee hath both the ſubſtance and the ſuppleneſſe, which are neceſſary in dealing with the braines of that country; and that hee, under whom he ſerves, may lie and ſleepe all the time of his imployment, without any prejudice at all to the Kings ſervice. They who ſee but his outſide onely, take him for a neate man, and one of excellent and pleaſing qualities: but I, to whom hee hath diſcovered that, which hee hides from all the world beſides: I know him to be a man capable of great deſignes, and that beſides ſpeculative knowledge, hee poſſeſſeth thoſe alſo which ſerve for uſe, and are reduceable to action. I would ſay more, if the Poſte would ſuffer me. I will onely adde this in point of his honeſty, which I ſaid to you once, of an antient *Roman*, that I ſee no example of vertue, in all the firſt Decade of *Titus Livius*, that is of too high a ſtraine, or too hard for him. Never therefore withdraw your affection, from ſo worthy a place; and ſo long as you thus oblige my friends, It is I that will be,

Sir,

Your, moſt humble and moſt obliged ſervant, &c.

At *Balzac* 20. *Decem.* 1631.

To

To ———

Letter XV.

SIR, in the Letter which ——— received from you, I ſaw a line or two for me, that would even tickle a heart that were harder then mine, and which I could not reade without ſome touch of vaineglory. There is a pleaſure in yeelding to ſuch ſweete temptations, and though I know my merit hath no right to ſo gratious a remembrance, yet by what title ſoever I come to be happy, I am not a little proud of my fortune. Theſe are Sir the meere effects of your goodneſſe, and your experiments in that art, with which you know how to gaine hearts, and to purchaſe men without buying them. The faireſt part of the earth in which you have left a deere remembrance of your name, gives this teſtimony of you by the mouth of its Princes, and of their ſubjects, but ſeeing in the place where you are, you meete with ſpirits of love and tenderneſſe; it cannot be that any ſhould eſcape you, upon whom you have any deſigne to take hold. All things are biting beyond the *Garonne*; the Sheepe of that Country are worſe then the Woolves of this; and I have heard a great perſon of our age ſay, *That if France had a ſoule, certainly Gaſcogne ſhould be the Iraſcible part.* Yet I heare Sir, you have already ſweetned all your ſound ſowre there;

there; and that your onely looke hath melted all the ſteele of the courages of that Province. Mounſieur *de* ——— and my ſelfe make account to goe ſee the progreſſe of ſo admirable a beginning, and this next Summer to come and behold you in all your glory. But if we goe thirtie miles for ——— wee would more willingly goe three hundred for ——— and I begin to thinke already of a vow to *Loretta*, that I may thereby have a colour to goe to *Rome*, to be there at the time when you ſhall doe honour to *France*, and maintaine the Kings rights. This cannot be too ſoone for his ſervice, nor ſoone enough for my deſire, who am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 4. *Your, &c.*
Auguſt 1638.

To Mounſieur *Arnaut*, Abbot of Saint *Nicholas*.

Letter XVI.

SIR, I am very ſlow in anſwering your Letter, but I could not doe it ſooner; after three moneths of continuall agitation, this is my firſt houre of leaſure, and the firſt place I finde of commerce, to tender you the Compliment

pliment I owe you. I ſee well that your word is not ſubject to the accidents of the world, and that I have choſen a plot which is out of the reach of Fortune. Your affection to mee is not of this brittle matter that friendſhips at Court bee made of; it is of a more excellent ſtuffe, and ſuch as neither time can weare out, nor my negligence weaken. I neede not doubt of preſerving a good that you keepe for mee; your faithfulneſſe is more then my negligence, and I am more aſſured of your honeſtie then of my owne; notwithſtanding what certainty ſoever I have of your love, it is no trouble to me to have new aſſurances: Men that are well enough perſwaded, yet will goe to a Sermon, and take a pleaſure to heare that they know already. For my ſelfe I can never be weary of reading a thing that gives mee ſatisfaction, and though it were as feigned as it is true, yet you write it with ſo good a grace that it would bee a pleaſure to be ſo deceived; yet it is fit to ſtay my ſelfe there, and not to fall from joy into preſumption; how can you looke my ſpirit ſhould containe it ſelfe within its bounds, knowing that I am talked of at *Rome*, and that my name is ſometimes pronounced by the moſt eloquent mouth of *Italy*? you ſhould have concealed the expreſſe charge you had from M. the Cardinall of *Bentivoglio*, to ſend me his Hiſtory; or at leaſt for a temper to my vanitie, you ſhould have told mee at the ſame time, that I muſt not impute a favour to my owne ſufficiencie, for which I am beholding

to your good offices; I may beleeve Sir that he had never had this thought of me, if you had not ſtirred it up in him by ſome favourable mention you made of my perſon; and I know he puts ſo great a truſt in you, that after you have once made a commendation, hee would make a conſcience to uſe his owne judgement in examining my worth. From what ground ſoever my happineſſe comes, I am bound to acknowledge the viſible cauſe, and to that I deſtinate my firſt good dayes journey that God ſhall ſend me. I will not faile to give thankes to M. the Cardinall, and to give him an account of my reading, that hee may ſee I know as well how to receive as hee to give. In the meane time I offer him a preſent farre unworthy of the magnificence of his, and which will ſhew him, how with his hooke of Gold hee hath fiſhed but graſſe, ſuch as it is you ſhall doe mee a favour to preſent it to him, and to let mee hold the poſſeſſion I have in your love, whoſe I am all my life,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 10.
May, 1634. *Your, &c.*

To

To Mounſieur *de Neſmond*, Controller of the Princes houſe.

Letter XVII.

SIR, my deare Couſin, your Letter hath told me no newes, it hath onely confirmed mee in my opinion; and teſtified that you are alwayes good, and alwayes doe mee the honour to love me. You have qualities of greater luſter then this, but you have none of greater uſe; and they that could live without your wiſedome, yet cannot beare the miſſe of your goodneſſe. My ſiſter and I continue to implore it in a buſineſſe which is already ſet on foote by your commendation, and which attends a full accompliſhment by your ſecond endeavour. It is neither without example nor without reaſon; it needes but ſuch an undertaker as your ſelfe, and you may eaſily ſave it from rigorous juſtice, if you will but lend a little ayd to its equity. Of your will I make no doubt, it is the continuall agitation of the court that makes me feare, which drives men one way and their affaires another. But if the heavens helpe us not, wee are not like in haſt to ſee it in any ſtate of conſiſtence; it will bee alwayes floting like the Iſland of *Greece*, untill a great birth ſhall make it ſtay; and that God make ſure the Kings victories by the Queenes fruitfulneſſe. In the meane time it is not fit

you ſhould ſtay at home, but that you ſhould make one in all voyages; but you muſt not bee of theſe voyages that get many hoaſts, and few friends. You are in a ſtate of obliging and making men beholding to you by doing alwayes good; and now for feare you ſhould want matter to worke upon, I offer you matter here to ſet you aworke. Be pleaſed Sir; my deare Coſin, that I intreate you to deliver to ——— the Letter I writ unto him; and when you deliver it, to teſtifie withall unto him, that having the honour to bee to you as I am, the things that touch me muſt needs concerne you; Heretofore I have held good place in his confidence, and to uſe the termes of a man you hate not: *Vetus mihi cum eo conſuetudo, & cum privatus erat Amici vocabamur.* Even lately at *Paris* hee offered mee courteſies that might have contented a prouder mans vanitie then mine; and I received from him more good words then was poſſible for mee to returne him. But theſe illuſtrious friendſhips require continuall cares, and an aſſidnitie without ceſſation. I know they are ſubject to a thouſand inconveniences, and that they grow cold if they be not ſtirred up and kindled continually. Three words of your mouth ſpoken with a due accent, may ſave me the ſolliciting of three moneths, and my requeſts ought not to ſeeme uncivill; ſeeing I deſire nothing but this, that ——— ſhould not doe mee the honour to make a promiſe, and then leave there, and think that enough. To this purpoſe I ſend

you

you a ſhort inſtruction for ——— : and you may be pleaſed to be a meanes, that hee caſt his eyes upon it ; at ſuch time as the buſineſſe hee hath about your perſon ſhall permit him. I would not ſollicite you ſo boldly : nor preſſe upon you ſo burdenſome a familiarity, if you had not your ſelfe made the overture firſt. It is a perſecution you have drawne upon your ſelfe by the liberall offers you made mee in your Letter ; and I conceive you ſpeak as you meane, as I doe, in proteſting that I honour you with my ſoule ; and am,

Sir my deare Coſin,

Your, &c.

From *Balzac* 20. *Octob.* 1632.

To Mounſieur *de Borſtell.*

LETTER XVIII.

SIR, I doe not know my ſelfe in your Letters : you are like thoſe Painters, that care not for making a face like, ſo they make it faire. Certainely you thought upon ſome honeſter man than my ſelfe ; when you tooke the paines to write unto mee ; and your *Idaa* went beyond your ſubject : or elſe you meant to excite mee to vertue by a new ſubtilty ; and the praiſes

praiſes you give mee are but diſguiſed exhortations. They could not be Sir, either more fine, or more delicate: and I doe not thinke, that your pretended Barbariſme, comes any thing behind the *Grecian* eloquence. But tell me true; Is it not as artificiall as *Brutus* his folly? And are not you in plaine termes a Coſener, to make us beleeve you come from that climate, from whence the cold and foule weather comes? Whereas it cannot be you ſhould be borne any where but in the heart of *Paris*: or if any place be more *French* then *Paris*: that certainely muſt needes have beene your Cradle. You ſpeake too well, not to ſpeake naturally; this garbe, and this purity, in which you expreſſe your ſelfe, is not a thing that can be learned by Bookes: you owe it to a neerer cauſe; and ſtudy goes not ſo farre as it. There have ſtrangers beene Marſhalls of *France*, but their accent hath alwayes diſcovered, they were not naturall: and they have found it more eaſie, to merit the leading of our Armies, and to gaine the favour of our King; then to learne our language, and attaine a true pronouncing. But Sir, ſeeing in your perſon, there is ſeene an Ambaſſadour of eighteene yeares old: and a wiſedome without experience: there is not ſo great a wonder in the world as your ſelfe: nor any thing incredible after this. It is fit onely, that you make more account than you doe, of this ſo rare and admirable a quality: and that you ſhould uſe it, according to its merits; and not employ it upon

baſe

base subjects, that are not worthy of it. Otherwise how good an Artist so ever you be; you will be blamed for making no better choise of your Materialls; and my selfe, who draw so much glory from your fault; had yet much rather see you employ your excellent language, in treating of Princes interests, and the present estate of *Europe*; then in advancing the value of a poore sicke man: who prayes you to keepe your valuing, for ——; and askes you nothing but pitty; or at most but affection: if this be to merit it, that I passionately am,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 6. *Novem.* 1629. *Your*, &c.

To him another.

LETTER XIX.

SIR, I remember my promise, upon condition you forget not yours: and that in case you come within sixe miles of *Balzac*; you will allow mee the halfe dayes journey, I require. It is not any hope I have to send you away well satisfied, either with your Hoste, or with your lodging: that makes mee to make this request: but it is Sir, for my owne benefit: for you know very well, we never have commerce

merce together, but all the gaine remaines of my ſide. I finde that in your converſation, which I ſeeke for in vaine, in my neighbours Libraries; and if there fall out any errours in the worke I am about, the faults muſt be attributed to your abſence. Leave mee not therefore, I entreate you, to my owne ſence, and ſuffer mee to be ſo proud, as to expect one of your Viſits, if you goe to *Santoigne*, or otherwiſe to prevent it, if you ſtay at *Lymouſin*. There are ſome friendſhips that ſerve onely to paſſe away the time, and to remedy the tediouſneſſe of ſolitarineſſe: but yours Sir, beſides being pleaſant, is withall I vow, no leſſe profitable. I never part from you, that I bring not away pleaſures that laſt, and profit that doth you no hurt. I make my ſelfe rich, of that you have too much; and therefore as you ought not to envie me my good fortune, which coſts you little: ſo you ought to beleeve alſo, that as long as I ſhall love my ſelfe, I ſhall be,

LETTER XIX.

Sir,

At *Balzac* 20. *Decem.* 1629. *Your, &c.*

Ano-

Another to him.

Letter XX.

SIR, at that time when Miſtris —— parted from hence; I was too much out of order to preſent my ſelfe before a wiſe man; and I choſe rather to be failing in the rules of civilitie, then to be importunate upon you with my Compliments. Now that I am a little at quiet; and can fall to worke indifferent well; I muſt needes tell you, that the confidence I have of your love, ſweetens all the bitterneſſe of my ſpirit, and that in my moſt ſenſible diſtaſts; I finde a comfort in thinking of this. It is certaine Sir, the world is ſtrangely altered, and good men now a dayes, cannot make a troope. This is the cauſe, that ſeeing you are one of this little flocke which is preſerved from infection; and one of thoſe that keepe vertue from quite leaving us; I therefore bleſſe inceſſantly Madam *Deſloges*, for the excellent purchaſe I have made by her meanes: and proclaime in all places, that ſhee diſcovered me a treaſure when ſhe brought me firſt to be acquainted with you. If I husband it not, and dreſſe it with all the care and induſtry, it deſerves; it is not, I aſſure you, for want of deſire; but ſo ſweete and pleaſing duties, have no place amidſt the traverſes of a life in perpetuall agitation, and your ordinary converſation is reſerved for

men

men more happy than I. I waite therefore for this favour from a better fortune than the preſent, as alſo occaſions by which I may teſtifie, that I paſſionately am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 1. *Febru.* 1630. *Your, &c.*

To him another.

Letter XXI.

SIR, although I am raviſhed with your eloquence, yet I am not ſatisfied: but you remaine ſtill unjuſt, and I not well pleaſed. I ſee what the matter is; you are ſo weary of your Pennance at *Lymouſin*: that you have no minde to come and continue it in *Angoumois*. You like better to goe in a ſtreight line to the good, then to goe to it by the crooked change of evill; and preferre a ſafe harbour before an incommodious creeke. Wherein Sir, I cannot blame your choiſe; onely I complaine of your proceeding; and finde it ſtrange, you ſhould diſguiſe your joy, for eſcaping a badde paſſage, and that you are content to be unhappy at *Rochell*; becauſe you will not venture to be unhappy here. Theſe high and Theologicall com-

pariſons

pariſons which you draw from the auſteritie of *Anchorets*, concerning workes of ſupererogation; concerning Purgatory and Hell, make me know you are a mocker, and can make uſe of *Ironies*, with the skill and dexterity of *Socrates*. Take heede I be not revenged upon this Figure of yours by another, and returne your Hyperboles. For this once, I am reſolved to ſuffer all; hereafter perhaps, I ſhall helpe my ſelfe with my old Armes. But howſoever the world goe: and in what ſtile ſoever I write unto you, you may be ſure I ſpeake ſeriouſly, when I ſay, that I very firmely am;

Sir,

At *Balzac* 9. *Septem.* 1630.

Your, &c.

To him another.

LETTER XXII.

SIR, I am exceedingly beholding to you, for remembring mee; and for the good newes you have ſo liberally acquainted me withall. If the ——— loved Suger, as well as they love ſalt; they ſhould have enough of it, never to drinke any thing but Hyppocras; nor to eate any thing but Comfits. Without jeaſting I vow, theſe are excellent Rebells; and their

their ſimplicitie is more ſubtill than all the Art and Maximes of *Florence*. Theſe Mariners reade Leſſons now to the inhabitants of *Terra firma*; and are become the *Padagouges* of Princes. There is nothing of theirs that troubles mee, but the propoſition of their Truce. They ſhould reject it, as a temptation of the devill: and I date ſweare, it was never ſet a foote, but to gaine time and opportunity: The good will, the *Spaniard* makes ſhew to beare them; is the baite they ſhew upon the hooke they hide, hee ſeekes not after them, but to catch them; and he makes ſhew of kindneſſe; becauſe hee could doe no good with force. Though I have not read the Booke you ſpake to me of; yet I doubt not of its worth and goodneſſe; I know the Authour is a man of great learning and experience, and one that hath beene brought up at the feete of *Gamaliel*; I meane of ——: who no doubt hath acquainted him with all the Myſteries of our ſtate. For my ſelfe, it muſt needes be that I ſpeake but at hap hazard of this matter: for it would be a miracle, if by living in the woods, I ſhould learne the skill to governe cities: and that I ſhould be a Polititian and a Lawyer, being ſcarce either a man or a citizen: for to ſpeake truely, if the firſt be a ſociable creature, and the other a manager of ſome part of the common wealth: I ſee not in the eſtate I am in, how I can juſtly pretend to either of theſe two qualities. In favour therefore of Mounſieur —— I yeeld up my right in all the good I receive from you; and in all the

the praises you give me, as things that much more belong to him than mee. Admire as much as you will, his subtiltie; but yet make some reckoning of my freeneſſe; and give him that which I leave him; but yet keepe for mee, that wich you cannot take from mee, without doing mee wrong: I meane your good-will; which ought to be the prize of my paſſion, and of the fidelity, with which I ſhall be all my life,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 10. *June* 1630.

Your, &c.

To him another.

LETTER XXIII.

SIR, I ſhould be extremely culpable, if you were not extremely good; but I know, you are no rigorous exactour of that which is your due, and that you have much indulgence, for the faults of thoſe you love. My idleneſſe is even become ſtupidity; and hath taken from me all uſe both of ſpeaking and writing; yet all things conſidered, this is no ill qualitie at this time: no man is bound to give account of his ſilence; and many become Delinquents for their ſpeaking. I doe not thinke therefore you

you would aske mee newes, in a time, when reporting it is dangerous: and when one may be called in queſtion to make explication of it before Magiſtrates; though the litterall ſence of our words be innocent, they may ſearch the allegoricall, and ſtand punctuall upon an equivocall terme to make us culpable of another mans ſubtiltie. But I defie the moſt pregnant Grammarian, and the moſt ſevere inquiſitour to finde any fault in the proteſtation I make of moſt perfectly honouring your vertue, and of being with all my ſoule,

Sir,

At *Paris* *Your, &c.*
4. *May*, 1631.

To him another.

Letter XXIV.

SIR, if my Letters had bēene loſt, you ſhould have knowne long ere this the joy I have had in being cleared of the moſt important debts that troubled me, and in learning from your ſelfe that you doe me alwayes the honour to love me; not that I ever doubted of your goodneſſe, but I have ſo much knowledge of my owne unfortunateneſſe, that I cannot heare any ill newes ſo incredible which I doe not beleeve

beleeve to be very probable. Yet I perceive Sir by your holding out ſo firmely in behalfe of a partie ruined, that you are not eaſily altered either in your opinions, or from your errours. That which you have once ſpoken, and indeede that you have but once conceived, is never changed nor revoked; and therefore as I have nothing more deare nor more pretious then your friendſhip, ſo have I nothing alſo more aſſured or of more ſoliditie. This antient *German* Probitie is not a whit altered by contagion of our ill examples, and the ſtrength of your conſtitution hath beene able to reſiſt the ill aire of our Court. It is not out of ignorance that you follow not the falſe maximes of this; but follow your owne and thoſe that bee lawfull; and if it be true, that the king of the Flies hath a ſting indeed, but never ſtings, it is much more true of you, that having the power and abilitie to doe evill, yet for all that you are no evill doer. But this would bee too little to praiſe you but thus; they that underſtand you well will ſay with mee, there is nothing in vertue ſo high or difficult, to which your ſpirit is not aſpired; and as nature hath given you al the good qualities that cannot be acquired by ſtudie, ſo your owne ſtudie hath procured you all the good qualities that are not in the gift of nature. Though your courteſies had left mee my firſt libertie, and that there were neither Obligation on your part nor Reſentment on mine, yet I ſhould ſay as much as I doe, and give this teſtimony of you before all the

world, and I am not leſſe true of my word then I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 7. *Octob.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

Another to him.

Letter XXV.

SIR, this bearer will tell you how often in a day I am ſpeaking of you, and in what eſteeme your vertue is in all places where I am heard ſpeake; yet I ſpeake but of the kind of life you have choſen, and this I propoſe as the peace of paſſions, which with others are ſo mutinous, and as the kingdome of wiſedome, which is not free in the great world. Never repent you of ſo hardy a flight, nor of ſo noble a baniſhment; the leaſure that you take is farre better then the imployment that others deſire, and you are that cloſe happie man that enjoyes true happineſſe without either pompe or envie.

Æmulus ille Iovis ſelſa qui mentis ab arce,
Sub pedibus vel ſumma videt faſtigia Regum.
Quem non ambigui faſces, non mobile vulgus
Nec leges, nec caſtra tenent, qui pectore magno

Spem

Spemq; metumq; domat vitio ſublimior omni:
Exemptus fatis, indignantemque repellit
Fortunam, dubio quem non in turbine rerum
Dependet ſuprema dies, ſed abire paratum
Ac plenum vitæ, &c.

This me thinkes is your very deſcription, and might bee mine alſo, if I had cut off a little thread by which I hang ſtill about *Paris*; out of a fancie of my friends, without any hope at all in my ſelfe, for thankes bee to God I have purged my ſpirit from all ſmoakes and fumes of the Court, and my ambition goes no further then the border of my village. I have no longer any thoughts but ruſtique and provinciall; and demand not of —— but onely abatement ——and returne of *Quart d' Eſcus*; if theſe be two things, and as it is ſaid, both within his power. One conference with you will fully accompliſh the ſetling me in a good ſtate, and you cannot deny your councell to a man that hath a longing to put it in practiſe, and who is with his whole heart,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac*
1. *May*, 1633.

Another to him.

Letter XXVI.

SIR, this day being the ſix and twentieth of *Aprill*, I ſolemnly renounce all Complements, yet after I have told you firſt that I never uſed any with you, but ſuch as were moſt true, and that whatſoever I have written unto you heretofore untill now, is of as great force and vigour as if it had paſſed before a publicke Notarie. I have with a great deale of pleaſure read the Latin which you did mee the favour to ſend me.; the force of the reaſoning, and the Oeconomie of the diſcourſe content me exceedingly; onely one little word diſtaſts me, and your friend might well have forborne to couple us with Mahometans and Infidells. The libertie which the King gives his Subjects, not to bee of his opinion, ought not to reach to the ſcandalizing of that opinion, and ſeeing he holds it a glory to bee the eldeſt ſonne of the Church, to call this Church a whore, is in good French to call ——— He deſerves Sir more reſpect, and your Doctours ſhould have more deſcretion: For in truth, if their Religion were the prime Religion of the kingdome, and that they were at libertie to preach it in the *Louvre*; they could never

never ſpeake in higher termes, nor handle Catholicks in a ruder manner then they doe. I aſſure my ſelfe you will bee in this of my opinion: One muſt alwayes remember the condition of the time, and the ſtate of affaires; wiſe men will never provoke them that are eaſily able to undoe them; and in the antient triumphs it was lawfull for the Souldiers to ſcoffe at their Generall; but it was not lawfull for the vanquiſhed to ſpeake reproachfully of the Conquerour; you may pleaſe to make ſome reflection hereupon, and I know you will conceive that innocencie it ſelfe becomes culpable if it draw on perſecution. I bid you goodnight, and am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 26. *Aprill*, 1634.

Your, &c.

Another to him.

LETTER. XXVII.

SIR, without accepting the challenge you ſent me, I thanke you for the care you had to make me winne honour; If it came of it

ſelfe I would perhaps not ſticke to receive it, but if it cannot bee had without conteſting, I will none of it; I love my eaſe too well, I ſay not to loſe it, but even to hazard it in the beſt quarrell of the world. I am as patient and as utterly diſarmed as an Anabaptiſt; I am afraid of a Potgunne or a Squibbe; farre from running upon Muskets and Swords points, as they ſay in our Vicinage. It would be a hard matter to draw a man of this humour to a combat; but a much harder matter to make me ſtand in argumentation, being reſolved to let the world hold what opinion it pleaſeth, and ever to forſake my owne, if any man will wrangle with mee for it. I deſire neither to eſtabliſh my owne Maxims, nor to deſtroy other mens; and if a Maſter of Arts ſhould come and try me with *Omnis Homo Currit*, I would anſwer him *Laſcialo andar*; and if hee ſhould goe on and ſay, *ſed Petrus Currit*, I would reply, *Laſcialo ſtar*; and if he would conclude, *Ergo Petrus non eſt Homo*, I would take my leave of him and ſay, *Che m' Importa?* I have very ſeriouſly conſidered of the Letter of —— —— and abſolutely loſt all remembrance of my owne; I thought I had reaſon, and perhaps I was wrong, his intentions might bee good, but my interpretation of them was naught. The Concluſion is; Hee is a man I make infinite account of, and his friendſhip ſhall alwayes be dearer to me then my owne opinion. I conjure you to give him aſſurance hereof, and to get his leave that I may live; ſeeing I am

am already beholding to you for ſo many other courteſies, and am alſo with all my ſoule,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 15. *Auguſt*, 2634. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *de Bois Robert.*

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR, if it had not beene for a troubleſome rheume which hath followed mee now theſe fifteene dayes, I ſhould have ſooner thanked you for the new courteſies you have done me, and for the late paines you have taken for the moſt unprofitable ſervant you have. God will reward a nature ſo free and noble, for my ſelfe I can but praiſe it, and give it the teſtimony that is due unto it. But to make it perfect, I entreate you it may bee as ſweete as it is gracious, and heale me if it may be without thruſting your naiſes into my ſores. I deſire not to be left in my ill eſtate by flattery, but I deſire to be drawne out of it without roughneſſe; workes alone ſeaſoned with ſweeteneſſe content mee more then good deeds that ar e dry, and come from a proud hand. Be not

therefore like the friends of *Iob*, who reproached him in conforting him; but be compaſſinate a little to humane infirmities, and remember you cannot alter me unleſſe you new make me. I dare not ſay, that I preferre the libertie of Deſarts before the magnificence of Courts; and that chaines though never ſo well made and guilded over, doe yet not tempt me, I onely ſay, I know my ſelfe too well to meddle in a trade whereof I am not capable, and to beginne a life which ought to be ended in beginning it. Thus Sir I doe that out of conſideration which you thinke I doe out of lazineſſe, and the faintneſſe of my ſpirit comes from that of my body. But I know it is impoſſible to perſwade you to this, and no meanes is left me to juſtifie my ſickneſſe but by my death, and when you have loſt me, then you will finde and ſay I had reaſon to complaine. In the meane time I underſtand that the devils of *Paris*, of *Bruxells*, *&c.* are all let looſe, and commit outrages upon me in foure or five Languages. The contrary faction fortifies it ſelfe daily, and there ſeemes to be merit and pietie in tearing aſunder my reputation. Leave me not therefore to adverſaries ſo incenſed, and adde not your rigour to their crueltie. I conjure you to take ſome care of an afflicted ſoule; if I have defects, ſupply them by your vertue; if I bee negligent in my affaires, be you my tutour, but exact no more of mee then nature hath given me. You are too generous to put backe a man that caſts himſelfe betweene your armes,

armes; and one that is more than any other in the world,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 5. *Your, &c.*
Ianua. 1632.

To Mounſieur *Deſcartes.*

Letter XXIX.

SIR, your Letter found mee in the blackeſt humour I was ever in in all my life. To tell you, that in that eſtate it brought mee joy; were to ſpeake too boldly for a man in miſery: but it is true, it did a little mitigate my ſadneſſe, and made mee capable of conſolation. I did not then live but in the hope I had to go ſee you at *Amſterdam*; and to embrace that deare Head, which is ſo full of reaſon & underſtanding. This is that which hinders me from inviting you to come hither; or——: He is ever in the ſlavery of Ceremonies & Compliments; and plaies the coward with ſuch a valour of ſpirit, that one could not imagine. He hath the ſoule of a Rebell; & the ſubmiſſion of a ſlave: if you may beleeve him, he hath no ambition; yet he conſents to that of another; and dies of a ſickneſſe that is not his owne. See what it

is

is to be a ſycophant; and to be undutifull by obedience. But you Sir, have raiſed your minde above theſe vulgar conſiderations: and when I thinke upon the *Stoicks* Wiſeman, who onely was free, was rich, was a King; me thinkes, I ſee you foretold long agoe; and that *Zeno* was but the Figure of Mounſieur *Deſcartes*:

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile fatum,
Subjecit pedibus.

Either you are this happy man, or hee is not to be found in the world; and the conqueſt of truth, for which you labour with ſo great force and induſtry ſeemes to mee a more noble buſineſſe, then all that is done with ſo great bruite and tumult in *Germany* and *Italy*, I am not ſo vaine to pretend, I ſhould be a companion of your travell herein; but I ſhall at leaſt be a ſpectator; and ſhall enrich my ſelfe with the rellicks of the prey; and with the ſuperfluitie of your abundance. Thinke not that I make this propoſition by chance; I ſpeake it in great earneſt; and if you ſtay never ſo little in the place where you are; you ſhall finde mee a *Hollander* as well as your ſelfe; and my Maſters, the States, ſhall not have a better citizen: nor one more paſſionate for libertie than I am. Although I love extremely the aire of *Italy*; and the ſoyle that beares Orenges; yet your vertue is able to draw me to the bankes of the frozen ſea; and even to the uttermoſt border of the North. It is

now

now three yeares, that my imagination goes in queſt after you; and that I even die with longing to be united to you, and never to part from you againe: and to teſtifie unto you, by a continuall ſubjection, that I paſſionately am,

Sir,

At Paris, 25. Aprill. 1631.

Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *de la Motte-Aigron.*

Letter XXX.

SIR, I have heard of the happy accompliſhment of your marriage; and that it hath beene one of the great ſolemnities of *Rochell*. I have celebrated it here in my particular; with leſſe pompe indeede and tumult; but with as much joy, and ſatisfaction of minde, as they that ſung the *Hymeneus*. Though perhaps you would not have it ſo; yet your contentments are mine; you have not any paſſion ſo proper to your ſelfe, which is not common with me, and play the cruell, as long as you will; I will have a ſhare in that which is yours; even then, when

when you will not affoord to give it mee. At the worſt, I will love you ſtill, as I have ever done, as a creature ſupremely excellent; though not ſupremely juſt: As there are ſome vertues that are fierce and ſcornefull; ſo there are ſome ſciences which have attractives amidſt their difficulties, and which draw us on in thruſting us backe, You are like theſe abſtract knowledges: Your merit ſweetens all your rigours: and how hard ſoever the perſecution hath beene, which I have ſuffered: yet I vow unto you, I could never finde in my heart to hate the Tyrant. I have ſtill ſo great a care of his reputation, that I would not be thought innocent; for feare he ſhould be blamed to have done me wrong; and I had rather be a Prevaricatour, and treacherous to my ſelfe, then to ſeeme I had cauſe of complaint againſt him. We ought to condemne the memory of this diſorder; and to ſuppreſſe this unfortunate *Olympiade*. Wee ought to perſwade our imagination, that the matter is not ſo indeede; but that it is onely dreame. When you ſhall pleaſe to remember your word; I ſhall ſee your Verſes; and your friends Sermons. In the meane time Sir, if you will not have it be a meere liberality: I ſend you ſomething, to exerciſe commutative juſtice, and beginne a trafficke whereof the Toll is not agreed upon to be taken of right. Never was man ſo miſerably buſied as my ſelfe; I am intricated with an infinite number of petty affaires: which, as you know, are no leſſe cumberſome than the great: One thruſt of a ſword

hurts

hurts not ſo much as a hundred prickes of a Pinne: and the *Arabians* have a ſaying; *It is a better bargaine to be devoured of a Lyon, than to be eaten up of Flyes*. If I had you, I ſhould have a Redeemer; but your State-buſineſſe, is preferreable before my intereſts; and it is better I ſhould want you, than come to have you with the curſes of the people. I am, and ſhall never be,

Sir,

At *Balzack* 29. *July*. 1634.

But your, &c.

To Mounſieur *de Granier*.

Letter XXXI.

SIR, thē day I parted from *Paris*; I dreamt not of taking any journey; but a newes which I received, made me take horſe within an houre after I received it. This is that which hindred me from taking my leave; and to uſe ſuch compliments with you, as in ſuch caſes are accuſtomed. If I did not know you to be an enemy of the tyranny of Ceremonies; and that you, as well as my ſelfe, cut off from friendſhippe all vaine pompe and ſuperfluities, I ſhould ſtudy for long excuſes to juſtifie my journey: but in ſo doing, I ſhould offer wrong to a wiſe man; to thinke hee had opinions like the vulgar: and that hee would either give or take

take ſo good a thing as liberty. I enjoy it as I would wiſh within theſe three or foure dayes; and I have received it at the banke of the river where I left it the laſt yeare. I baniſh from my minde all thoughts of the ſtreete Saint *Iaques*; and dreame not either of my Prince or Commonwealth, either of enemies Bookes, or of my owne: I dreame, to ſay true, continually of you; and finde no Image in my memory ſo pleaſing, as that which preſents mee the time of our being together. I would willingly employ *Atlante*, or *Meliſſe*, to procure me a more ſolid contentment; and to convey you and your library hither in a night. I cannot forget this deare retreate of your repoſe; for, I know, that without this, you would finde even in *Tyvolie*, a want in your felicity; and that without your Bookes, our fruits would be but ſowre; and our good cheere but of ill taſte unto you. Theſe are imaginations Sir, with which I flatter my ſelfe; whilſt I ſtand waiting to returne to *Paris*; that I may there goe finde out a happineſſe which cannot come hither to finde out me. If in the meane time you pleaſe to ſend me ſome newes, whereof, you know provincicall ſpirits are extremely greedy; you ſhall give me meanes, to make a whole country beholding to me; and you neede deliver them, but onely to ——: who will eaſe you of the paines of writing them. In theſe, I require not the ſtraines of your underſtanding, nor the politique Animadverſions which come from this accurate, and

Colli-

Collineant judgement; (to uſe the barbarous eloquence of our friend) it ſhall be enough for me that I may know in generall ſome part of that which paſſeth, and may have ſome Epitome of the Hiſtory which you ſend weekely to Mounſieur *D'Andylly*. I humbly entreate you, to aſſure him that I honour him, continually with paſſion; and aſſure your ſelfe alſo, that I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 10.
Septem. 1631. *Your*, &c.

To Mounſieur *de la Nauve*, Commander of a Company in *Pyedmont*.

Letter. XXXII.

SIR, my deare Couſin, I cannot endure you ſhould be emoe backe into *France*, for nothing but ——: and that hee ſhould ſolely and without me, poſſeſſe a happineſſe, which more belongs to mee than him. His Letters ſpeake nothing but of your converſations, and of your feaſtings: newes which he ſends me, rather to brave mee, and to ſet mee in a longing, then to give me any part in his good fortune, and to juſtifie my ſtay at *Paris*. I ſhall one day

day have meanes to be revenged of him, for this malice: I doubt not to have libertie to walke abroad, when hee ſhall be tied to ſtay at home; and to have my turne in feaſting and making merry, when hee ſhall ſtand waiting upon enterrements, and goe exhorting men that are to be hanged. Yet hee is all this while your Favorite in my abſence, though hee ncede not thinke mee abſent, uuleſſe hee will; for if hee love mee enough, to be troubled for loſing mee, hee may eaſily recover mee, by looking upon your face. This reſemblance betweene you and mee, is not the leaſt of my vanities; and I vow unto you, I am proud of it in the higheſt degree: every day I thanke my mother for it in my heart; and doe a ſecret homage for it to Nature. It were enough for mee, to be taken for your Coppy; but my gray haires tell mee to my ſhame, that I am rather your Originall, and put mee in minde of this untoward advantage. I ſhould not do much good, to paint them, unleſſe withall, I could diſcharge the penſiveneſſe that hath changed them: for the tincture of this blots out all other. It is fit therefore to be merry, and to baniſh ſorrow, ſeeing this is the onely meanes to new make us, and to make us able to reſiſt old-age. I reſolve my ſelfe to do ſo, though it be but to doe Fortune a ſpight; and to take from her by my not grieving, the pleaſure ſhe thinkes to take in her crueltie. But this goodly reſolution ſtands in neede of you; my joy would be perfect, if you would ſometimes

be

be a man of the Province; and that there were any appearance of hope, to see you at *Condeville*. I know no reason you should scorme an Iland, in which our *Ariosto* would have charmed his deareſt *Heroes*; and whereof hee would have made a thousand other strange deviſes, if hee had beene able to discover it. Venture to come thither this next Sommer, I conjure you to it by the memory of ——: and I will promiſe you, though not the good fellowshippes of *Paris*; yet at leaſt the faire dayes of *Pigneroll*. But I feare mee much you are not setled enough to undertake so high a deſigne; nor good enongh to come to civilize a clowne; who yet is beyond all I can say,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 3. *Ianua*. 1634.

Your, &c.

Another to him.

Letter XXXIII.

SIR, my deare Couſin, the beginning of your Letter had frighted mee, and I was taking Alarum at theſe words of death and Phyſitians, but I recovered my ſpirits when I ſaw the firſt had failed of his blow, and that you uſe not the other but to ſtrengthen you in an eſtate they have already put you; ſuch dayes as this will prove more healthfull to you then all their Drugges, and the ſweetneſſe which begins to ſpring from the puritie of the Elements is the onely medicine that heales without corrupting, and cleanſeth without fretting. For my ſelfe I thinke not of dying when I have once gotten *March* over my head, and me thinkes I finde my ſelfe renewed at the onely ſmelling of the Violets. I make uſe of them to more then one ſervice, they ſerve me for Broaths as well as for Noſegayes. I cannot bee perſwaded that cold purgeth the Ayre, or drives away ſickneſſe; and I am glad at heart to heare the Duke of *Feria* is dead of the Purples in the moneth of *Ianuary*, and that in *Germany*. At leaſt this will juſtifie the Summer and the hot Countries, and will ſerve us for a proofe againſt —— when according to his cuſtome he will pleade our adverſaries cauſe. I am more happy then I thought I was; ſeeing you

you assure me that I am sometimes the subject of your conferences; and though in this you run the hazard of being in the number of those Oratours who were blamed for making ill choyse of their subjects; yet pardon mee if I account the testimony of your remembring me, more deare unto mee then the glory of your well speaking; and if I like rather you should talke of my idleneſse and of my walkes, then to discourse of publicke affaires or voyages of Princes. I regard not the estimation of the people, I would give a great deale to buy out that with which I have gotten it; but there are certaine friendships upon which onely I relie, and to be razed out of all accounts in the state would be lesse grievous to me then to be blotted out of your memory. Continue therefore these conferences which are so pleasing to mee, and of which I am in spirit a partaker, or rather deny me not these consolations which are so sweete unto mee, and whose effect I feele a hundred miles off. I cannot dissemble the neede I have of you, I could not live if you did not love me, but withall you could not love a man who is more passionately then I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac.* 22. *Febru.* 1634.

Another to him.

Letter XXXIIII.

SIR, my deare Coſin, I am exceeding glad to heare of your newes; as for newes of the world I ſet ſo little by them, and intereſt my ſelfe ſo little in generall affaires, that I may boldly ſay, I never yet read a whole *Gazetta* through; you may thinke this a ſtrange diſtaſte of the preſent time, and a remarkeable impatience, ſpecially in a man who complaines that *Livies* Hiſtory is too ſhort, and wiſhes *Herodotus* would never make an end. Things that wounded me heretofore at the very heart, doe not now ſo much as ſuperficially touch mee; that which I accounted as my owne is now become a ſtranger to mē, and my heart is hardned againſt all accidents that happen, if they concerne not either my ſelfe or my friends. It is true the death of ——wrought in mee ſome compaſſion; I can never hate men that are extraordinary, & it grieves me that cowardice ſhould triumph over vertue; and the lazie cauſe the valiant to bee murthered. For this man it would not ſerve to take him at table, it was neceſſary to come behinde him; for elſe the moſt reſolute of the conſpiratours would never have had the courage to doe the act, would never have abidden the ſplendor of

of that terrible countenance, and would have thought he had alwayes heard this voyce.

Fallit te menſas inter quod credis Inermem
Tot bellis quæſita viro, tot cædibus armat
Majeſtas æternam Ducẽ. Si admoveris oras
Cannas et trebiã ante oculos, Thraſymenaq; bu-
Et Pauli ſtare in gentem miraberis umbram.

Change but the Latin names for Duch, and wẽ may conclude thus;

Guſtavi ſtare in gentem miraberis umbram.

If I ſhould ſay more, I ſhould ſeeme to make his Funerall Oration; I am neither fit nor officious enough to goe ſo farre, my deſigne was onely to write a word or two, and to pay you all your Compliments with this one little word, I am but moſt truly,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac* *7. April, 1634.*

Another to him.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR, my dẽare Couſin, I mẽane not to ſhẽw your Letter to the Doctour that brought it to me, it would make him loſe that little humi-

humilitie that is left him, and he would thinke himſelfe already *In ſtatu perfectionis æquiſitæ*; you doe not well to uſe him as hee were ſome rare perſonage, it is the way to ſpoyle him altogether, and to harden a vanitie which durſt not otherwiſe ſhew it ſelfe. I ſhall have ſomething to doe to make him come to himſelfe, and to take downe the ſwelling of his ſpirit, which your teſtimony hath put him into. It is an eaſier matter to corrupt then to reforme, the good workes more ſlowly then the evill; and I much feare my remedies will not bee ſo forcible as your poyſon; Vnder this name auſtere Philoſophers would compriſe the Preſent you have ſent me. They conceive that perfumes are made of ſweete and pleaſing poyſons, and that if they make no impreſſion upon the body, they yet effiminate the vigour of the minde: For my ſelfe I ſpeake no ſuch harſh Language, but content my ſelfe to ſay with an honeſter man then they; *Curſed bee theſe Effaminate perſons that have cryed downe ſo innocent and ſo good a thing.* The uſe of it is lawfull, the exceſſe is forbidden; I know the firſt, and you would caſt me upon the other. For to ſpeake truly what good can come of ſo exorbitant a liberality? and what meanes this abundance of Orenge flower water with which you have loaded our meſſenger? If he had done any thing that pleaſed in the place where you are, you ſhould not have imputed the greateſt part of it to me, and it might have beene ſpoken without Hyperbole, and without putting mee

upon

upon ſo high a ſtraine. Your good deeds have no ſpice of the preſent povertie, one may ſee in them the abundance of the golden age, and an image of that happy time of which a Poet writes; *They powred out by Floods what they received by Drop*; yet you have done well to get before hand, hereafter the ſumptuary lawes will not ſuffer you to be ſo liberall; and you are threatned with the comming forth of a Proclamation that will bring things backe to the antient frugality of our anceſtours. Perfumes ſhall not be uſed but in Temples, and about the ſacrifices at great feſtivalls, nor but about the pallace or at the Kings Coronation, ſo that you ſhall learne the vertue of moderation by a leſſon from the Prince, and you ſhall be made a good husband if you will but be a good ſubject. I my ſelfe who profit by diſorder muſt tell you thus much, that if you reduce not your great bottles to little violls, I ſhall enform me againſt you, and yet will alwayes be,

Sir,

Your, &c.

From *Balzac*, 10.
June 1634.

To Mounſieur *Bardyn*.

Letter XXXVI.

SIR, never was Hoſt better payd then I, for making you poore Cheere; if you ſhould make any long journey at this price, you would make your ſelfe a poore man before you come home, and your firſt courteſies are ſuch, that they ſcarce leave any place for ſecond. You are ſo good that you are unjuſt; to compare our fruits to thoſe of *Italy* is not ſo much to advance our Village, as to vilifie *Naples* and *Florence*. This is to affront her whom *Virgill* adored, and to whom he ſayd upon his knees and holding up his hands;

Salve magna Parens frugum Saturnia tellus
Magna virum, &c.

There is no reaſon to pardon this exceſſe to a man that makes profeſſion of the truth, and who ought to ſpeake that plainely which it is lawfull for Poets to diſguiſe. Theſe fellowes make waſte of their ornaments and their figures; they call the worſt wine they drinke *Nectar*; and though the houſe of *Cacus* were no better then an Oxe ſtall, yet in their Verſes it is made a Kings Pallace; ſuch libertie is not allowed to Philoſophers, and without derogation to this qualitie, which you have ſo good title to poſſeſſe, you could never have beſtowed your prayſes upon ſuch baſe Viands as I

was

was faine to ſet before you. And for my entertainement with which you ſeeme much better ſatisfied, even that was yet much poorer, & more meager then my cheere. You know Sir that in our commerce I contribute nothing but my Dociblenes, & my eares; I am the people & you the Theater; I meane a Theater reaſonable and intelligent, inſpired with ſentences and inſtructions, to whoſe ſpectacles I would run from one end of the world to another, and never complaine of my paines nor of my journey. I would not onely returne you your viſit in *Touraine*; but to heare you; would doe much more, and goe much further, willingly untertake as long a voyage as *Appollonius* did, who traveiled many kingdomes, and paſſed many Seas, onely to ſee *Iarchas* in his Throane of gold, and heare him diſcourſing of the nature of things. Your Indian viſage and your yellow colour make ſhew of a *Gimnoſophiſt*; but *Gimnoſophiſts* had not the vertue that lies hidden under this yellowneſſe; for though they made Trees to ſpeake, and ſent tempeſts on their errands, where they pleaſed, yet theſe were effects of their divelliſh arts, and no arguments of their wiſedome. Yours is not onely more humane and more lawfull; but is uſed alſo with leſſe pride and leſſe violence. Inſtead of filling the eies with unprofitable wõders, it makes to flow and ſtreame in the ſoule neceſſary verities; it doth not aſtoniſh mee with prodiges, nor affright me with Thunder, but it perſwades me to doe that I ought to doe, and inſtructs mee

to

to know that I ought to know. It is the ſame I thinke that appeared under the Empire of *Trajan*; and communicated it ſelfe to men by the mediation of *Plutarch*. How have you decked her without diſarming her? how ſweetned her countenance without weakening her force? how covered her Bones and Muskes with a faire fleſh, and made her a body of a Carkaſſe? The Syllogiſme, which by the ſaying of a *Grecian* is the *Trident* and *Mace* of Philoſophie, is in your writings all painted and perfumed: After you have purged it from the ruſt of *Barbarians*, and from the poyſon of Sophiſters, you make with it a wholeſome and delightfull lancing, and no man ſeekes to ward your blowes, becauſe they heale and tickle. With theſe rare knowledges you ſhould entertaine your friends, and not with the fruits of our Orchard, nor with thoſe of my ſtudies, which are as vulgar the one as the other; But yet ſeeing they pleaſe your taſte, and that you demand of mee particularly the laſt peece you ſaw of my making, I have intreated —— who carries it to *Paris* to deliver it unto you in the place where you are; By your example I call it my diſſertation, becauſe wee live in a country of libertie, and where faults of this nature are not under the juriſdiction of the Kings commiſſion. But I durſt not be ſo bold at the Court, where there is no longer any favour for naughty words, nor ſafety for innovatours of our Language. Remember therefore that I ſpeake under *Benedicite*,

nedicite, and in our moſt ſtrait confidence; and imitate herein that Queene, who in publicke called her ſonne by the name of her husband, but in private by the name of her favorite; much after this ſort doe I; having conceived my worke from the acquaintance I have with the Latin; I let it in truth carry a French title, but in ſecret and ſpeaking in the eare I give it the name of his father. It is now three moneths that M. *de Nants* hath beene in *Britanie*, and M. *de Tholouze* in *Languedoc*. Vpon the firſt opportunitie I will not faile to ſend them your rare Preſents, and let them know in what heigth of account you hold them both. Do me the like office to Mounſieur *Bourdelot*, and aſſure him that I have great pretenſions upon his learning, and that I ground my ſelfe much upon his honeſtie. Hereafter one of them ſhall bee my treaſure in the neceſſities of my ſpirit, the other my Sanctuary againſt the malice of the world. For you Sir, it is impoſſible for mee to expreſſe the high opinion I conceive of you; when the queſtion is to ſpeake of your vertue, I cannot finde words that give mee ſatisfaction, and therefore at this time you ſhall have from me but the common concluſion of all my Letters, that I am,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 15. *Your, &c.*
Decemb. 1633.

To

To Mounſieur *de Aigue bere* Commander of a Company in *Holland*.

Letter XXXVII.

SIR, your Letter hath ſtaied here a long time for me; if I had beene here at its firſt arrivall, I had ſooner teſtified to you the joy with which I received it: and the eſpeciall account I make of the meaneſt of your favours. I ſeek not after new acquaintance; I had rather I could forgo one halfe of thoſe I have already but for yours; I vow unto you I have much deſired it, and you had attractives for me, even in the malancholy of my *Quartaine* Ague. I diſcovered a great worth under the veile of your diſvaluing your ſelfe; and ſaw well, that you ſought rather to goe ſafely and ſolidly, than to goe in pompe and ſtate, and had more care to nouriſh your minde, than to ſet it out in colours. I doe not therefore take you for a ſimple Captaine of *Holland*, who talkes nothing but Stoccadoes; and Circumvallation; and ſtudies ſuch other words in that country, to come afterwards and fright us with them here in *France*. I know you poſſeſſe no leſſe the vertues of peace, than thoſe that make a noiſe and handle iron: and that you are a man of the Library, as well as of the Arſenall.

Moun-

Mounſieur *Huggens*, I aſſure my ſelfe, is of the ſame minde; and I doubt not, but having obſerved you in both theſe kinds, hee reliſheth as well your ſpirit, as he values your courage. I am very glad of the correſpondence that is betweene you; of which, if you pleaſe, I ſhall make uſe hereafter, for the ſafetie of our Commerce. But Sir, I have another, more important requeſt to make unto you; and I earneſtly entreate you to doe for me, with my Lord —: the good offices, which I have right to hope your goodneſſe will affoord me. It hath beene written to me from *Paris*, that hee had ſome ſiniſter conceit of me; and indeede the coldneſſe of his countenance, the laſt time I had the honour to doe him reverence, ſeemed to ſhew as much. This misfortune comes not to me by any fault of mine: for I ſweare unto you Sir, that I have alwayes carried towards him a moſt religious reſpect, and have never ſpoken of him, but as of a man of very extraordinary parts. It muſt needes be, that this is ſome rellicke of thoſe impreſſions, which — hath left in him: and that he judgeth of me by the report of my enemies. I will not revenge my ſelfe upon the memory of a dead man; nor lay aſperſion upon the paſſion of ſo great a Worthy; though there have beene ſome moved with motives leſſe reaſonable, that have wept for their Dogges; and built Tombes for beaſts they lovēd. In that, I acknowledge the good fortune of ——: but you know better than any other what his honeſty was: and you ought

ought upon this occaſion to give your uttermoſt teſtimony in behalfe of calumniated innocencie. I conjure you to doe it effectually: and from what coaſt ſoever the evill come, take into your protection an honeſt man, who paſſionately is,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 3. *Febru.* 1633. *Your, &c.*

Another to him.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR, I have received in one Packet, a Letter from you, of the foure and twentith of *March*; and another from Mounſieur *Huggens* of the fifteenth of *December*. I give you a thouſand thankes for each of them; and complaine not, that I ſtaid a while for the latter, ſeeing if it had come a readier way, it had perhaps not come ſo ſafe away: neither containes it any newes, wherof the knowledge might not be forborne without any danger: no matter in it, that either concernes the life of the Prince, or the good of the ſtate. It might have come time enough, tenne yeares hence; for it ſpeakes of nothing but of Kings and Commonwealths, that have beene long agoe. Our commerce hath

no

no object, but our Bookes; and I have no reaſon to complaine of a ſlowneſſe, that does a favour to my negligence. But my good neighbour, —— ſuffers me to be idle no longer; ſhe will have me hereafter make uſe of her meſſengers; and by conſequent, eaſe you of your conveying them. Yet for my part, I exempt you not altogether, but if you returne into *Holland*, at the time you have appointed; you ſhall doe me a favour to remember the note I ſend you. I intreate you alſo to demand of our friends in that country, what reaſon they have to bring into our language a new faſhion of ſpeaking; and which by the communication you have with them, is gotten into the letter you ſent me. If you ſay, my Maſters the States; you may as well ſay, Mounſieur the Counſell; and Madam the Aſſembly: and more than this; if many Senatours that make the body of a republike, may be called, my Maſters the States, then every Senatour, which makes a part of that body, may be called Mounſieur the State: and if this be ſuffered, the moſt ſtrange opinions of —— ſhall be authoriſed by publike uſe: of the ſame words will be made another language, and after this it cannot be thought ſtrange, that —— ſhould ſpeake of the *Seigneury* of *Venice*; as of the *Infanta* of *Portugall*; and that ſhee ſhould marry with Mounſieur the Kings brother. It is true the League committed the like incongruitie when ita ve the Duke *de Maine*, the title of Lieutenant of the State, and crowne of *France*, but this

this was not without a checke: you know what ſport the *Catholicon* makes at it; and with what force hee defends at once, both the rights of the Kingdome, and the lawes of Grammar. And where the ſame Authour in another place, calls the Aſſembly, which was held at *Paris*; My Lords the States; he did that but to make it rediculous; and not with meaning to ſpeake regularly: Our deare friends may make of a little citie, a great; but of a bad word they cannot make a good: and though their liberty extend very farre, yet it reacheth not to licenſe Barbariſme. Mounſieur *Huggens* will conſider of this point; and if in propounding to the Counſell ſo important a matter, he ſhall ſpeede well; he ſhall have the honour to purge his coũtry of a vitious phraſe, as much in the judgement of Grammarians, as to free it from a *Hidra*, or *Chymera*, and therein ſhall ſhew himſelfe a *Hercules*, or a *Bellerophon*. This is a way I take with my friends, to make my ſelfe laugh; becauſe I am given to penſiveneſſe, when I am alone; and I cannot ſtirre up any joy in me, but by the preſence, at leaſt the repreſentation of ſome perſon, which is both deere unto me, and choſen for the nonce: of this number Sir, you are, and know well, that I am,

Sir,

From *Paris* *Your, &c.*
3. *Aprill* 1634.

To

To Mounſieur *de Bois Robert.*

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR, in the meane time, till I ſee you; be pleaſed to receive from mee a compliment, which ſhall not be tedious: Onely to let mee congratulate with you the recovery of your health. God hath now a kinde of intereſt in preſerving it; ſeeing you have conſecrated it to him; and your life is vowed to a perpetuall meditation of his Myſteries. I doubt not of his bleſſing this your holy deſire; and looke at my returne to finde a great Preacher under your Caſſocke. You will ſhew me as many Homilies, as heretofore you have ſhewed me Sonnets: and inſtead of *Parnaſſus* and *Permeſſa*; you will ſpeake of *Sion*, and of *Siloe*. Yet moderate your ſelfe a little at firſt: and be reſerved in a ſtrange Country. I would not have you dive too deepe into the Abyſſes of Predeſtination; famous for the ſhipwrackes of ſo many Pilots; or to ſpeake more plainely, for the hereſies of ſo many Doctours. If you will take my counſell, you ſhall let the Ieſuites and the *Iacobins* fight it out betweene themſelves about the Queſtion *De Auxilijs*; and never meddle amongſt them, nor goe about to part them. The often uſing of Syllogiſmes is very dangerous for health; there is nothing that heates the bloud, or enflames choler more than Diſputation;

tation. Beſides, though you make your ſelfe hoarſe with ſpeaking for the Truth, and make it never ſo plaine: yet you ſhall never make your adverſary to confeſſe it; or ever be able to take hold of him, ſo long as he can ſlip from you by a diſtinction. Above all Sir, let not the love of Divinity make you forget your temporall affaires, and the care of your fortune: for otherwiſe, It were better, I ſhould ſtudy with you to halfes; and that you ſhould make the Court both for your ſelfe and me. As I am like to acquit my ſelfe extreme badly; ſo you are likely to grow ſoone to perfection; and I deſpaire not, one of theſe dayes to ſalute you by the Title, *Of Moſt Reverend Father in God.* I know you doe not diſlike that wee ſhould write to one another in this kind of ſtile, which *Cicero* and *Trebatius* made uſe of, before ſuch time as untoward compliments had corrupted friendſhip; and that this baſe jangling was brought into faſhion. This *Trebatius* was a famous Lawyer: of whom *Cicero* made great account; and yet is alwayes wrangling with him about his Science, and his formall writs: the like liberty I am bold to take with you; whom I honour infinitely; and ſhould not in this ſort contribute to our common joy, if I were not with a perfect freeneſſe of heart,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 11.
Novem. 1633.

Your, &c.

An.

Another to him.

Letter XL.

SIR, I pitty your good fortune, the court that followes you at your Chamber would be to me an unsupportable honour, who would not give my mornings for all the Compliments of *Paris*. It is the flower and prime of the day that is taken from you; it is the time of meditation and Prayer which flattery intruds upon. There is no Creditour nor Sergeant that you might not deale withall better cheape then with these troublesome friends. You are unfortunate to be so beloved, and a man of whom so many other have use, can be of little or no use to himselfe. It is better yet to passe for a clowne, then thus to prostitute ones selfe by civilitie, and better never to sacrifice to the graces, then to make ones selfe the beast for the Sacrifice. You would perhaps intermit this course, but the time is past for that; a breach would draw upon you a warre; and you would runne the fortune of that poore Saint, who was murthered with pricks of Penknives, and cut in peeces by his Schollers. You would be the object of a Rhetoricall, an Historicall & a Poeticall persecution; and the muses which now court you would grow furies, and fall a tearing you, so that you have no remedy now but to hold it out, if you looke for safety

in the place you are in, you muſt ever bee the mediatour betweene *Apollo* and Poets; you muſt alwayes have a thouſand buſineſſes both in Proſe and Verſe, your chamber muſt be the paſſage alwayes from the Vniverſitie to the Court. This backe doore whereof you have ſent mee a Platforme, is in truth an excellent invention, but this will preſently bee diſcovered, and you will gaine nothing by it, but to be beſeiged in more places at once. Doe better Sir, quit the place that is not tenable, and come ſave your ſelfe at ——— I am not ſo poore, but I can make you a reaſemblance at leaſt of the good cheere of *Paris*, and furniſh you with innocent pleaſures, ſuch as Philoſophie and Prieſthood will allow of; It ſhall be for as ſhort a time as you pleaſe; and onely to make an ill cuſtome take another courſe. All the family deſires this voyage, particularly ———who is in good hope his ſonne cannot prove ill, ſeeing you have no ill opinion of him, and for his daughter of whom you write mee ſo much good: I cannot ſtay my ſelfe from vowing to you, that ſhee is not altogether unworthy of it; and perhaps would have deſerved an Ayre with three couplets of your making, if ſhee had appeared in the time when you were the great Chaunter of *France*. But now that you have changed your courſe of life, there is no looking for any thing from you but ſpirituall diſcourſe and Chriſtian meditations, which yet will ſerve as fitly for a Sex to which devotion belongs no leſſe then beauty.

beauty. Bring therefore to us the Originall of your Pietie and of your Divinitie, at leaſt ſhew ſome ſorrow that you cannot doe it, that I may ſee my affection is not ſcorned, and that I am not without revenge,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 1. *Your, &c.*
Decemb. 1634.

Another to him.

LETTER XLI.

SIR, if you hold your old wont, you will tax me with ignorance, and write mee a man of another world; one delivered me but yeſternight obſervations upon the proceſſe of the Marſhall of ——— and I ſet my ſelfe to reading all the time my groome ſet himſelfe to ſleeping. In very truth they gave me an excellent reliſh; & I vow unto you I never read a ſtile more ſubtile, nor that hid its Art more cunningly; I entreat you to ſend me word who the Author is, and to whom I am beholding for ſo pleaſing a night. It muſt needs be ſome man who underſtands two things equally well, affaires and how to write, one that partakes of the life of a ſchollar, and of a Courtier; like to that God of whom the Poets ſay, he is of the one and other world, *Utroque fecit commercia*

mercia mundo. From the knowledge of Bookes, he drawes the vigour and force of his phraſe, and from the practiſe of the Court; the colours and ſweetning of his matter. Hee ſpeakes the language of the Cloſet, and brings proofes of the Pallace; but in ſuch ſort, that neateneſſe doth not weaken his Reaſons; and his force is ſo tempered; that even Ladies may be judges of the proceſſe. Once againe, I entreate you to ſend me the name of this ſage Obſerver, and beſides, to give me account what grace I ſtand in with Mounſieur *de* ——— : I was told in no very good grace; neither I, nor my writings neither. If I made but little reckoning of him; I ſhould eaſily comfort my ſelfe, for this diſgrace: but in truth, it would grieve me much to be condemned by a judgement, to which I ſhould make a conſcience not to ſubſcribe; and I rather believe, there are many defects in my Writings; then that in his taſte there is any defect of Reaſon. Aſſure him Sir, if you pleaſe, that I am at leaſt capable of diſcipline: and am apt enough to follow any method he ſhall preſcribe me, for attaining a proportion of knowledge to content him. Let him but tell me my faults, and ſee how quickly I will mend them; let him but ſay, what it is in my ſtile that offends him; and ſee, how ready I ſhall be to give him ſatisfaction. If my *Hyperboles* diſpleaſe him; I will blot them out of my Letters the next time they are Printed; I will truely confeſſe, all I have evermore ſaid, and make a ſolemne vow never to uſe more. Yet it cannot

be truely ſaid; that to uſe this Figure; is a matter that deſerves blame; for, not to ſpeake of humane Authours, wee ſhould then blame the Sonne of God; for ſaying, *It is eaſier for a Cammell to goe through a needles eye, then for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of heaven.* But I will not ſeeke to ſave my ſelfe by ſo ſupreme an authority: In this, I will reſpect our Saviour, but not follow him; I will beleeve that ſuch examples are farre above all humane imitation; and will not attempt it no more then to walke upon the water, and to goe forty dayes without eating. In good earneſt, I would doe any thing to give contentment to a man; that gives contentment to M. the Cardinall; and hath perſwaded the King of *Sweden*, If hee will play the tyrant with thoſe that ſeeke his favour, let him; I refuſe not hence forward the hardeſt conditions he can lay upon me; and to gaine his protection; I renounce with all my heart my very liberty. It is now foure and twentie houres, ſince I laid my eyes together; It is time therefore that I bidde you good morrow, or good night; take which of them you pleaſe; and beleeve me alwayes,

Sir,

From *Balzac* 4. *Decem.* 1634.

Your, &c.

To Mounſieur the Maſter Advocate in the Parliament.

Letter XLII.

SIR, you know I have fed upon the fruits of *Pomponne*, even beyond the rules of temperance; and I have ſignified to you in each place where they grew, that they are generally excellent; yet I now ſpecially declare my ſelfe, in favour of the laſt you ſent mee, and finde them, farre ſurpaſſing the Amber Peare, or all other kindes, which I cannot name. It is true, I affect ſpecially the Tree it ſelfe that beares them; and I account the meaneſt of the leaves, no meaner than jewels: yet their owne goodneſſe is ſuch, that though they grew in the garden of ——: or grew upon a ſtocke that Father ——— had planted; yet I ſhould not for all that, but highly eſteeme them, and take a pleaſure in their taſte. In a word, to leave ſpeaking in Allegory, and not to flounder my ſelfe in a Figure, into which you have moſt maliciouſly caſt me; I ſay Sir, that in all your Preſents, I ſee nothing but excellent; and leaſt you ſhould thinke, I meant to exempt my ſelfe from giving a particular account of my judgement, by ſpeaking in generall termes; I let you know, that in the firſt place, the two lives ſpoken of at the end of the diſcourſe, pleaſe me infinitely; and next to this that place which is writ-

written upon occaſion of ——— : that *France* is too good a Mother to rejoyce in the loſſe of her children; and that the victories gotten upon our ſelves, are fit to weare mourning, and be covered with blacke vailes. All that could have beene ſaid upon this Argument, would never have beene comparable to this ingenious ſilence. And as he hath dexterouſly ſhunned a paſſage ſo tender, ſo he enters as bravely, and as proudly upon a matter that will beare it; when ſpeaking of ——— : hee ſaith, that having overcome the waves & the winds, that oppoſed his paſſage, & traverſed the fires of ſo many canons of the enemies; with a few poore Barkes, hee made his way thorough a Forreſt of great ſhippes. And a little after; where hee ſaith: that God, who beſtowes his favours upon Nations, by meaſure; ſeeing, that the admirable valour of ours, would eaſily conquer the whole world; if it had Prudence equall to its courage, ſeemes therefore to have given us, as a counterpoiſe to the greatneſſe of our ſpirits; a kinde of impetuoſitie and impatience, which to our Armies have oftentimes beene fatall, and cauſe of ruine. But that now the caſe is altered in this point: for now the *French* are no longer *French*, then they are valiant: now theſe Lyons are growne reaſonable; and now, to the ſtrength and courage of the North; they joyne the prudence and ſtaiedneſſe of the South, &c. Alſo where hee ſaith, that the carriage at *Caſal*, is a thing incomprehenſible; and for which we muſt be faine to looke out ſome new name;

for

for it cannot be called a Seige, ſeeing the place was ſurrendred before ever it was battered: nor it cannot be called a Battell, ſeeing no man ſtrooke a ſtroake: nor it cannot be called a treatie, ſeeing treaties are not made with weapons in hand, &c. But that which pleaſeth mee moſt of all, becauſe it toucheth indeede the ſtring of my owne inclination; is that which he ſpeakes of the Marqueſſe of *Rambovillet*: that there had beene Statues erected in honour of her vertue; if ſhe had fortuned to be borne in the beginning of her race. For, as you know Sir, this illuſtrious woman, is of *Romane* ſtocke; *Et de Gente Sabella*; of which *Virgil* ſpeakes. Theſe are the paſſages I can call to minde, having not the Originalls by me: being taken from me, by a neighbouring Lady; who affects the King of *Sweden* with the like paſſion, as Madame *Rambovillet*: ſo elevated a ſpirit may chaſtly enough be loved of both ſexes; and let the ſlanderous Hiſtory ſpeake its pleaſure; I for my part thinke no otherwiſe of it, then as the Queene of *Sheba* loved *Salomon*: and as *Nicomedes* loved *Cæſar*. I had beganne ſomething for the triumph of this great Prince, but his death made my Penne fall out of my hand; and therefore you are like to have nothing from me at this time; in revenge of your Sonnet. For your *French* Proſe, I ſend you another, which I will never beleeve to be Latin, untill — ſhall aſſure you it is; to whom I entreate you to ſhew it from me: *Vir plane cum Antiquitate conferendus,*

dus, & qui mihi eſt in hoc genere, unus curia, Cenſor & Quirites. I have read many things of his with infinite ſatisfaction: but I know, hee hath certaine myſteries in his Writing, which he lets not common people know; and —— hath told me of a continuation hee hath written, of the Hiſtory of M. *de Thou*; which is not imparted but to his ſpeciall friends; and which, I am infinitely deſirous to ſee: but I am not a man that will enter by force upon any mans ſecrets: and my diſcretion in ſuch caſes, ſhall be alwayes greater, then my curioſitie, *Optare licebit, ſi potiri non licet.* If I ſhould not preſently make an end of my Letter, I ſhould kill you with Latine; for I find my ſelfe in an humour that way; and in this deſert where I live: I have no commerce, but with ſuch as ſpeake all Latin, I would perſwade you to revive them in our language; by an imitation which you are able to doe, not much unlike thoſe great examples; I meane of *Cicero*, of *Saluſt*, and of *Livie*; not of *Caſſiodore*, or *Ennodius Ticinenſis*, or *Sidonius Apollinaris*. They that love this impuritie of ſtile, are in a ſicker ſtate, then they that love to eate coales and aſhes. Farre be it from us, to have ſuch diſordered appetites, and let us never be ſo fooliſh, to preferre the corruption and decay of things, before their prime, and their maturitie, I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At Balzac 4. Febr. 1633.

Ano-

Another to him.

Letter XLIII.

SIR, Hee that delivers you this Lētēr, knowes as much of my newes as I my ſelfe, and will make you ample relation of all that hath paſſed at ———— : He hath a buſineſſe in the Parliament, which is of no great difficulty; and which may be ſpedde without any great Eloquence: yet I addreſſe it to you, but upon condition, that you ſhall not imploy your whole force about it; but that your labouring for him may be a refreſhing to you, from ſome other labour. I heare with a great deale of pleaſure, of the progreſſe of your reputation, and of the effects of my preſages. The acclamations you cauſe in the Pallace, are ſounding in all places; and wee arē not ſo out of the world, but that the Eccho of them comes to us. But Sir, I content not my ſelfe with clapping of hands, and praiſing your well-ſpeaking, as others doe; I deſire to have ſome particular ground, for which to give you thankes, and am willing to be in your debt, for compliment and reverence; this ſhall be, when you have ſpedde my friends ſuite: and which ſhall be a cauſe, if you pleaſe, that I will now at the end of my Letter, adde a ſuperlative; and ſay I am;

Sir,

At *Balzac.* 2. *Novem.* 1633.

Your moſt humble, moſt faithfull, &c.

An-

Another to him.

Letter XLIV.

SIR, I make no ſecret of our friendſhip, it is too honeſt to be hidden; and I am ſo proud of it, that I thinke my ſelfe of no worth but by it. Mounſieur *Iamyn*, acknowledgeth my good fortune herein, and is himſelfe in paſſion to get your acquaintance, to which hee perſwades himſelfe; I ſhould not be his worſt introductor; and that by my meanes he might be admitted to your ſtudies. I will make my ſelfe beleeve, that he miſtakes me not; and that for my ſake, you will adde to your accuſtomed courteſies a little extraordinarie. They who ſaw *Pericles*, how he thundred and lightened in the publike Aſſemblies, were deſirous to heare him in a quieter eſtate; to know whether his Calme were as ſweete and pleaſing as his Tempeſt. This man hath the like deſire; and though my recommendation, were as indifferent to you, as it is deere; yet ſo honeſt a curioſitie would deſerve to be reſpected. Hee is the ſonne of one of my beſt friends, and though perhappes you know it not, you are the example that Fathers propoſe for imitation to their children; and by whoſe name they excite to vertue all their youth. I neede not ſay more to you of this; onely be mindefull of our reſolute and undaunted Maximes; and in this

age

age of malice; doe not ſcorne the praiſe I give you for your goodneſſe. I kiſſe the hands of all your reloquent family, and am,

Sir,

At Paris, 16. Febru. 1634. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *de Caupeau ville* Abbot of *Victory*.

Letter XLV.

SIR, the time which my malady permits me, I beſtow upon you, and make uſe of the reſpite of my fits, to tell you, I have received your laſt Letters, and the new aſſurances of your friendſhippe: which is ſo much the dearer unto me, becauſe I know you uſe them with diſcretion; and that there be not many things you greatly affect. This makes for my glory, that I can pleaſe ſo dainty a taſte; and that I can get good from one that is ſo covetous. It is no ſmall matter to draw a wiſe man out of himſelfe; and to make Philoſophie compaſſionate of others evills. Although the place, to which ſhe hath raiſed you cannot be more eminent, nor more ſure; yet my diſgraces may be cauſe that her proſpect is not ſo faire or pleaſant:

and

and how ſetled ſoever the peace of your minde be, yet the Object of a perſecuted friend, may perhaps offend your eyes. Our Mounſieur *Berville*, I aſſure my ſelfe, diſlikes not this kinde of wiſedome: he likes to have that husbanded & dreſſed, which *Zeno* would have to be rooted out; hee knowes that magnanimity hath its reſidence betweene effeminateneſſe and crueltie; and that the ſweete and humane vertues, have place betweene the Fierce and the Heroicke. Poets ſometimes make the Demy Gods to weepe; and if an old womans death were cauſe enough to make *Æneas* ſhed teares; the oppreſſion of one innocent, cannot be unworthy of your ſighes. Yet I require from you, none of theſe ſadde offices: your onely countenance is enough to give me comfort. I doe not live, but in the hope I have to ſee it, and to get you to ſweare once againe, in prefence of the faire *Agnes*, and the reſt of your chamber Divinities, that you love me ſtill. After that, if you will have us make a voyage in your Abby, I ſhall eaſily cõdiſcend: Provided Sir, that you promiſe me ſafety amongſt your Monkes: and that they be none of thoſe, that are angry at good language, and have no talke, but of *Analyſis* and *Cacozeale*. If you have any that be of this humour, you are an unfortunate Abbot; and you may make account to be never without ſuites. Firſt, they will aske you a double allowance: next they will queſtion your Revenew; and if you chance by ill happe to make a Booke, you are ſure to be preſently cited before the Inquiſition;

ſition; or at leaſt before the Sorbonne. God keepe you Sir from ſuch Friers, and ſend you ſuch as I am, who eate but once a day; and who will not open my mouth, unleſſe it be to praiſe your good words, and to tell you ſometimes, out of the abundance of my heart, that I am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 26. *Decem.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

To——

Letter XLVI.

SIR, I am able to live no longer, if you be reſolved to love me no longer; and thinke not that the good you promiſe mee, can countervaile the loſſe of that you take from me. Keepe your eſtimation and your bountie, for thoſe that have nothing in them but Vanitie and Avarice: I am endowed from heaven with better and more noble paſſions; I like better to continue in my povertie, then in your diſgrace; and will none of this cold ſpeculative eſtimation, which is but a meere device of Reaſon; and a part of the Law of Nations, if you give it me ſingle, and nothing elſe with it. I muſt tell you, I thinke my ſelfe worthy of ſomething more; and that the Letter I write to you,

you, was worthy of a ſweeter anſwer then you ſent me. If therein I ſaid any thing that gave you diſtaſte, I call that God to witneſſe, by whom you ſweare; I then wandred farre from my intention. I meant to containe my complaints within ſo juſt bounds; that you ſhould not finde the leaſt cauſe to take offence. But I ſee I have beene an ill interpreter of my ſelfe, and my rudeneſſe hath done wrong to my innocencie: yet any man but your ſelfe, would I doubt not have borne with a friend in paſſion, and not ſo unkindly have returned choler for ſorrow. As for my pettiſh humour, it is quickly over, and there is not a ſhorter violence, than that of my ſpirit: whereas you have taken ſixe whole weekes to diſgeſt your indignation, and in the end come and tell me, you would doe me any good you can, upon condition to love mee no longer. I vow unto you, it is a glorious act to doe good to all the world, and to make even ungratefull men beholding. But Sir, if you thinke me one, to whom you may give that name; you doe me exceedingly much more wrong, then it is in your power to doe mee right: *Neque decorum ſapienti, unde amico infamiam parat, inde ſibi gloriam quærere.* I am wounded at the very heart, with this you have written; but ſince you will not ſuffer mee to complaine; I muſt be faine to ſuffer and ſay nothing; onely I will content my ſelfe, to make a declaration contrary to yours; and tell you, I will never make you beholding to mee, becauſe I am not happy enough to be able to

doe it; but yet I will love you alwayes, and will alwayes perfectly be,

At *Balzac*, 1. *March*, 1633. *Sir, Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Troyillier*, Phyſitian of the Popes houſe.

Letter XLVII.

SIR, having alwaies made ſpeciall reckoning of your friendſhip; it is a great ſatisfaction to me, that I receive aſſurance of it, by your Letter. I doubt not of your compaſſionating my diſgraces; and that the perſecution raiſed againſt me, hath touched you at leaſt with ſome ſence of griefe; for even meere ſtrangers to me, did me theſe good offices; and though the juſtice of my cauſe, had not in it ſelfe beene worthy of reſpect: yet the violence of my adverſaries, was enough to procure me favour and protectours. There is no man of any generous ſpirit, that found not fault with the bravadoes of your *Philarchus*: nor a man of any wiſedome, that thought him not a Sophiſter. Yet I cannot blame you for loving him: ſeeing I know well, you doe it not to prejudice mee, that your affection corrupts not your judgement. You are too intelligent, to be deceived with petty ſubtilties; and too ſtrong, to be broken with engins of Glaſſe; but in truth, being as you are, a neceſſary friend, to a number of perſons of different qualities; it cannot be, but you must

must needes have friends of all prices, and of all merit, and that the unjust as well as the innocent are beholding to you. You shall heare by Mounsieur ———, when hee comes to *Rome*, the little credit I have with the man you spake to me of, to whom I present my service, but onely once a yeare; and that I doe too, least I should forget my name, and mistake my person. If in any other matter which is absolutely in my owne power; you will doe me the honour to employ me; you shall see my course is not to use excuses and colours; but that I truly am,

Sir,

At *Paris* 4.
April 1631. *Your*, &c.

To Mounsieur *Gerard*, Secretary to my Lord the Duke *D' Espernon*.

Letter XLIX.

SIR, you cannot complaine, nor be in miserie by your selfe alone: I partake of all your good and evill, and feele so lively a reflection of them, that there needes but one blow to make two wounds. And thus I am wounded by the newes you write, and though your griefe be not altogether just, yet it is sufficient to make me partake with you, that it is yours. We weepe for one not onely whom we knew not, but whom we know to be happy: one that in sixe weekes staying in the world hath gained that, which St. *Anthonie* was afraid to lose after threescore yeares pennance in the

Wilderneſſe. I wiſh, I could have had the like favour; and have died at the time, when I was innocent; being my ſelfe, neither valiant nor ambitious: I account thoſe warres the beſt that are the ſhorteſt; and that, though in Paradiſe there be divers degrees; and diverſe manſions; yet there is not any that is not excellent good. Obſerve onely your goodly making of Saints, and you ſhall finde of all ſorts; I meane of the one, and the other ſexe: Religious and Seculars, *Gaſcoignes*, and *French*. You know well, I have appointed you here a chamber; and that you are my debtor of a viſite, now a whole yeare, if you be a man of your word; but I feare me you are not, and that as your cuſtome is, you will content your ſelfe with praiſing my quiet courſe of life; yet I would have you to flatter at leaſt my ſpirit, though it be, but with ſome light hope of ſo perfit a contentment: promiſe me you will come, and make me happy; though you breake your promiſe, I ſhall enjoy at leaſt, ſo much of good; and in doing ſo, you ſhal amuſe me, though you do not ſatisfie me. I ſend you all I have of that admirable *Incognito*; of whom there is ſo much talke, and who hath made himſelf famous now theſe three yeares, under the name of *Petrus Aurelius*: I cannot for my life find who he is. Mounſieur *de Filſac*, told me lately at *Paris*, that of him that brought the leaves to Printing, hee could not poſſibly learne any more than this, that he was a man, who deſires to ſerve God inviſibly. And in truth, if you knew, in what ſort he carries his ſecrecie; and with what care

and

and cunning he hides himſelfe; you would confeſſe he takes more paines to ſhunne reputation, then ambitious men take in running after it. Farre from being a Plagiary, to robbe others of their glory, who refuſeth that which is his own, and ſuffers a Phantaſme, to receive thoſe acclamations and praiſes which belong to himſelfe. This is no man of the common mould; even in the judgement of his adverſaries; and his writings ſavour not the compoſitions of his age. They are animated with the ſpirit and vigour of the former times; and repreſent us a Church we never ſaw. Yet it ſeemes in ſome paſſages, he hath leſſe of Saint *Auſtins* ſweetneſſe than of St. *Hieroms* choler; and that he is willinger to doe that, which juſtice onely permits him, then that which charitie counſells him. I could wiſh he had ſhewed a little more reſpect to the gray haires, and rare merit of Father *Sirmond*; or rather that hee would have laid aſide his Armes, and dealt with him in a gentler warre. But there is no meanes to bridle a provoked valour, nor to guide a great force, though with a great moderation. All Saints are not of one temper; it is enough for Religion to cut off vices; and to purifie the paſſions. Our morall Divinitie acknowledgeth ſome innocent cholers: and it is the beauty of Chriſts flocke, that there be Lyons amongſt the Sheepe, and that as well the ſublimeſt and ſtrongeſt ſpirits as the baſeſt and ſweeteſt ſubmit and proſtrate themſelves to the greatneſſe of Chriſtianitie. If I had learned nothing in his booke but onely to know what reſpect men owe to a Character

reverenced of the Angells, I had not loſt my time in reading him. If Biſhops be of ſuch eminent authoritie: ſhall we make any difficultie, to call a Prelate, My Lord; and eſteeme him leſſe than a Grande of *Spaine*, or then an Earle of *England*? You will tell me more of this, at your next meeting; and I doubt not, ſetting aſide the intereſt of ——: ſend it mee backe when you have read it; and forget not the Chapters of honeſt *Bernia*. I am more than I am able to expreſſe, *Sir*,

At *Balzac* 15. *Octo*. 1634. *Your*, &c.

To my Lord the Biſhop of *Nants*.

Letter LI.

SIR, I am now growne ſhameleſſe, and make no longer any conſcience to be troubleſome to you. Yet hold on your courſe of goodneſſe: which hath from the very firſt beene ſo ready to me, and freely makes me offer of that, for which it ought to make me be a ſuitor. I ſend you now foure leaves for *Ruell*, and if you pleaſe to let three of your owne lines beare them company, I doubt not but they will have a happy arrivall, and that the skiffe will procure paſſage for the great veſſell. But becauſe Fortune her ſelfe, hath done one halfe of my diſcourſe, and that I have little commerce with any but *Latines* borne, I humbly entreate you my Lord, to be ſo good, when I am fallen to helpe me to riſe, and not ſuffer me to goe aſtray, in a Country, where you are Prince. I know you love your owne elections, with more then naturall tenderneſſe, and that

you

you reſpect me, as none of the leaſt of your Creatures. This is a cauſe, why to keepe me in your favour, and to ingage you in my intereſts, I will not tell you to your face, that you are the *Chryſoſtome* of our Church, that you are privy to the moſt ſecret intentions of Saint *Paul, That there is neither Iew nor Gentile, that hearing you ſpeake of the greatneſſe and Dignity of Chriſtianity, doth not willingly ſubmit himſelfe to follow Chriſt*, I will onely ſay, it hath beene your will to be my Father, and that I am,

My Lord,
Your, &c.

At *Balzac* 8.
Ianua. 1630.

Another to him.

Letter LII.

SIR; you have a right to all occaſions of doing good. I ſee not therefore, how I can forbeare to offer you one, and to the end, you may alwaies be meriting of thankes, why I ſhould not alwaies be craving new courteſies. The bearer of this Letter is my neere Kinſman, yet our friendſhip is neerer, then our alliance, and the knot which Nature made, Vertue hath tyed. I humbly entreate your Lordſhip, to let him ſee you ſlight not things, whereof I make ſuch reckoning, and to doe that for my ſake, which you would much willinger doe for his owne ſake, if he were knowne unto you. He is a man of mettall and ſpirit; and hath ſerved the King in this Province, having alſo had the honour

honour, to be in perſon before him in very famous actions. At this time, he is troubled againſt all right and reaſon, and they that have drawne him, from the exerciſe of his charge, to make a walke to *Paris*, have nothing to ſay, but that they doe it of purpoſe to vex him. And therefore their manner of fight with him, is by flights and retreates, and they caſt ſo many bones of difficulty, betweene his Iudges and him, that it is impoſſible they ſhould ever come to any iſſue. They are not able to hinder his juſtification at laſt; but they are able to delay, and keepe him off a long time. You Sir, may ſave him this long journey, and may breake this Project of Calumny, if you pleaſe but to facilitate the overture, he will propoſe unto you, obtaining for him of ——— only one quarter of an houres audience. I aſſure my ſelfe, he will not be loath to heare him, being able to informe him of the ſtate of things in theſe parts; and which he will doe faithfully. You ſhall therefore my Lord, infinitely oblige him, to take him into your protection, and you may be pleaſed to remember, that it is your deere ſonne, that makes this requeſt unto you, one whom in the extaſie of your Fatherly affection, you have ſometimes called your glory; and the ornament of this Age, who yet accounts no quality he hath ſo glorious as that which he will never part with, whilſt he lives; to be

My Lord,

Your &c.

From *Balzac* 3. *Aprill* 1630.

FINIS.

A SVPPLY TO THE SECOND PART; OR THE THIRD PART of the Letters of Monsieur DE BALZAC.

Written by him in French, and translated into English by Sr R. B.

LONDON

Printed by I. D. for *Iohn Crooke*, *Francis Egleſfield*, and *Richard Serger*, and are to be ſold at the *Gray-hound* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1638.

honour, to be in perſon before him in very famous actions. At this time, he is troubled againſt all right and reaſon, and they that have drawne him, from the exerciſe of his charge, to make a walke to *Paris*, have nothing to ſay, but that they doe it of purpoſe to vex him. And therefore their manner of fight with him, is by flights and retreates, and they caſt ſo many bones of difficulty, betweene his Iudges and him, that it is impoſſible they ſhould ever come to any iſſue. They are not able to hinder his juſtification at laſt; but they are able to delay, and keepe him off a long time. You Sir, may ſave him this long journey, and may breake this Project of Calumny, if you pleaſe but to facilitate the overture, he will propoſe unto you, obtaining for him of ——— only one quarter of an houres audience. I aſſure my ſelfe, he will not be loath to heare him, being able to informe him of the ſtate of things in theſe parts; and which he will doe faithfully. You ſhall therefore my Lord, infinitely oblige him, to take him into your protection, and you may be pleaſed to remember, that it is your deere ſonne, that makes this requeſt unto you, one whom in the extaſie of your Fatherly affection, you have ſometimes called your glory; and the ornament of this Age, who yet accounts no quality he hath ſo glorious as that which he will never part with, whilſt he lives; to be

My Lord,

Your &c.

From *Balzac* 3.
Aprill 1630.

FINIS.

A SVPPLY TO THE SECOND PART;

OR

THE THIRD PART of the Letters of Monsieur DE BALZAC.

Written by him in French, and translated into English by Sr R. B.

LONDON

Printed by I. D. for *Iohn Crooke*, *Francis Egleſſield*, and *Richard Serger*, and are to be ſold at the *Gray-hound* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1638.

A

To my Lord, the Cardinall *De la Valet.*

Letter I.

SIR, being not able to bring you this untoward Preſent my ſelfe, I humbly entreat you to excuſe mee that I ſend it. Wherein I bind you not to a ſecond peruſall, and to read that againe, which perhaps you have read already with diſtaſt. It is true Sir, that ſomething is altered in the Copie, and well neere one halfe added to the originall; but the ſpight is, that baſe wares get no value by ſtore, and the water that comes from the ſame Spring, can never be much differing: but if in any of the paſſages, I have not altogether come off ill, and that I have had ſome tolerable conceits, I acknowledge Sir, that I have had it all from the good education I had with you; and that it is the fruit of thoſe Inſtructions, which you have done me the honour to impart unto me. For, no man ever had con-

ceits more pure, more pregnant, than your ſelfe; no man ever ſaw things more cleerly than you doe; you can tell preciſely in what degree of good and evill any thing ſtands; and to find out the truth, there needs no more, but to follow your opinion. But to ſpeake truly, I feare this qualitie in you, no leſſe than I eſteeme it; you have too much knowledge in you for a Diſcourſe that requires ſimplicitie in the Reader. Neither am I ſo unadviſed, to expoſe it to the ſeveritie of your judgement, I ſubmit it rather to the protection of your goodneſſe, and hope you will not lay open thoſe faults, which none but your ſelfe can ſee: Humbly entreating you to protect a ſpirit of your owne making; and not ſo much to conſider my manner of expreſſing, as the affection with which I am

Sir,

Your, &c.

To the ſame as before.

Letter II.

SIR, I am negligent, for feare of being troubleſome, and leaſt I ſhould be importunately complementall; I forbeare to ſhew my ſelfe officiouſly dutifull. But my fault growing from

diſ-

discretion, I hope you will not take it ill, that I have a care not to trouble you, and that you will pardon the intermission of my Letters, which hath no other end, but the solacing your eyes. I seeke no colours of Art, to paint out the affection I owe to your service; This were to corrupt the naturall puritie. Truth is simple and shamefast, and when shee cannot shew her selfe by reall effects, shee will scorne to doe it by verball expressions. It is not in my tongue to expresse her otherwise, than in such termes as are the engagements of a lye; and when I shall have made you most sincere protestations of inviolable fidelitie, there will come a coozening companion that will out-vie me, and endeare himselfe beyond all my oathes. I could wish there were some marke to distinguish protestations that are true, from those that are feigned; for if there were, I should have great advantage over many Courtiers, more officious and more hot in offering their service, than I am, and you should acknowledge that the eminency of your vertue, not to speake of the eminency of your dignitie, is of no man more religiously reverenced, than of my selfe, who am, and ever will be

Sir,

Tours, &c.

To Monſieur *Godeau.*

Letter III.

SIR, Diſguiſing will not ſerve your turne, you are a remarkable man, and whether it be that you call the diſſembling of Art, Negligence, or that you cannot put off thoſe ornaments which are naturall in you; I let you know that the excellency of your ſtyle, extends even to your familiar ſpeech, and that you are able to ſweeten it without ſawcing it. A man may ſee that come ſpringing & flowing from you, which in others is brought afarre off, and that with engines; you gather that which others pull off, and though you write nothing looſly, yet you write nothing with ſtreyning: yet I muſt tell you, they are not the periods of your ſentences, nor the pawſes that winne mee ſo much unto you; I am too groſſe for ſuch ſlender and fine threads; if you had nothing but rich conceits and choice words, this were but the vertue of a Sophiſter, and I ſhould place you in the number of things that may pleaſe but not of things that one ought to love; I make more reckoning of the honeſty of a dumbe man, than of the eloquence of a varlet: I looke after the good of ſocietie, and the comfort of life, & not after the delight of Theaters, and the amuſement of company: Let us make then a ſerious profeſſion of our duties, and let us give good examples to an evill age;

age; let us make the world see, that the knowledge wee have of vertue, is not meerly speculative; and let us justifie our Bookes and our Studies, that now are charged with the vices and imperfections of their Teachers. Philosophy is not made to be playd withall, but to be made use of, and we must count it an Armour, and not a painted Coate. They are men of the worst making, that now adayes make the worst doing; sots take upon them to be subtle, and wee have no more any tame Beasts amongst us, they are all savage and wilde. For my selfe, who have seene wickednesse in its Triumph, and who have sometime lived in the Countrey of subtlety & craft; I assure you, I have brought nothing from thence, but loathing, and before ever I tasted it, was cloyed. I am exceeding glad to find you of the same dyet, and doubt not of the Doctrine I Preach, seeing I read the same in your owne Letter; Beleeve it Sir, there is none more wholesome, none more worthy of our Creation. Which I am resolved to maintaine, even to Death, and will no more leave it, than the resolution I have made, to be without ceasing;

Sir,

Your, &c.

To Monſieur *Godeau* againe.

Letter IIII.

SIR, I have knowne a good while, that you are no longer a *Druyde*, and that you lately made your entry into *Paris*: I doubt not but with magnificence enough, and not without beſtowing ſome publike largeſſe. I never knew you goe a forraging, that you returned not home laden with bootie; and your Voyages have alwayes enriched your followers. I pretend my ſelfe to have a feeling of this, and though farre remooved from the place where you act them, yet I cannot learne, that my abſence makes me looſe my part in the diſtribution of your good deedes. Ceaſe not Sir, I entreat you, to bind me unto you, and to deſerve well of my tongue. Fill our Cloſets with the fruits of your braine, and ſince you can doe it, make us to gather more ſheaves of Corne, than the beſt workmen hitherto have left us eares. My devotion ſtands waiting continually for your Chriſtian workes, and I entreat you, they may be done in ſuch a volume, that we may carry them handſomely with us to Church. That which I have ſeene of them, doth ſo exceedingly pleaſe mee, that I would be a Poet for nothing elſe but with ſome indifferent grace to prayſe them, and to ſay,

Verſes bleſſe him that makes ſuch bleſſed Verſes.

If I

If I did not love you well, I ſhould envie you the converſation of Monſieur *Chaplaine*, from whom in fifteene dayes I have received but one ſmall ſparke of a Letter by the ordinary Poſt. Thus I doe but taſt of that whereof you make full meales; yet remember, I have as good right in him as your ſelfe, and though I truſt you with the keeping him, yet I doe not quit my part in him; To him and you both, I am moſt affectionately

Your, &c.

To Monſieur *Conrat.*

LETTER V.

SIR, I had undertaken to have anſwered to every point of your eloquent Letter, but when I had ſpent a whole moneth about it, I could not ſatisfie my ſelfe with my undertaking. That which I had written, was not worthy, me thought, that I ſhould Father it; and I began to thinke I ſhould doe you a great courteſie, to ſave you the reading of an ill Oration. But ſeeing of evills, the leaſt are the beſt, you ſhall have cauſe to thanke your ſelfe for this complement, which will coſt you no more but one looke to looke over, and never put you to the labour of turning over the leafe. I have this onely to ſay at this time, that the report which was ſpread of my death, hath not killed me, and

that

that in deſpight of rumour and mortall Preſages, I intend to be happy by your meanes, and not to forgoe the good fortune preſented to me in your perſon: ſo I call your excellent friendſhip, with which no burden is heavie, no calamitie dolorous. For I know I ſhall finde in you that ancient generouſneſſe, whereof Monſieur *de la Noye*, and Monſieur *de Ferries*, made profeſſion. I account when I diſcover ſecrets to you, I hide them; and ſhall have no jealouſie of my honour when I have put it into your hands. In ſuch ſort Sir, that my ſoule ſhould be of a very hard temper, if it did not feele a kind of tickling in ſo preſent and great advantages, and if I ſhould not moſt perfectly be, as you oblige me to be,

Your, &c.

To my Lord the Biſhop of *Nantes*.

Letter VI.

SIR, I was upon the point of ſending my footman to you, when I ſaw your footman enter my lodging, who brought me newes exceeding joyfull; and now I depend no longer upon Fortune, ſince another beſides her ſelfe can make me happie; and am ſo indeed as much as I would wiſh, and ſhould never know the value of your friendſhip, if I made it not the bounds of my ambition. To complaine of fortune,

tune, and to be your favourite, are things that imply a morall contradiction: it is an easie matter to comfort a pension ill payd, when a man is in possession of store of treasure, and having neither the gift of impudency, nor of hypocrisie, it is not for me to prosper in an age which esteemes them most that are owners of these qualities. It is enough for me, that M. the Cardinall doth me the honour to wish me well, and condemnes not your judgement of mee; all other disgraces, from whence soever they come, I am prepared to beare, and take for a favour the contempt that is linked to the profession of vertue. But it is too much to say of mee, that which *Seneca* said of *Cato: Catonem sæculum suum parùm intellexit.* These are transcendencies of M. *de Nantes*, and impostures of his love. He stretcheth all objects to infinitie, and all his comparisons are beyond proportion. The Sunne and the Starres are common things with him, and he can finde nothing in Nature goodly enough to serve for a similitude of that he loves. It is this deceitfull passion hath made you beleeve, that I am of some great worth, and that my barren soyle is fruitfull in high conceits. But Sir, I count all this nothing, if this love of yours perswade you not to come & stay a while in it, and to be mindfull of your word. I have put Monsieur —— in hope hereof, and make my selfe sure since you have made me a solemne promise; knowing that Truth is resident upon the mouth of Bishops,

Dixisti,

Dixiſti, venies, Grave & immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, & vocẽ fata ſequuntur.

The Authour of theſe Verſes ſhall be your fourth ſuppliant: it is one that hath been of your olde acquaintance, and was accounted the *Virgill* of his time. I make uſe of him upon this occaſion, becauſe perhaps you will make more reckoning of him than of me, who yet am more than any man in the world.

Sir,

Your, &c.

Another to my Lord Biſhop of *Nantes*.

Letter VII.

SIR, I ſpeake Latin but once a yeare, and yet as ſeldome as it is, it comes more upon hazard than out of knowledge, and holds leſſe of learning than of rapture: vouchſafe therefore to take it in good part, that in my ſetled braines, I anſwer you in the vulgar tongue, and tell you, that never eares were more attentive, nor more prepard to hearing, than thoſe of our family when I read your Letter before them: they were not ſatisfied to have onely a literall interpretation, and to make me their Grammarian, but I muſt declaime upon it, and make a

Para-

Paraphraſe as large as a Commentary. If you will know the ſucceſſe, I can truly ſay, that all the company was well ſatisfied; but to tell you all, was even raviſhed with admiration of your bountie, ſpecially my Niece, who in the greateſt vanitie, that ſexe is capable of, never durſt imagine ſhee ſhould ever have the honour to be prayſed in Latin, and ſhould ſerve for an Argument of commendation to the greateſt Doctor of our age. Shee ſaith, this is a ſecond obligation you bind her in, to make her a *Romane* after you have made her your daughter; and to give her ſo noble a Country, after giving her ſo worthy a Father. And yet to theſe two favours, I can adde a third, which ſhee forgot: methinkes Sir, ſhee fattens and grows gracefull with theſe prayſes you give her; ſhee is fayrer by one halfe than ſhee was before. And if from vertue there iſſue certaine beames which enlighten the objects that are neere it; and that beautie flowes from goodneſſe, as from the Spring, I need not then goe farre to ſeeke from whence this varniſh of her looke, this amiableneſſe of her countenance, is growne upon her: It is certainly your late benediction that hath painted her; and to ſpeake it in the words of the Poet,

Formoſam Pater eſſe dedit, Lumenq; Juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

I have conſidered of the Letters whereof you pleaſed to ſend me a Copie, and in my judgement, you have all the reaſon in the world to

reſt ſatisfied with it. They could never have been more in favour of you, if you had endited them your ſelfe, and our friend himſelfe had writ them: if you had been the King, and he the Secretary, if I be not deceived, this ſtile will bring a cooling upon the joy of ——— and make them ſee, they have at leaſt miſtaken one word for another, and that the abſence of ——— hath not been a diſcharge of his authoritie, but onely a breathing from the labours of his charge. I am wreſtling ſtill with ——— and preparing you an after-dinners Recreation, which I will bring my ſelfe to *Burdeaux*, if you ſtay there till the next moneth. In the meane time, ſince you deſire new aſſurances of my fidelitie, I ſweare vnto you, with all the Religion of Oathes, and with all the libertie and ſinceritie of the golden age, that I am

Sir,

Your, &c.

To Monſieur *de la Nauue*, Councellour of the King, in his firſt *Chamber of Enqueſts.*

Letter VIII.

SIR, my deare Couſin, your nobleneſſe is not of theſe times, but you are generous after the old faſhion. To call the paines I put you

to

to, a favour, and to thanke a man for perſecuting you, this is a vertue which *Oreſtes* and *Pylades* perhaps knew, but is now no where to be found, but either in old fables, or in your Letter. The offers you make me, doe not ſo much give me a poſſeſſion, as confirme me in it, and aſſure me the durablenes of a happineſſe which wants nothing of being perfect, but being durable. Monſieur *de*——— hath ſtretched his beliefe yet further; he hath told mee of your comming into this Province, and hath promiſed me at leſt ſome houres of thoſe Grand daies that bring you hither: if they were as long as thoſe of *Platoes* yeare, they ſhould not be too long for me, if I might be ſo happie to ſpend them in your company. I make account to husband the leaſt minutes of it I can take hold of, and am about in ſuch ſort to deck up my Hermitage, that it may not be offenſive to your eyes. I can preſent you but with groſſe pleaſures and Country recreations; yet you that are perfectly juſt, will not refuſe to take a little contentment where you are perfectly loved, and preferre a lively paſſion, and a heart ſincere, before falſe ſemblances and a dead magnificence. My complements are ſhort, and I am by profeſſion a very bad Courtier, but my words carry truth in them, and I am with all my ſoule,

Sir, my deere Couſin,

At *Balzac*, 1. *June*, 1634. *Your, &c.*

To

To Monſieur *de la Motte le Voyer.*

Letter IX.

SIR, I am going from *Paris* in haſt, and carry with me the griefe that I cannot ſtay to tell you in how great account I hold the offer you make me of your friendſhip. If this be the price of ſo poore a marchandiſe, as that I ſent you, never was man a greater gainer by trafficking than I: and you ſeeme in this, not unlike thoſe *Indians*, who thought to over-reach the *Spaniards*, by giving them Gold for Glaſſe. I have long ſince knowne your great worth, though you would not be knowne to have ſuch worth in you; all the care you can take to hide the beautie of your life, cannot keepe the luſtre of it from dazeling mine eyes, and though you make your vertue a ſecret, yet I have pierced into it, and diſcovered it. And yet I muſt confeſſe unto you my infirmitie, I finde it too ſublime for me, and with my uttermoſt abilitie am not able to reach it; all I can doe, is to reſpect it with reverence, and to follow you with my eyes and thoughts. The world cannot all rayſe it ſelfe above the pitch of the preſent age, and be wiſe in equall rank with *Ariſtides* & *Socrates*; I am contented to be in a lower forme of vertue, for I am a man, and they demy Gods; I neither aſpire to be their equall, nor their rivall, much leſſe Sir, to be their judge or accuſer.

Anitus

Anitus and *Melitus* would be much miſtaken in me, if they ſhould thinke I would joyne with them in their accuſation, as though I thought all opinions to be bad which are not like mine own; I had rather thinke, that it is I that looſe the ſight of *Oraſius Tubero* ſometimes, than thinke that he is ſtrayed, or out of the way; & rather charge my ſelfe with weakneſſe, than accuſe him of raſhneſſe. Let him leave the middle Region of the ayre below him, and mount up above the higheſt; let him take upon him to judge of humane things, from Shepheards to Kings, from ſhrubbes to ſtarres, provided, that he be pleaſed to hold there, and bow his wings, and ſubmit his reaſon to things divine. I have not time to tell you, how much I value him. Monſieur *de* ——will at more leiſure entertaine you with diſcourſe about it, I onely will aſſure you, that what maske ſoever you put upon your face, I finde you alwayes exceeding amiable, and that I will ever be

Sir,

At *Paris*, 6. *Septemb.* 1631.

Your, &c.

To Madam *de Villeſavin.*

LETTER X.

MAdam, ſeeing it is my ill fortune, that I cannot finde you when I come to ſee you, I entreat you to let me ſpeake to you by an In-

terpreter, and that I may make this benefit of my being ſo farre from *Paris*, to have a right of writing to you when I could not have the power of ſpeaking with you. Indeed as long as you were taken up with entertaining your deare ſonne, whom long abſence had made as it were new unto you, and as long as you were taſting the firſt joyes which his returne had brought with it; It had been a great indiſcretion in a ſtranger, to intrude himſelfe into your private feaſt, & not give you the libertie to make choice of your Gueſts; but now, that your extaſies of joy are over-paſſed, and that a more calme eſtate makes you ſociable to others abroad: Now Madam, you may vouchſafe to accept my compliment, and to heare me ſay, with my Countrey freedome, that you want much of that I wiſh you, if you want any thing of abſolute felicitie. I make no doubt but Monſieur *Bouthillier* your ſonne, as he parted from hence a right honeſt man, ſo he is returned hither an underſtanding man; and that to the lights which are given by Nature, he hath added thoſe that are gotten by practiſe, and by conference. The ayre of *Italie* which is ſo powerfull in ripening of fruits, hath not been leſſe favourable to the ſeeds of his ſpirit, and having been at the ſpring-head of humane prudence, I aſſure my ſelfe, he hath drawn deepe of it, and hath filled his minde with ſo many new and ſublime knowledges; that even his Father (if it were not for the great love he beares him) might not unjuſtly grow jealous at it. This, Madam, is that happineſſe I ſpeake to

you

you off, and which I have alwayes wished to you, and to which, there can nothing be added, but to see shortly so excellent an instrument set aworke, and so able a man employed in great affaytes. When this shall be, I shall then see the successe of my ancient predictions, and of that I have long read in his very face; so that, you may well thinke, I shall take no distast at your contentment, as well for the reputation of my skill in Physnomie and Prognosticating, as for that I perfectly am

At *Balzac* 2. *Octob.* 1631. *Madam,*

Your, &c.

To Monsieur *de Gomberville.*

LETTER XI.

SIR, the mischance at the Tuilliries, hath disquieted me all night, and my unquietnesse would have continued still, if you had not taken the paines to calme it. The newes you send me, gives me life; A man cannot be innocent, whom Madam *de Maisonfort* judgeth culpable, shee is not one that will complaine where there is no fault; and truly, if she had taken the mischance of her page in another fashion than shee did, I would rather have abandoned reason than maintaine it against her, & would not have trusted

truſted my owne teſtimony, if ſhee rejected it. You remember, that but hearing her Name, I fell downe in a trance, and that the very ſight of her livery, ſtrucke into me a religious horrour, and a trembling reſpect, which is not borne, but to things divine. And in this ranke, I place ſo rare a beauty as hers is; and though I be no man of the world, yet I am not ſo very a ſtranger to the occurrents of the world, but that I very well know, ſhee is univerſally adored; I muſt not alwayes paſſe for an Hermite; this I am ſure, ſhee carries with her the deſires and vowes of all the Court, and ſhee leades in triumph thoſe Gallants, who have themſelves triumphed over our enemies: yet I know withall, they depend more upon her by their owne paſſion, than by her endeavours, and follow without being drawne. Theſe are Captives, whom ſhee truſts upon their word, for their true impriſonment, and whom ſhee ſuffers to be their owne Keepers. In the courſe ſhee holds of honeſtie, her favours are ſo morall, or ſo light, that either they content none but the wiſe, becauſe they deſire no more than what is given them; or none, but the unwiſe, becauſe they take that to be given them, which was never meant them; ſo there are ſome perhaps well ſatisfied, but it is by the force of their imagination, and no body hath cauſe to be proud of a Fortune, which no body poſſeſſeth. As her vertue is as cleere as the fire that ſparkles in her eyes, ſo her reputation is as much without blemiſh as her beautie; & of this, honeſt people give teſtimony by their

words,

words, and Detractors by their ſilence. Shee makes thornes that they cannot pricke, and makes ſlander it ſelfe to learne good manners. And therefore Sir, I ſhould be very unfortunate, if I had been cauſe of diſpleaſing her, whom all the world endeavours to pleaſe; and it would be a ſhame to our Nation, that a *Frenchman* ſhould beare himſelfe unreverently towards her, to whom very *Barbarians* beare a reverence. If this miſ-fortune had befallen me, it is not the ſaving my Pages life, ſhould make me ſtand in the defence; and I would never deſire to augment my traine, but to the end I might have the more ſacrifices to offer upon the Altar of her choler. But ſhee is too mercifull, to puniſh meane Delinquents, and too generous, to give petty Examples: ſhee reſerves her juſtice for the Great ones, and the Proud; for thoſe who having more tender ſenſes, are better able to feele the weight of her anger; or els in truth her purpoſe is to ſhew me a particular favour, by a publike declaration, and to let the world ſee, ſhee makes a reckoning of that of which the world makes none. And knowing what the gratefulneſſe of good Letters is, ſhee is deſirous to have them in her debt; ſhee payes our ſtudies before-hand, for the fruit ſhee expects from them, and obligeth the Art which can prayſe the Obligation: ſhee is made beleeve, that I have ſome skill in this Art, and I perceive I am not in ſo little reſpect with her as I thought; and of this I am aſſured, by the paines it coſt you, to make her take her Page againe that was hurt;

and by the civill language ſhee deſired you to deliver from her. It exceeded indeed all bounds of moderation, and it ſeemes ſhee would not only for my ſake protect an innocent, but would be ready, if need were, to reward a delinquent. For acknowledgment of which generous goodneſſe, all my owne ſpirit, and all my friends put together, can never be too much. It is particularly your ſelfe to whom I muſt have recourſe in this occaſiõ: you Sir, who ſet the Crown upon Beauties head, who have the power to make Queenes at your pleaſure; and to whom *Olympia* and *Yzatide*, are beholding for their Empire: having beſtowed ſo great glory upon perſons that never were; and ſet all *France* a running after Phantoſmes, you may well take upon you to defend the reputation of a ſenſible and living vertue, and chooſe a ſubject that may be thankefull to you for your choice; and this is a matter you cannot deny, of which wee will talke more, and conclude it after dinner in preſence of the Lady that is intereſſed in it, into whoſe preſence, I muſt entreat you, to be my uſher to bring me, that ſo I may ever more and more be,

Sir,

At *Paris*, 1. *June*: 1631.

Your moſt humble and moſt obliged ſervant, &c.

To

To Monſieur *de Villiers Hottoman.*

Letter XII.

SIR, being equally tender of the good will you beare me, and of the account you make of me, I cannot chooſe but reſt well ſatisfied with your remembring me, and with the judgement you deliver of my writings; you are not a man that will beare falſe witneſſe, and you have too much honeſtie to deceive the world, but withall, you have too much underſtanding to be deceived your ſelfe, and one may well relie upon a wiſedome that is confirmed by time and practiſe. This is that which makes mee to make ſuch reckoning of your approbation, and ſuch account of your counſell, that I ſhould be loath to be defective in the leaſt tittle of contenting you. It is farre from me, to maintaine a point, that you oppoſe; I give it over at the firſt blow, and yeeld at the firſt ſummons: yet I could never have thought, that of a jeaſt, there ſhould have been made a fault; or that a poore word, ſpoken without deſigne or ayming at any, ſhould have been the cauſe of ſo great complaints. You know, that in a certaine moderne Schoole, there is a difference made, *Fra la virtu faminile, & la Donneſca*; and it is held, that to make love, is more the vice of a woman, than of a Princeſſe; and leſſe to be blamed in the perſon of *Semiramis* or *Cleopatra*, than in the perſon of *Lucretia*

or *Virginia* : I carry not my opinions ſo farre, and I meane to be no Authour of ſo extravagant a Moralitie. It may ſuffice, that without deſcending from the *theſis* to the *hypotheſis*, I proteſt unto you, I ſhould be very ſorry, I had trenched upō the reputation of that great Queen, or intended to corrupt the memory of ſo excellent an odour, as ſhee hath left behinde her; of whoſe great worthineſſe, I have in other places ſayd ſo much, that I ſhould but ſhame my ſelfe to ſay any otherwiſe; and indeed, the termes I uſed were free, and not injurious, and ſuch, as if they wound a little, they tickle & delight much more: I neither ſpake diſgracefully of the dignitie of her royall birth, nor gave her any odious or uncivill names, as ſome others have done, whom I condemne extreamly for it; yet Sir, I will yeeld to confeſſe, that I have ſaid too much, and though my ſaying too much ſhould have attractives to charm me, and were as deare to me as any part of my ſelfe, yet ſeeing it is diſtaſtfull to you, I will for your ſake cut it cleane off, and never looke for further reaſons to induce me to it. I can deny nothing to my friends, and therefore make no doubt of the power you have over me, and of my teſtifying, upon this occaſion, without further opening my eyes, that I am

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 4. *Jan.* 1632.

Your, &c.

To

To Monſieur *de Borſtell.*

Letter XIII.

SIR, I am ſo farre from ſeeking to juſtifie my negligence, that I will not goe about ſo much as to excuſe it : nothing but my being dead, can be a valuable reaſon why I waited not upon you, to offer you my ſervice ; all other impediments would prove too light, to have kept mee here : but ſuch is your graciouſneſſe, that it is impoſſible to fall foule with you ; ſuch your indulgence, that you remit a fault before I can confeſſe it : you give me no leiſure to aske you, at the very firſt, you oblige me to thanke you, and I have received my pardon here at home, which I never looked to obtaine, but at *Oradour*, and that with long ſolliciting. I have not yet ſeene the Ambaſſatrix, who hath done me the favour to bring it to me, and I cannot imagine, ſhee ſhould be ſurprized with that deſpaire, as your Letter repreſents herein. *Alcions* affliction, in reſpect of hers, would be but meane, and thoſe women whoſe teares Antiquitie hath hallowed, did but hate their huſbands, in compariſon of her : I know not whether you doe her a pleaſure, to raiſe her ſorrow to ſo high a pitch ; for after this you ſpeake of, ſhee ſhall never be allowed to lift up her eyes, and you give her a reputation whereof ſhee is not worthy, if ſhee leave but one haire upon her head.

head. I much diſtaſt your exaggerations, and cannot thinke ſhee will beare you out in the report you make of her miſerable eſtate: if it were ſuch, as you make it, it would be capable of no remedie: *Epictetus* and *Seneca*, would be too meane Phyſitions, to take her in hand; yet I meane not to contradict you:

I thinke when death her husband ſeâ de,
Angelica with her Fates diſpleaſde,
Lookt pale i'th face as Alablaſter:
Charging the guiltleſſe ſtarres with blame
In the th' hard language, Rage could frame
When it is growne the Reaſons Maſter.

Yet the glory of her ſpirit makes me beleeve withall, that this ſad humour was but a Fit, and continued not long, and that the ſame day upon the tempeſt there followed a calme. A man ſhall meet with ſome women of ſuch ſpirits, that neither time nor Philoſophie can worke upon them; and ſome others againe, that prevent the worke of time & Philoſophie, by their owne naturall conſtitution. As there are ſome fleſhes ſo hard to heale, that no Balme can cure the pricke but of a pinne; ſo againe, there are ſome bodies ſo well cõpoſed, that their wounds are healed with plaine Spring water, and they cloſe and grow together of themſelves. I aſſure my ſelfe, our faire Lady is of this perfect temper, and that ſhe would be no example, to make widowes condemned for curling their locks, or for wearing their mourning gowns edged with greene,

greene. You ſhould alledge unto her the Princeſſe *Leonina*, ſo highly eſteemed of the Court of *Spaine*, and the prime ornament of this laſt age. Knowing that her husbands quirry was come, to relate unto her the particulars of his death, & hearing that his Secretary was to come the morrow after, ſhee ſent the quirry word, to forbeare comming to ſee her, till the Secretary were come, that ſo ſhee might not be obliged to ſhed teares twice. There is no vertue now adayes ſo common as conſtancy, nor any thing ſo ſuperfluous, as the cuſtome of comforting. All the Steele of *Biſcay*, and all the poyſon of *Theſſalie*, might well enough be truſted in the hands of the mourners of our time, without doing any hurt. I ſcarce know a man that would not be glad to out-live, not onely his friends & parents, but even the age he lives in, & his very Country, and rather than die, would willingly ſtay in the world himſelfe alone. Speake therefore no more of keeping *Angelica* here by force, who in my opinion is not of her ſelfe unwilling; and not having loſt the King of *Sweden*, may therefore the more eaſily repayre her loſſe. I would to God Sir, I could be no ſadder than ſhee is, and that I could forget a perſon, who is at this preſent the torment of my ſpirit; as he hath heretofore been the delight of my eyes: but melancholick men doe not ſo eaſily let goe the hold of their paſſions, and the good remedies you have ſent to comfort mee for his death; I approve them all, but apply none of them: yet I give you a thouſands marks,

though

though ſix moneths after they were due; and though I ſay not often, yet I ſay it moſt truly, that you ſhall never take care of any man, that is more than my ſelfe,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 30. *Aprill.* *Your, &c.*
1633.

To Madam ——

Letter XIIII.

MAdam, ſeeing I could not come to ſee you at your departure, as I was bound to doe, I doe not thinke I ſhall doe you any wrong to ſend you a better companion than that I promiſed you; I meane the Booke I now ſend you, whereof you have heard ſo much talke, and which you meant to have carried with you into *Perigord*, to be your comforter for the loſſe of *Paris*. It is in truth worthy of the good opinion you have of it, and of the impatience with which I am a witneſſe, you have expected it. And if wagers have been layd upon Queenes great bellies, and aſſurance given they ſhould be brought abed of a ſonne, why ſhould I wonder that you have given before hand, your approbation of a thing that deſerves the approbation of all the world? It will certainly bring you

out

out of taſt with the Preſent I gave you, when you deſired me to looke you out ſome of my Compoſitions. In it you ſhall finde that, that will ſhorten the longeſt dayes of this ſeaſon; That, that will keepe you from tediouſneſſe when you are alone; That, that will make you thanke me for my abſence. For to ſay true, all viſits will be unſeaſonable to you, when you ſet your ſelfe to the Recreation of ſo ſweet a reading; and whoſoever ſhall come to trouble you at ſuch a time, muſt needs have from you ſome ſecret maledictions, what civilities ſoever you make ſhew of, as your cuſtome is. I would be loath to fall into this inconvenience, it is better I give my opinion a farre off, and in a Letter, which you may entertaine without any ſolemnitie: ſince then you will have me beleeve, that my judgement is not altogether bad, nor my opinions wholly unſound; I profeſſe unto you Madam, that ſetting aſide the affection I beare to the Authour of this worke, I have obſerved in the worke it ſelfe, a number of excellent things, which I could not chuſe but prayſe, even in an enemy. He is not ſo cholerick I hope, but that he will pardon me if I ſay that he is one of the moſt pleaſing lyars that ever I ſaw. I complaine not of his impoſtures, but when he ceaſeth to deceive me, becauſe I would gladly have them laſt alwayes. His Hiſtory hath quite removed my ſpirit out of its place, and hath touched to the quicke all that I have ſenſible in me. I will not hide my weakneſſe: I knew at firſt, that the painting I looked on, was all falſe, yet

I could

I could not hold from having as violent paſſi-
ons, as if it had been true, and as if I had ſeen
it with mine eyes: ſometimes ſorrowfull, ſome-
times glad; as it pleaſeth Monſieur *de Bois Ro-
bert* to tell me tales of good or bad fortune. I
find my ſelfe intereſſed in good earneſt in all the
affayres of his imaginary Kings; I am put in
feare for the poore *Anaxandra*, more than I
can expreſſe, and as much I am humbled for the
miſ-fortunes of *Lyſimantus*, and I have ſeene
them both in ſuch extremities, that I made ſo-
lemne vowes for their ſafetie, when at the very
height they were miraculouſly delivered. In
concluſion Madam, though I have a heart hard
enough, and eyes not very moyſt, yet I could not
forbeare to ſhed teares, in ſpight of my ſelfe;
and I have been even aſhamed to ſee, that they
were but the dreames and fancies of another
man, and not my owne proper evils which put
into me ſuch true paſſions. This is a tyrannicall
power, which the ſence uſurpeth over the rea-
ſon, and which makes us ſee, that the neigh-
bour-hood of the imagination, is extreamly
contagious to the intellectuall part, and that
there is much more body than ſoule in this
proud creature, which thinkes it ſelfe borne to
command all others. The *Æthiopick* Hiſtory
hath oftentimes given me theſe Alarums, and I
cannot yet reade it without ſuffering my ſelfe
to be deceived. As for other writings of this
kinde, it is true, I make ſome choice, and runne
not after all *Spaniſh Romances*, with equall paſ-
ſion. They are indeed for the moſt part, but *Hel-*

liodorus

liodorus in other clothes, or as ——— ſayd, but children borne of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and ſeeme to reſemble their Father and Mother ſo neere, that there is not a haires breadth of difference betweene them. But in this worke Madam, I make you promiſe you ſhall ſee novelties, and ſhall finde in it this ſweet ayre of the wide world, and theſe dainties of the ſpirit, which are not common in our Provinces. I confeſſe unto you, there is in ſome paſſages ſome thing that may ſeeme too much painted, and perhaps too gariſh, and which will not beare examining by the rigour of Precepts; but then you muſt confeſſe as well that Fables looke chiefly after beautie, and care not though it be a little immodeſt, ſeeing this kinde of writing is rather a looſe Poeſie, than a regular Proſe. As ſoone as I ſhall be able to ride, I will come and heare your Oracles hereupon, and tell you, as I uſe to doe, that as your ſelfe is one of the perfecteſt things I ever ſaw, ſo I am more than of any other,

Madam,

At Balzac, 10. Auguſt, 1629. *Your, &c.*

To

To Monſieur *Hobier*, Preſident of the Treaſures in the Generalitie of *Bourges*.

Letter XV.

SIR, though you ſhould ſay, I preſent you alwayes with flowers that prick you, and offer you ſervices that may ſeeme unſeaſonable, yet I cannot forbeare the ſollicitations of my Letters, nor the trading with you by this way of Complements. The Booke which I have deſired Monſieur *de*——— to deliver to you, ſhall paſſe if you pleaſe, but for an Eſſay; and I am contented that my diſcourſes Morall and Politick, ſhall contribute nothing to the mending of my own fortune, ſo they may contribute ſomething to the recommending of my Siſters buſineſſe: if it become me to ſpeake of a perſon that is ſo neere unto me, and if you thinke me worthy to be credited in the teſtimony I ſhall give of her, I am able Sir, to ſay thus much, that ſhee is a womā, either lifted up by her own ſtrength above the paſſions of her ſexe, or that Nature hath exempted her from them, by a peculiar priviledge: ſo farre, as that amongſt us, ſhee ſtands for an example, and leads a life that is the edification of all our Province. But though ſhee make profeſſion of ſevere vertues, yet ſhee aſpires to no glory by ſullen humours; ſhee hath nothing

nothing muddy, nor clowniſh in her, but tempers her auſterity with ſo much exterior ſweetneſſe, that without endeavouring to pleaſe any, ſhee ſeemes to be pleaſing to all the world. I therefore ſollicite you for her, in behalfe of all the world, and crave your favour with violence; for to crave it with diſcretion, would make but a weake ſhew, of the deſire I have to obtaine it. In matters that concerne my ſelfe onely, I am held backe by a certaine naturall timourouſneſſe, which makes me oftentimes to be wanting to my ſelfe; but in that which concernes her, I obſerve not ſo much as honeſt reſpects; but am bold, even to temeritie; and if therein I ſhould not doe too much, I ſhould never thinke I did enough: and yet this is a fault, which leaves no remorſe behinde it; the merit of the ſubject, juſtifies the importunitie of the ſuppliant; and when you ſhall know her better, you will find no great exceſſe in that I write, and will bleſſe my perſecution. You have already obliged us exceedingly, and have put the buſineſſe in an infallible way of proſpering; it onely remaines Sir, that you crowne your courtaſie, and draw a concluding word from the parties, whom I ſhall call *Publicans*, and couple them with Heathens, if they be not converted and led with that you ſhall ſay unto them: but I cannot doubt of the effect of your perſwaſions, who know, that both by your tongue, and by your pen, you practiſe our Art, with aſſured ſucceſſe. Let us now ſee the proofe of it, in this occaſion, and I promiſe you, that never favour

was more commended, nor ſhall be more recommended, than yours ſhall be. The conſideration of a good deed, being joyned to that of vertue, you ſhall poſſeſſe me by a double title, and I ſhall not be leſſe of due, than I am by choice,

Sir,

At Balzac, 25. Decemb. *Your, &c.*

1631.

To Monſieur *de Coupeauville*, Abbot of the Victory.

Letter XVI.

SIR, ſeeing the Relations that come from *Paris*, tell us no Newes at all of you, I entreat you to be your owne Hiſtorian, and not ſuffer me to be punctually informed of a thouſand things, that are indifferent to me, and remaine altogether ignorant of the ſtate of your health, which is ſo infinitely deare unto me. It is very likely, you have all the care that may be of it, as of a thing neceſſary for exerciſing the functions of a vertuous life; and I doubt not but you containe your ſelfe alwayes in that excellent meane, which is betweene diſorder and mortification. You are no longer hungry after the glory of *Germanie*, and if the Artillery of

the

the *Valſtin* carry not ſo farre as the *Realle*, I aſſure my ſelfe, it can doe you no hurt: my minde therefore is at quiet in that point, and I am not afraid to looſe you, as I have loſt ſome other valiant friends; and you doe well to leave the warre to others, and ſtay your ſelfe upon the Victory. I aske you pardon for this untoward Æquivocall word, I have rather written it than thought it, and it is a miſ-fortune which ſurprizeth me but very ſeldome: I onely ſay Sir, that it is better to be Abbot a dozen miles from *Paris*, than to be Generall of an Armie in *Tharingia* or *Weſtphalia*; and that a Croſſe of ſo many pounds a yeare, is much more worth than either *Hercules* clubbe, or *Rowlands* ſword; and that he that gave you ſo honeſt and ſo rich an idleneſſe, hath not ill deſerved of your Philoſophy, to which I recommend me with all my heart, and wiſh unto it the continuance of this happie repoſe; but upon condition, that it make you not diſtaſte our friendſhip, and ſuffer you to place one of the moſt noble vertues of the mind in the number of her maladies and infirmities. Be not a Doctour ſo farre as that, and remember, you are my debtor of ſome affection, if you forget not, that I am

Sir,

Yours, &c.

At Balzac, 25. Decemb. 1631.

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Sir,

At Balzac, 25. Decemb. 1631. *Your, &c.*

To Monſieur *de Forgues*, Commander of a Company in *Holland*.

Letter XVII.

SIR, my deare Couſin, I thinke my ſelfe a rich man with the goods you have given me: another that ſhould have received the ſame preſent, ſhould not owe you for it the ſame obligation, but the opinion of things, is the meaſure of their value; and becauſe I have neither minde nor eyes that be covetous, I account the Emeraudes of your Glaſſe-windowes, of as great a price as thoſe of Lapidaries: at leaſt, whereas they are without life and motion, theſe live and moove in my baſe Court. I know my riches, and am known by them, and after I have read my ſelfe ſtarke blind, I goe and refreſh my wearied ſight in that admirable verdure, which is to me both a recreation and a remedie. Baſe objects, not onely offend my imagination, but even provoke my choler; and I ſhould never receive a Monkey from the beſt of my friends, but onely to kill it: but I vow unto you, that beautie pleaſeth me whereſoever I meet it; yet becauſe it is a dangerous thing in women faces, I like better to behold it in the feathers of birds, and in the enameling of flowers. Pleaſures ſo chaſt, are compatible with Lent, and

offend

offend not God: and therefore upon these one houre in a day, I take pleasure to stand gazing and amuse my selfe: I thanke you for it with all my heart, and passionately am

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 7. *March*, 1634. *Your, &c.*

To Madam d' *Anguitur.*

Letter XVIII.

MAdam, It shall never be laid to my charge, that you speake of me with honour, and that I understand it without feeling. A good opinion is obligatory, from whence so ere it come, but infinitely more, when it comes from an exquisit judgement, as yours is; and I doubt not, but *Socrates* was more touched and tickled with that one word the Oracle spake of him, than with all the prayses the world had given him. The favourable discourses you have held of me, ought not to be held of me in lesse acoût than words indeed inspired, & if I should place them in the number of humane testimonies, I should shew my selfe ignorant, that it is Heaven which hath been your Instructour; and that from thence, you have received those cleere lights, whereof the Starres are but shadowes.

I doe not amplifie any thing at adventure, nor ſuffer my ſelfe to be ſwayed with flattery; but in this point of Illumination, Madam, I alwayes except matters of Faith, leaſt your Miniſters ſhould take advantage of my words. We muſt needs, I ſay, hold for certaine, that either you have been inſtructed by an extraordinary way, or confeſſe that you owe it all to your ſelfe, and that comming to know the truth, without ſtudie and diſcipline, your vertue is a meere work of your owne making. It is no ſmall matter for one that lives in parts remote from the Court, to be but tolerably reaſonable, & able to maintaine his common ſence againſt ſo many oppoſites and oppoſitions, as he ſhall meet with; but in theſe remote parts, where you have no choice of Examples, there to diſcover the *Idaa*, from whence Examples are taken, to breath in an infected Ayre, and full of Errours; and yet reteine ſtill ſound opinions; to be continually oppoſed with extravagant queſtions, and yet alwayes returne diſcreet anſwers; To take pittie of ſilly Buffons, when others admire them; to make a difference between jeaſts picked up here and there, and thoſe that come from the Spring it ſelfe; between wiſe diſcourſes, and harmonious fooleries; between a ſufficiency that is ſolid, and that which is onely painted; to doe theſe things Madam, ought to be called even halfe a miracle: and no leſſe a raritie in theſe dayes than in former times, it was to ſee a white *Æthiopian*, or a *Scythian* Philoſopher. Our Country may juſtly be proud of ſo admira-

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ble a birth; It is the great worke of her famous fæcunditie, and wee may boldly say, there is that found in *Saintoigne*, which is wanting in the *Circle*; that which hinders the Court from being compleat, and that which is necessary for the perfecting of *Paris* it selfe. But as well here as there Madam, if ever you will heare the vowes of those who wish your happinesse, I would thinke it fit, you should not make your selfe a spectacle for the vulgar, nor suffer your entertainment to be a recreation for idle persons. It deserves not to be approached unto without preparation; & that they should examine themselves well, who present themselves before it. All spirits at all times are not capable of so worthy a communication, and therefore, let men say what they will, I account the reservations you make of your selfe, to be very just, and it cannot be thought strange, that being as you are of infinite value, you take some time to possesse your selfe alone, and not to loose your right of reigning; which admits, as no division, so no Company. To use it otherwise Madam, would not be a civilitie, or a courtesie, but indeed an ill husbanding of your spirit, and a wastfull profusion of those singular graces, of which, though it be not fit you should deprive them that honour you, yet it is fit you should give them out by tale, and distribute them by measure. It is much better, to have lesse generall designes, and to propose to ones selfe, a more limited reputation, than to abandon ones spirit to every one that will be talking, and to expose it to the cu-

rioſitie of the people, who leave alwayes a certaine taynt of impuritie upon all things they looke upon: by ſuch vitious ſufferance, we find dirt and mire carried into Ladies Cloſets: if there come a buſie fellow into the Countrey, preſently honeſt women are beſieged, there is thronging to tell them tales in their eares; and all the world thinkes, they have right to torment them: and thus, ſaving the reverence of their good report, though they be chaſt, yet they be publike; and though they can ſpie the leaſt ſullying upon their ruffes, yet they willingly ſuffer a manifeſt ſoyling of their nobleſt part. You have done Madam, a great act, to have kept your ſelfe free from the tyrannnie of cuſtome, and to have ſo ſtrongly fortified your ſelfe againſt uncivill aſſaylants; that, whilſt the Louver is ſurprized, your houſe remaines impregnable. I cannot but magnifie the excellent order, with which you diſpoſe the houres of your life; and I take a pleaſure to thinke upon this Sanctuary of yours, by the onely reverence of vertue made inviolable: in which, you uſe to retyre your ſelfe, either to enjoy more quietly your repoſe, or otherwiſe, to exerciſe your ſelfe in the moſt pleaſing action of the world, which is the conſideration of your ſelfe. If after this your happie ſolitude, you come ſometimes and caſt your eyes upon the Book I ſend you, you ſhall therein Madam, doe me no great favour: the things you ſhall have thought, will wrong thoſe you ſhall reade; and ſo it ſhall not be a grace, but an affront I ſhall receive. I therefore humbly entreat

treat you, there may be ſome reaſonable intermiſſion, between two actions, ſo much differing: Goe not ſtreight from your ſelfe to me, but let the relliſh of your owne meditation be a little paſſed over, before you goe to take recreation in my worke. To value it to you, as a piece of great price; or otherwiſe, to vilifie it, as a thing of no value, might juſtly be thought in me an equall vanity. They who praiſe themſelves, deſire conſent, and ſeeke after others approbation; they who blame themſelves, ſeeke after oppoſition, and deſire they may be contradicted. This latter humilitie, is no better than the others pride. But to the end, I may not ſeeme to goe to the ſame place, by a third way, and deſire to be prayſed, at leaſt with that indifferency I aſcribe to you; I entreat you Madam, that you will not ſpeake the leaſt word, either of the merit of my labour, or in default of merit, of the faſhion of language I have uſed in ſpeaking to you: I meane not to put this Letter upon the ſcore; to ſpeake plainly, I entreat you to make me no anſwer to it; ſo farre I am off, from expecting thankes for it. It is not, Madam, a Preſent I make you, it is an homage I owe you; and I pretend not to oblige you at all, but onely to acquit my ſelfe of the firſt act of veneration, which I conceive I owe you, as I am a reaſonable creature, and deſiring all my life to be

Madam,

At Balzac 4. May, 1634.

Your, &c.

To

To Monſieur *Balthazar*, Councellour of the King, and Treaſurer Generall of *Navarre*.

Letter XIX.

SIR, I never deliberate upon your opinion, nor ever examine any mans merit, when you have once told me what to beleeve. But yet, if I ſhould allow my ſelfe the libertie to do otherwiſe, I could but ſtill ſay, that I find Monſieur *de* —— well worthy the account you hold him in, and my ſelfe well ſatisfied of him, upon his firſt acquaintance. By further converſation, I doubt not, but I ſhould yet diſcover in him more excellent things, but it is no eaſie matter, ever to bring us together againe: For, he is a Carthuſian in his Garriſon, and I an Hermite in the Deſart; ſo as that which in our two lives makes us moſt like, is that which makes us moſt unlikely ever to meet: yet I ſometimes heare Newes of him; and I can aſſure you, he is but too vigilant in looking to his Charge; hee hath ſtood ſo many Rounds and Sentinells, that it is impoſſible, he ſhould be without rhumes, at leaſt, till Midſomer. Theſe are, to ſpeake truly, workes of ſupererogation; for I ſee no enemy this Province need to feare, unleſſe perhaps, the *Perſian* or *Tartarian*: the very Name of the King,

King, is generally fortification enough, over all his Kingdome; and as things now ſtand, *Vaugirad* is a place impregnable; that if *Demetrius* came againe into the world, he would looſe his reputatiō before the meaneſt village of *Beauſſe*: but this is one of your politician ſubtleties, to make *Angouleſme* paſſe for a Frontier Towne, and to give it eſtimation, that it may be envied. Doubt not, but I ſhall give you little thankes for this, ſeeing by this meanes you are cleane gone from us, and I muſt be faine to make a journey of purpoſe into *Languedoc*, if I ever meane to enjoy the contentment of embracing you, and of aſſuring you, that I am

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac*, 1. *March*. 1633.

To Monſieur *de Serizay*.

Letter XX.

SIR, if you were but reſident at *Paris*, I ſhould hope ſometimes to heare of your Newes, but now that you are bewitched there, it will be an ungratefull worke for you to reade mine. They are alwayes ſuch as muſt be pitied. In my way there are as many ſtones to daſh againſt, as in yours there are flowers: and life it ſelfe

ſelfe is an evill that I ſuffer, as it is a good that you enjoy: you left me blind, and may now find me lame; my cauſes of complaining never ceaſe, they doe but change place; and the favours I receive, are ſo husbanded, that I cannot recover an eye, but by the loſſe of a legge. I was yeſterday in a great muſing upon this, when ſuddenly a great light ſhined in my Chamber, and dazeled mine eyes, even as I lay in my bed. And not to hold you long in ſuſpence, the Name of the Angell I meane, was Madam *d'Eſtiſſac*, who thus appeared unto me, and willing to make the world ſee, how much ſhee hath profited in Religion, runnes after all occaſions, to put her Chriſtian vertues in practiſe. This ſomewhat abates the vanity I ſhould otherwiſe have taken in her viſite; for, I ſee it is rather charitie than courteſie, and I am ſo much beholding to my infirmitie for it, that ſhee made a doubt whether I were ſicke enough to merit it; as much as to ſay, a Paralitick ſhould have had this courteſie from her ſooner than I. They muſt be great miſeries that attract her great favours; pittie which teacheth the fayreſt hands of the world to bury the dead, may well get of the fayreſt eyes that ever were, ſome gracious lookes to comfort the afflicted. What ere it be, I have found by experience, that no ſadneſſe is ſo obſtinate and clowdie, but pleaſing objects may diſſolve & pierce, nor any Philoſopher ſo ſtony and inſenſible, but may be ſoftned and awaked by their lighteſt impreſſion. I verily thinke, another of her viſits, would have ſet me on my legges, and made

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me able to goe: but shee thought me not worthy of a whole miracle, and therefore I must content my selfe with this beginning of my cure. I enforme you of these things, as being one that reverenceth their cause, and as one that loves me too well, to make slight of the goods or evills I impart unto him. This last word of my Letter, shall serve, if you please, for a corrective to the former, I revoke it as a blasphemie, and will never beleeve, that all the Magick in *Paris*, is able to make you forget a man, whom you have promised to love, and who passionately is

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 3. *July*. 1633. *Your, &c.*

Another to him:

LETTER XXI.

SIR, this is the first opportunitie I could get to write unto you, and to comfort my selfe for your absence by this imperfect way, which is the onely meanes left mee to enjoy you. These are but shadowes and figures of that true contentment, I received by your presence: but since I cannot be wholly happie, I must take it in good part that I am not wholly miserable,

rable. I will haſten all I can to finiſh the buſineſſe I have begun, thereby to put my ſelfe in ſtate to ſee you; and if my minde could goe as faſt as my will, I ſhould my ſelfe be with you as ſoone as my Letter. It is true, there cannot be a more delicate and daintie place, than this where I live baniſhed; and a friend of ours ſaid, that they who are in exile here, are farre happier than Kings in *Muſcovia*: but being ſeparated from a man ſo infinitely deere unto mee, I doe not thinke, I could live contented in the Fortunate Iſlands; and I ſhould be loath to accept of felicitie it ſelfe, if it were offered me, without your company. Wherefore aſſure your ſelfe, that as ſoone as I can rid my ſelfe of ſome importunate viſits, which I muſt neceſſarily both receive and give, I will not looſe one moment of the time, that I have deſtinated to the accompliſhment of —— and will travaile much more aſſiduouſly than otherwiſe I ſhould doe, ſeeing it is the end of my travaile, that onely can give me the happineſſe of your preſence. In the meane time, I am bound, firſt to tell you, that I have ſeene here —— and then to give you thankes for the good cheare he hath made me. He believes upon your word, that I am one of much worth, and gives me Encomiums, which I could not expect from his judgement, but that you have corrupted it, by favouring me too much. I earneſtly entreat you, to let mee heare from you, upon all occaſions; and to ſend me by the Poſt the two bookes, which I ſend for to Mounſieur —— if you have not received them

them of him already; but above all, I desire you, that we may lay aside all meditation and art in writing our Letters; and that the negligence of our stile, may be one of the marks of the friendship betweenus: and so Sir, I take my leave, and am with all my soule,

At Balzac, 2. Decemb. *Your, &c.*
1628.

Another to him.

LETTER XXII.

SIR, eyther you meane to mocke me, or I understand not the termes of your Letter; I come to you in my night gowne, and my night cap upon my head, and you accuse me for being too fine. You take me for a cunning marchant, who am the simpleſt creature in the world: if another should use me thus, I should not take it so patiently; but what ere your designe be, I count my selfe happie, to be the subject of your joy, and that I can make you merry, though it be to my cost: when I write to you, I leave my selfe to the conduct of my penne, and neither thinke of the dainties of our Court, nor of the severitie of our Grammar; that if there be any thing in my Letters of any worth, it must needs be, that you have falsified them, and so it is you that are the Mountebanke, and will

will utter your counterfeits for true Diamonds. You know well, that Eloquence is not gotten ſo good cheape, and that to terme my untoward language, by the name of this qualitie, is a ſuperlative to the higheſt of my Hyperboles. Yet it ſeemes, you ſtand in no awe of Father —— as though you had a priviledge, to ſpeake without controll, things altogether unlikely; for this firſt time, I am content to pardon you, but if you offend ſo againe, I will enforme againſt you, and promiſe you an honourable place in the third part of *Philarchus*. The man you wrot of, hath no paſſions now; but wiſe and ſtayed; he hath given over play, and women, and all his delight now, is in his Bookes and vertue. Rejoyce, I pray you, at this happie converſion, and if you be his friend ſo much, and ſo much a Poet, as to ſhew your ſelfe in publicke, you may doe well to make a Hymne in prayſe of Sickneſſe; as one hath heretofore done in prayſe of Health: for to ſpeake truly, it is his ſickneſſe that hath healed him, and hath put into him the firſt meditations of his health: I expect great Newes from you by the next Poſt, and paſſionately am

Sir,

Yours, &c.

At *Bolzac*, 25. Decemb. 1628.

To

To Monſieur *Ogier*.

Letter XXIII.

SIR, I cannot but confeſſe that men in miſery, never found a more powerfull Protectour than your ſelfe; and that you ſeeme borne to be a defender of oppreſſed innocency. The Fathers of the *Minimme Order*, are as much beholding to you as my ſelfe; whoſe right, you have ſo ſtrongly maintained, that if I did not know you well, I ſhould verily think, the Saint you ſpeake of, had inſpired you. And as by his prayers he gaines a juriſdiction over the fruitfulneſſe of Princeſſes, ſo by the ſame prayers he hath contributed aſſiſtance to this excellent worke you ſend mee. After this, it is not to be ſufferd you ſhould make ſhew of diſtaſt, and tell me of your ſloathfulneſſe. When fire ſhall ceaſe to be active, I will then beleeve, you can be ſloathfull; but will never thinke you hate Bookes, untill —— ſhall give over his ſuits in Law; or if I muſt needs give credit to your words, I then aſſure my ſelfe, this diſtaſt could never come unto you, but by your too great fare, nor this wearineſſe, but by your too great labour. I am my ſelfe a witneſſe of your aſſiduitie in ſtudie; and you know, how early ſoever I riſe in the morning, I alwayes find you in the chamber next to the Meteors; which high region, I conceive you have choſen, that you may

be the neerer to take in the inſpirations of Heaven. I thinke it long till I come, and viſit you there, to take counſell of your Muſes, in a number of difficulties I have to propound unto you. In the meanetime, I have this to ſay, that the Newes you ſend me, hath even aſtoniſhed me, and it ſeemes to me, a kinde of Enchantment. Monſieur ——— will ſhew you certaine Letters, which I entreat you to conſider of, and by which you ſhall ſee, that if I be deceived, yet it is not groſſely, nor without much cunning uſed. Make me beholding to you, by opening your minde more particularly in this matter, and by believing that I am with all my heart

Sir,

At Balzac, 4. Feb. 1629. *Your, &c.*

Another to him.

Letter XXIIII.

SIR, there is no friendſhip in the world of more uſe than yours: it is my Buckler in all my battailes, it is my Conſolation in all my calamities; but ſpecially, it is my Oracle in all my doubts. That which before I have your advice, I propoſe to my ſelfe with trembling, as ſoone as once I have your approbation, I make it a Maxime, and an Aphoriſme: and when I have

have once consulted with you, never did an *Ignoramus* take upon him to be some great Doctour better than I doe: You have knowledge enough to serve your owne turne, and your friends; you are the God that inspires the *Sibylle*: for my selfe, I am no longer an Authour, but an Interpretor, and speake nothing of my selfe, but preach onely your doctrine. I give you a thousand thankes for your great magnificence, in giving me so great a treasure; and for the learned Observations you have been pleased to communicate unto me: Assure your selfe, I will cry them up in good place, & make your Name alledged solemnly for an Authoritie. Gratefulnesse is the poore mans best vertue, and seeing I cannot be liberall, I will endeavour, at least, not to be unmindfull: And so Sir, I am most perfectly, and more than any other in the world,

At Balzac, 6. Mar. *Your, &c.*
1629.

To Madam *Desloges.*

LETTER XXV.

MAdam, being in a fit of a Feaver, I heare you are at *Oradour*, where I should have the honour to see you, if the joy of so good Newes had the power to carry me thither, and

were able to give me the health, which it is forward to promiſe me. Being therefore not in caſe to aſſure you in perſon, how ſenſible I am of your many courteſies; give me leave to teſtifie unto you, that I am not unmindfull of the very laſt you ſhewed me, and that I give you thankes for the beginning of my amendment, whereof you are the cauſe. It is certaine, that when I was burning in a moſt extreame fire, I received a notable cooling and comfort, to heare you but onely Named; and this, Madam, is the firſt miracle you have done in this Countrey, if you ſtay but a while here, I hope we ſhall ſee many more and greater, and that you will leave ſome excellent markes, that you have beene here. Our Deſarts ſhall be no longer rude, or ſavage, having once been honoured by your preſence, the ſweet ayre, that breaths on the bankes of the *Loyre*, ſhall ſpread it ſelfe hither; and I doubt not, but you will change all the choler of *Lymouſin* into Reaſon, and make our Lyons become men. I doe not thinke, there is any will oppoſe this truth, unles perhaps —— who had the heart to part from you with drie eyes, and could not finde teares to accompany yours. I have told him of it to his ſhame, before Monſieur *de* —— and both of us agree, that in this occaſion, he might honeſtly enough, have broken the lawes of his Philoſophie, & might have loſt his gravitie, without any lightneſſe. Whilſt wee were together, they deſired to ſee a part of my Prince, which as yet I dare not call by ſo illuſtrious a Name; for in truth, Madam, he

he can be but a private perſon, untill ſuch time as you proclaime him, and that he receive inveſtiture from his Soveraigne: ſo I call your approbation, which is with me in ſuch reſpect and reverence, that I ſhould preferre it before Reaſon it ſelfe, if they were two things that could be ſeparated, and that I were allowed to chooſe which I would have. I would ſay more hereof, but that methinks, I have done a great worke to ſay ſo much; for my head is in ſuch violent agitation, with the heat of my laſt fit, that all I can doe at this time, is but to ſet my hand to this Proteſtation, that I honour you exceedingly, and am as much as any in the world,

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 25. *Auguſt*. 1629.

Your, &c.

Another to her.

LETTER XXVI.

MAdam, I am jealous of my Lacquies fortune, who makes now a ſecond journey to you, and conſequently, ſhall be twice together twice as happy as I: he ſhould never have this advantage of me, if to a journey to ſee you, there went nothing but courage, and if the relicks of my diſeaſe, which prey upon weaknes, did not tyre me more than the extreame vio-

lence did, when I had ſome ſtrength to reſiſt it. By ſtaying in my chamber, I looſe all the fayre dayes that ſhine in the garden; all the riches of the fields are gathered without me; I have no part in the fruits of Autumne, whereof the Spring gave me ſuch ſweet hopes; and I am promiſed health at winter, when I ſhall ſee nothing but a pale Sunne, a thread-bare Earth, and dead ſticks, that have brought forth grapes, but not for me to eate. In this miſerable eſtate, I have no comfort, but onely the Letter you did me the honour to write unto me, which is ſo precious to me Madam, that I even honour it, with a kinde of ſuperſtition, and am ready to make a chaine or bracelet of it, to try whether the wearing it about me, may not proove a better Remedy againſt my Feaver, than all the other I have uſed. There is but one word in it that I cannot endure, being not able to conceive why you ſhould call your ſelfe Unfortunate: are you not afraid, leaſt God ſhould call you to account for this word? and charge you with ungratefulneſſe, for making ſo ſlight reckoning of his great benefits and Graces? He hath lifted you up above your owne ſexe, and ours too, and hath ſpared nothing to make you compleat; the better part of *Europe* admires you; and in this poynt, both Religions are agreed, and no conteſting betweene Catholike and Proteſtant; The Popes *Nuntio*, hath preſented our Beliefe even to your perſon, all perfumed with the complements and civilities of *Italie*; Princes are your Courtiers, and Doctours your Scholers:

lers: and is this Madam, that you call to be unfortunate? and that which you take for a juſt cauſe to complaine? I humbly intreat you, to ſpeake hereafter in more proper termes, and to acknowledge Gods favours in a more gratefull manner. I know well, that your loyaltie hath ſuffered by your brothers Rebellion; and that in the publike miſeries you have had ſome private loſſes, but ſo long as you have your noble heart, and your excellent ſpirit left you, it is not poſſible, you ſhould be unfortunate; for indeed, in theſe two parts, the true Madam *Deſloges* is all entire and whole. It is I Madam, that have juſt cauſe to ſay, I am unfortunate, who am never without paine, never without griefe, never without enemies; and even at this very time I write from a houſe of griefe, where my mother and my ſiſter being ſicke on one hand, and my ſelfe on the other, I ſeeme to be ſicke of three ſickneſſes at once; yet be not afraid, leaſt this I ſend you ſhould be infectious, as though I had a deſigne to poyſon you with my Preſents: for I have not yet medled with any of the Muſque fruits, which I hope you ſhall eate; I have not durſt ſo much as to come neere them, leaſt I ſhould chance to leave ſome light impreſſion of my Feaver upon them: They are originally Natives of *Languedoc*, and have not ſo degenerated from the goodneſſe of their auncеſtors, but that you will find them, I hope, of no unpleaſing taſte, and beſides Madam, they grow in a ſoyle that is not hated of Heaven, & where I can aſſure you, your Name is ſo often rehear-

ſed, and your vertue ſo highly eſteemed, that there is not an Eccho in all our woods, but knowes you for one of the perfectest things in the world, and that I am

Madam

At *Balzac*, 20. *Septemb.* 1629. *Your, &c.*

To ——

Letter XXVII.

MAdam, ſee here the firſt thankes I give you, for you know, that having never done me but diſpleaſures, I have never yet returned you but complaints: but now at laſt you have been pleaſed to beginne to oblige me, and after ſo many ſentences of death, which you have pronounced againſt me, and after ſo many cruelties, which I have ſuffered, you have bethought your ſelfe, ten yeares after, to ſend me one good Newes, which truly is ſo pleaſing to me, that I muſt confeſſe, you had no other way to reconcile your ſelfe unto me; and I cannot forbeare to bleſſe the hands that brought mee a Letter from Madam *Deſloges*, though they were dyed in my bloud, and had given me a thouſand wounds. The ſence of former injuries, hath no competition with ſo perfect a joy, and of two paſſions equally juſt, the more violent is eaſily over-

overcome of the more ſweet. You have haſtened the approach of my old age, and made gray one halfe of my haire; you have baniſhed mee this Kingdome, and forced me to flie your tyranny, by flying into another Country: finally, it is no thanke to you, that I have not broken my owne necke, and made matter for a Tragedie: and yet foure lines of Madam *Deſloges*, have the force to blot out all this long ſtory of my miſ-fortunes, and willingly with all my heart, I forget all the diſpleaſures I have received, for this good office you now affoord me. I make you this diſcourſe in our firſt language, that I may not diſobey Monſieur *de* —— who will have me write, but will not have me write in any other ſtile; for in truth, and to ſpeake ſeriouſly, now that he leaves me at libertie, I muſt confeſſe unto you Madam, that I am exceedingly bound unto you, for the continency I have learned by being with you, and for the good examples you have given me: your medicines are bitter, but they heale; you have baniſhed me, but it is from priſon: and if my paſſions be cooled by the ſnow of my head, I haye then never a white hayre, which I may not count for one of your favours. I therefore recant my former complaints, and confeſſe my ſelfe your Debtour of all my vertue. The time I have imployed in your ſervice, hath not been ſo much the ſeaſon of my diſorderd life, as it hath been an initiating me into a regular life which I meane to leade. Your converſation hath been a ſchoole of auſteritie unto me, and you have taught me, never to

be

be either yours, or any others, but onely in our Lord,

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 10. *Octob.* 1629.

Your, *&c.*

To Madam *Deſloges.*

Letter XXVIII.

MAdam, my evill Fortune, gives one common beginning to all my Letters: I am impatient even to death, to have the honour to come and ſee you: but now that I am well, the ayre is ſicke, and all the Countrey drowned: There is no Land to be ſeene between this and *Lymouſin*; and the miſchiefe is, that there is no navigation yet found out, for ſo dangerous a voyage. This bindes me to waite, till the waters be fallen, and that God be pleaſed to remember his Covenant with *Noah*. As ſoone as this ſhall be, I will not fayle to performe my vow, and to come and ſpend with you the happieſt day of all my life. In the meane time Madam, give me leave, to tell you, that I am not yet well recovered of the extaſie you put me in, by writing unto me ſuch excellent things, that I could not reade them with a quiet minde, nor indeed without a kinde of jealouſie. All *Frontignon* would be ſufficiently paid with that you

write

write of a dozen paltry Muske-fruits I ſent you; & you prayſe my writings with words, which have no words worthy of them, but your own. This, of one ſide makes me envious, and of the other ſide intereſſed: and if the honour I receive by your flattering Eloquence, did not ſweeten the griefe of being overcome, it would trouble me much that I had no better defended the advantages of our ſexe, but ſhould ſuffer it to looſe an honour, which the *Greekes* and *Latines* had gotten for it. Yet take heed, you hazard not your judgement too freely, upon the uncertaintie of humane things: you reckon him a Prince, who is not yet borne, you ſhould have ſeene his Horoſcope from the poynt of his conception, before you ſhould ſpeake of him in ſo loftie termes. But beſides that nothing is leſſe aſſured, than the future; and nothing apter to deceive, than hope: Conſider, Madam, I beſeech you, that you favour an unfortunate man, and that Faction oftentimes carries it away from truth. It will be hard for you, your ſelfe alone, to withſtand an infinite multitude of paſſionate men: and it may be ſaid to you, as was ſaid to thoſe of *Sparta*, upon occaſion of the great Armie of the *Perſians*, that you can never vanquiſh as long as they can die. Herein there is nothing to be feared, but for your ſelfe; for as for me, I finde in your favour, all I ſeeke for; and having you of my ſide, I care not what fame can doe, having once your teſtimony, I can eaſily ſlight hers; and all her tongues put together, can never ſay any thing for me, that is worth

the

the leaſt lyne of your delicate Letter. It is at this time, the delight and joy of my ſpirit; I am more in love with it, than ever I was with— and if ſhee ſhew you that which I write to her, you ſhall finde, I make not ſo much reckoning of my ancient Miſtris, as I do of your new meſſenger; and that I deſire all the world ſhould know, that I perfectly am,

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 13. *Octob.* 1629. *Your, &c.*

Another to her.

Letter XXIX.

MAdam, I will not take upon mee to give you thankes, for the good cheare you made mee; for, beſides that I have none but Country Civilities, and when I have once ſaid, Your humble ſervant, and your ſervant moſt humble; I am then at the end of my cõplemnts, and can goe no further. It were better yet to let you hold your advantage entire, and owe you that ſtill, which I can never pay. I forbeare to ſpeake of the dainties and abundance of your Table, enough to make one fat, that were in a Conſumption; nor I ſpeake not of the delicacy of your perfumes, in which you laid mee to

ſleepe

ſleepe all night; to the end, that ſending up ſweet vapours into my braine, I might have in my imagination, none but pleaſing viſions. But Madam, what but Heaven can be comparable to the dainties of your Cloſet, and what can I name to repreſent ſufficiently, thoſe pure and ſpirituall pleaſures, which I taſted in your Converſation? It is not my deſigne, to talke idly, nor to ſet my ſtile upon the high ſtraine; you know, I am bound to avoyde *Hyperboles*, as Mariners to avoyde Sands and Rockes; but this is moſt true, that with all my heart, I renounce the world, and all its pompes, as long as you pleaſe to inhabit the Deſart, and if you once determine to ſtay there ſtill, (though I have ſent to *Paris* to hyre me a lodging) yet I reſolve to breake off the bargaine, and meane to build me an Hermitage, a hundred paces from your abode: from whence Madam, I ſhall eaſily be able to make two journeys a day to the place where you are, and ſhall yeeld you a ſubjection, and an aſſiduitie of ſervice, as if I were in a manner of your houſehold. There ſhall I let nothing fall from your mouth, which I ſhall not carefully gather up, and preſerve it in my memory. There you ſhall doe me the favour, to reſolve me when I ſhall have doubts; ſet me in the right way, when I goe aſtray; and when I cannot expreſſe my ſelfe in fit termes, you ſhall cleere my clouds, and give order to my confuſednesſe. It ſhall be your eares, upon which I will meaſure the cadences of my ſentences; and upon the different motions of your eyes, I will take notice

tice of the ſtrength or weakneſſe of my writings. In the heate of the travaile, and amidſt the joyes of a mother, that lookes to be happily delivered, I will expoſe the Infant to the light of your judgement to be tryed, and not hold him for legitimate, till you approve him. Sometimes Madam, we will reade your Newes, and the Relations that are ſent you from all parts of Chriſtendome: Publike miſeries ſhall paſſe before our eyes, without troubling our ſpirits; and the moſt ſerious actions of men, ſhall be our moſt ridiculous Comædies. Out of your Cloſet, we ſhall ſee below us the tumults and agitation of the world, as from the top of the Alpes, we ſtand and ſafely ſee the raine and hayle of *Savoy*. After this, Monſieur *de Borſtell* ſhall come and reade us Lectures in the *Politiques*, and Comment upon *Meſſer Nicholo* unto us: He ſhall informe us of the affayres of *Europe*, with as great certaintie, as a good husband would doe of his Familie. He ſhall tell us the Cauſes, the Proceedings, and the Events of the warre in *Germany*; and therein ſhall give the lye, a thouſand times, to our *Gazets*, our *Mercuries*, and ſuch other fabulous Hiſtories. Wee will agree with him, that the Prince he is ſo much in love withall, is moſt worthy of his paſſion; and that *Sweden* is no longer able to containe ſo great a vertue: After the faſhion of *Plutarch*, he ſhall compare together the prime Captaines of our age, alwayes excepting ——— who admits of no compariſon. He ſhall tell us, which is the better man, the *Italian*, or the *Germane*;

mans; what meanes may be used to take off the Duke of *Saxony* from the house of *Austria*; and what game the Duke of *Bavaria* playes, when he promiseth to enter into the *League*; and is alwayes harkening to that which he never meanes to conclude. From these high and sublime Newes, we will descend to other meaner, and more popular subjects. It shall be written to you, whether the kingdome of *Amucant* be still in being, and whether there appeare not a rising Sunne, to which all eyes of the Court are turned: Monsier *de* —— shall send you word, whether he persist in his pernicious designe, to bring Polygamie into *France*, and to commit nine Incests at once; I meane, whether he have a good word from those nine Sisters, to all whom he hath solemnly made offer of his service. We shall know whether the Baron of —— put Divines still to trouble: whether Monsieur *de* —— have his heart still hardened against the ingratefulnesse of the time, and whether Monsieur *de* —— continue still in his wilfulnesse to punish mankinde by the suppression of his Bookes. By the way of *Lymoges*, we shall get the devises of *Boissiere*; the Epigrammes of *Maynard*, and other toyes of this nature. The Stationer *des Espies Meurs* will furnish you plentifully with *Romances*, and with that they call *Belles Choses*: and if it come to the worst, from the very Cinders of *Philarchus*, there will spring up every moneth a new Phœnix of backbiting Eloquence, that will find us recreation for one houre at least. And these

Madam,

Madam, are a part of thoſe imployments, in which I fancy in my minde, we may ſpend our time all the time of the heat; for when the returne of Aprill ſhall bring againe the flowers and fayre dayes, and invite you abroad a walking: we muſt then looke us out ſome new pleaſures, and change our recreations: wee will have ſwannes and other ſtrange Birds, to cover this water at once both quicke and ſtill, which waſheth the feet of your Muſes: wee will fall a planting of trees, & dreſſing the allies of your Garden: wee will digge for Springs, and diſcover treaſures, which looſe themſelves under ground, which yet I value no leſſe than veynes of ſilver, becauſe I judge of them without coveteouſneſſe. And finally, Madam, we will fall a building that famous Bridge, by which to enter your enchanted Palace, and wherof the onely deſigne, puts all the neighbouring Nobilitie already into a jealouſie. If you like of this courſe, and of theſe Propoſitions, and that my company may not be troubleſome to you, there remaines nothing to doe, but that you command mee to come, and I am inſtantly ready to quit all other affayres in the world, and to come and teſtifie to you, that I am

Madam,

Your, &c.

At Balzac, 6. Novemb. 1629.

Another

Another to her.

LETTER XXX.

MAdam, wee receive the Anſwers of Oracles without making reply; perfect devotion is dumbe, and if you had left me the uſe of my tongue, I ſhould then have had one part at leaſt, of my ſpirit free from this univerſall aſtoniſhment that hath ſurprized it. You are alwayes lifted up above the ordinary condition of humanitie, and the divineneſſe of your ſpirit is no longer an Article in queſtion amongſt people that are reaſonable; yet I muſt confeſſe, you never ſhewed it more viſibly, than in the laſt Letter you writ unto me, & if at other times I have beene dazeled with ſome beame, you have now made me ſtarke blind with the fulneſſe of your light. Spare Madam, I entreat you, the weakneſſe of my ſight, and if you will have me be able to endure your preſence, take ſome more humane forme, and appeare not all at once in the fulneſſe of that you are, I were never able to abide ſuch another flaſh of brightneſſe. My eyes are weary with looking upward, and with conſidering you, as you are a creature, adorable and divine. Hereafter I will not looke upon you, but on that ſide you are good and gracious, and will not venture to reaſon with you any more, for feare I ſhould to my owne confuſion illuſtrate the advantage of your ſpirit over

mine. You ſhall have nothing from me hereafter, but prayers and thankes; and I will make you confeſſe, that I ſollicite better than I praiſe. I therefore ſend you now Madam, divers croſſes at one time, and perſecute you with no leſſe than three afflictions at once, I meane, three Letters of recommendation, which I requeſt from you, in behalfe of——— I humbly entreat you to deliver them to this meſſenger, and to write them in ſuch a perſwaſive ſtyle, as might be able to corrupt all the *Catoes* of *Paris*; although indeed, the cleerneſſe of our right, hath more need of their integritie, than of their favour. I expect Madam, this new courteſie from your goodneſſe, and am alwayes more than any in the world,

At *Balzac*, 10. *Decemb.* 1629. *Your, &c.*

Another to her.

Letter XXXI.

MAdam, in the ſtate I am now in, there is none but your ſelfe could make me ſpeake: and I never did a greater worke in my life than to dictate theſe foure untoward lynes: my ſpirit is ſo wholly taken up with the conſideration of my miſery, and flies all commerce and company, in ſo violent a manner, that if it concerned

me

me not exceedingly, you ſhould know that —— finds himſelfe infinitely obliged to your courteſies, and my ſelfe no leſſe than he; I thinke verily, I ſhould have let —— depart, without ſo much as bidding him Farewell. Pardon Madam, the weakneſſe of a vulgar ſpirit, which feeles no croſſes light, and falls flat downe at the very firſt blow of adverſe Fortune. Perhaps in proſperitie, I ſhould carry my ſelfe better, and I doe not thinke, that joy could make me inſolent; but to ſay the truth, in affliction I am no body, and that which would not ſo much as leave a ſcratch upon the skin of a Stoick, pierceth me to the very heart, and makes in it moſt deepe wounds. Griefe dejects me in ſuch ſort, and makes me ſo lazie in doing my dutie, and ſo unfit for all functions of a civill life, that I wonder no longer at thoſe that were turned into trees and rockes, and loſt all ſence with onely the ſence of griefe. Yet Madam, as often as I call to minde, that I hold ſome part in your account and love; I am forced to confeſſe, that my melancholy is unjuſt, and that I have no good foundation for my ſadneſſe. This honour ought to be unto me a generall remedy againſt all ſorts of affliction, and the miſery that you complaine of, is not ſo much to be pitied as to be envied. From thence it is, that I draw all the comfort I am capable of, humbly entreating you to beleeve you ſhall never pitie a man in miſery, that will be more gratefull than my ſelfe, nor that is more paſſionately, than I am

Madam,

Your, &c.

31. Decemb. 1629.

Another to her.

Letter XXXII.

MAdam, I receive but juſt now your Letters of the five & twentieth of the laſt moneth, and though I know not, by whom to ſend an anſwer, yet I can no longer hold from expreſſing my joy, nor keepe my words from leaving my heart to fall upon this paper. The laſt time I writ unto you, I had heard of the unfaithfulnes of a friend of mine, which ſtruck me to the very heart; ſince which time, a better report hath ſomewhat quieted me; but it is you, Madam, that have reſtored to me the full uſe of my reaſon; and are a cauſe that I am contented to live. Although corruption be in a manner univerſall, and that there is no more any goodneſſe to be found amongſt men, yet as long as you are in the world, it is not fit to leave it quite, but your vertue may well ſupply all its defects. Beſides Madam, if it be true, as you doe me the honour to write unto me, that you account my intereſts as your owne; this very conſideration is enough to make them dearer to me than they were before; and I am therefore bound to preſerve my ſelfe, ſeeing it ſeemes, you would be loath to looſe me. One gracious word, which I obſerved in your Letter, hath wonne me to you, in ſuch ſort, that I have no longer any power of my ſelfe, but what you leave me; and in all your

Empire,

Empire, which is neither meane, nor consists of meane subjects; I can assure you, that you possesse nothing with more soveraigntie, than my will. If your occasions draw you to *Annix* this next Spring, I hope to have the honour to see you at *Balzac*, where I am trimming up ~~other~~ with all the care I can, that it may be a little more worthy of your presence, and that the amusement I shall thereby give you, may keepe you from working the ill cheare you are like to finde in a Country village: My sister is infinitely bound to you, for the honour you doe her, in remembring her; and I am my selfe, with all my soule

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 1. *Febr.* 1630. *Your, &c.*

Another to her.

LETTER XXXIII.

MAdam, my indisposition hath bin the cause of my silence, and I thought it better to say nothing, than to entertaine you with a troublesome discourse. Besides, I was in a continuall expectation of the performance of your promise; and looked to have the honour, to see you here in May. But seeing you have made my hopes recoyle, and that you make your abode

bode in *Limouſin* for ſome longer time, be pleaſed Madam, that I ſend ——— to bring me a true relation of the ſtate of your health; and to tell me, if you uſe, as you ought, the ſhade of your woods, and the freſhneſſe of your fountaines: For my ſelfe, who make my harveſt at the gathering of Roſes and Violets; and who reckon the goodneſſe of the yeare, by the abundance of theſe delicate Flowers; Now is the ſeaſon for my humour, and in one onely ſubject I finde cauſe enough, to ſcorne and ſlight both the perfumes of the ſheet St. *Honore*, and the pictures of the faire St. *Germain*. Thus I make my ſelfe happie, at a very eaſie rate, and have not ſo much as a thought of any want. And indeed, to what purpoſe ſhould I grieve for pleaſures that are abſent, and curiouſly hunt after all the defects of my Eſtate. If my commerce be onely with dumbe Creatures, at leaſt I am not troubled with the importunitie of Courtiers, nor with the verſes of a paltry Poet, nor with the Proſe of *Meſſieurs* ———: Theſe are the inconveniences of *Paris*, which I count more troubleſome, than either the dirt, or the juſtling of Coaches, and at the worſt, if by living in the Deſart, I ſhould become a meere ſavage, yet I am ſure to recover the garbe of the world, as ſoone as I ſhall but ſee Madam *Deſloges*, and make my ſelfe neat and civill, with but one halfe houres converſing with her. This is my wiſh Madam, and paſſionately I am

At *Balzac*, 20. *June* 1630. *Yours, &c.*

To

To Monſieur *de la Nouve*, Counſellour of the King in his firſt Chamber of *Enqueſts*.

Letter XXXIIII.

SIR, My deare Couſin, one cannot ſay you nay, in any thing: to doe you a ſecond pleaſure, I am about to commit a ſecond treaſon, and to ſend you the Verſes, of which I told you who was the Poet. I was bound by a thouſand Oaths to keepe them ſecret, but I muſt confeſſe you are a ſtrange corrupter, and your perſwaſions would ſhake a firmer fidelitie than mine: yet to the end, we may at leaſt ſave the apparence, and give ſome colour to my fault; you may be pleaſed to ſay, that it is the tranſlation of an *Ode*, made by *Cornelia*, mother of the *Gracchi*, and that you found it, in an ancient Manuſcript: you may ſay, ſhee made it for one of her ſonnes, being in love with a woman, whom afterward he married; and that ſeeing him one day looke extreamly pale, ſhee asked him, what it was had made him ſicke? There is nothing more true than this Story, and there needs nothing, but to change the Names. It is not indeed, the ſame perſon, but it is the ſame merit, and I am ſure, you doubt not, but a *French* Lady is capable of as much, as *Quintilian* ſpake of a *Romane*: *Gracchorum eloquentiæ multum contuliſſe Corneliam, matrem, cujus doctiſſimus ſermo*,

mo, in poſteros quoq; eſt Epiſtolis traditus.——
I never heard ſpeake of ſuch an impatience, or ſuch an irreſolution, for I cannot beleeve, that it is either feare, or effeminateneſſe, or that the ſpirit of ſo great a Prince could be ſubject to ſuch enormous maladies. What ſoever it be, if he had but read *Virgill*, a woman would have ſayd unto him with great indignation; and is it then ſuch a miſerable thing to die? And if he had been in the *Levant*, he might have learned of a Turkiſh Proverbe, That it is better to be a Cock for one day, than a Henne all ones life. *Et con queſto vi bacio le mani*, and am

Sir, my deere Couſin,

7. Auguſt, 1630. *Your, &c.*

L'Amant qui meurt.

O Lympa, *made me ſicke thou haſt,*
Thou cauſe of my Conſumption art:
There needs but one frowne more, to waſt
The whole remainder of my heart.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die, and now am dead.

Can looke to have an age of trouble,
Are you a Lover will repay;
And my ſtate brookes no more denials,
I hardly can one minute ſtay.
Alas, undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die, and now am dead.

I ſee

I see already Charons barge,
That comes to ferry me to Hell;
I heare the Fatall Sisters vote,
That cryes and calls to ring my knell.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die, and now am dead.
Looke in my wound, and see how cold,
How pale, and gasping my soule lyes;
Which Nature strives in vaine to hold,
Whilst ming'd with sighes, away it flyes.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die, and now am dead.

To Madam *Desloges.*

LETTER XXXV.

MAdam, I have not dared now a good while to send you any Letters, for feare you should conceive, they carried an ill ayre about them; nor yet to send you any more Melons, which yet prove excellent good this yeare; for doubt you should suspect them, as comming from a Countrey extreamely disparaged: but since I understand by your Letter, that you are not so much frighted as I was told, and since also, I can protest unto you most religiously, that I write from a place most cleere from any taint of the neighbouring misery, and that hath kept sound in the midst of infection: I am most glad Ma-

Madam, that I have the libertie to tell you, that I value you more, than all the ancient *Romanes*, and that I have no comfort to thinke of, in the deepest houres of all my solitude, but onely you, and your incomparable merit. What businesse soever I am about, I take pleasure to let this thought make me a trewant at my travaile; it is a recreation, for which I abandon all imployes; and there is neither Morall, nor Politique, *Plato* nor *Aristotle*, but I presently give him over as soone as you are once presented to my imagination. I hope I shall need to use no Oaths, to make you beleeve this veritie: you are well enough acquainted with my pride, and know that this Country swayne would not turne flatterer for an Empresse. There are but three persons, I am resolved to prayse; you Madam, are one; and if you have the leisure to reade that I send you, you will easily guesse, who the other two are; and so I bid you Good morrow, and perfectly am

At Balene, 9. Septemb. *Your, &c.*

1630.

Another

Another to her:

LETTER XXXVI.

MAdam, you ſhall receive from me no premeditated excuſes, I had rather confeſſe my fault ingenuouſly, than take the paines to juſtifie it unrowardly. Indeed a fatall ſluggiſhneſſe, couſin german to a Lethargie, hath ſeazed in ſuch ſort upon me ſince my comming hither, that I have not ſo much as written to my owne mother; ſo as having fayled in this firſt poynt, I thought not fit to fayle by halfes; and therefore never troubled my ſelfe much in the reſt of my dutie. I ſpeake Madam, of this exteriour dutie, and this affection in picture, which is oftentimes but a falſe repreſentation of the ſoule, for as for the true reſpect, and the paſſion, which hath reſidence in the heart: I aſſure you, I have that in me for you, as pure and entyre as ever, and that he that calls you his Soveraigne, yet honours you not more perfectly, than I doe. Monſieur *de* —— will I doubt not, be my witneſſe herein; and will tell you, that what part ſoever I be forced to play amongſt jeaſters and merry companions, yet under my players cloathes, there will alwayes be found an honeſt man. I have beene ſenſible, Madam, of the loſſe, which —— hath had, and have not bin ſparing to ſpeake of his unfortunate vertue; yet I never thought, he needed any comfor-

ting

ting for it; for, seeing he sees that God spares not his own Image, and that his nearest friends have their disgraces and troubles, he ought not to thinke any thing strange that happens in this inferiour world, and upon inferiour persons; what consideration soever may otherwise make them deare unto him. If you have vouchsafed to keepe the Letters I have written to you; I humbly entreat you to send them to me, that I may see what volume I can make for the impression that is required of mee: but Madam, it shall be, if you please upon this condition, that parting with the Letters, you shall never let your memory part with the truthes they containe, but hold undoubtedly that I very firmely am, though I doe not very often say I am

Madame,

Your, &c.

25. Decemb. 1620.

Another to her.

LETTER XXXVII.

MAdam, my labour is happie, since it is never from before you, and since I am told, you make it your ordinary entertainment. The end of all fayre Pictures, and good Bookes, is but onely to please your eyes, and to delight your spirit, and the good you have not yet set

a price

a price upon, is not yet come to its uttermost perfection. I have therefore all that an ambitious man could wish for, I may perhaps have fortune from others, but glory I can have from none but you; and another perhaps may pay me, but none but you can recompense mee. The paines I have hytherto taken, have beene but ill requited. I have tilled a ground that brings mee forth but thornes; yet Madam, since they grow for your service, I am contented to be pricked by them; and I love the cause of my disgraces, if they proove a cause of your recreations. The first Newes, you shall heare, will tell you what I meane; and that my patience never makes my persecutours weary. You shall see Madam, that there is no conscience made to contradict you, and that, that which you call excellent and admirable, hath yet at *Paris* found enemies, and at *Bruxells* hangmen. I will say no more at this time, but that I am

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 6. *Jan.* 1631.

Your, &c.

Another

Another to her.

Letter XXXVIII.

MAdam, I writ unto you about ſix weekes ſince, but my packet not being delivered where I appointed it, I perceive ſome curious body hath ſeazed on it, and ſought for ſecrets, which he could not find. The loſſe is not great, to looſe nothing, but a few untoward words; and ſmall comforting would ſerve me, for ſo ſmall a croſſe; yet becauſe they were full of the paſſion I owe to your ſervice, and carried in them the markes of my dutie, I cannot but be troubled, they came not to your hands, and that my miſ-fortune, gives you cauſe to complaine of my negligence. I dare not undertake to cleere my ſelfe altogether; for though in this I committed no fault, yet I cannot forget ſome other faults committed before. The truth is Madam, I have been for ſome time ſo continually taken up with buſineſſe, that I have beene wanting in the principall obligations of a civill life, and I have drunke beſides ſo many bitter potions, and taſted ſo many bitter Pills, that I ſhould but have offended you with my compliments; which could not chooſe but carrie with them, at leaſt ſome tincture of my untoward humour. What pleaſure could you have taken, to ſee a medley of choler and melancholy, powred out vpon paper? and inſtead of plea-

ſing

sing Ladies, to reade nothing but pittifull Stories, and mortall Predictions? But enough of this unpleasing matter. I expect here within three or foure dayes, my Lord the Bishop of *Nantes*; and I would to God Madam, you could be here at that time, and that you were at leisure to come and taste the doctrine of this rare personage. I have heard you say heretofore, you never saw a more holy countenance than his, and that his very looke, was a Prologue of perswasion. This conceit, makes mee hope, that he is the man, whom God hath ordained to be your Converter, and to bring you into the bosome of our Church. Beleeve mee Madam, and you shall not be deceived; trust that enemy, who wounds not, but onely to draw out the bloud that causes a Feaver, and never make difficultie to commit your selfe to one, that intends your freedome. The triumph which the world makes you feare, is no way injurious to those that be the captives; nor like unto that of which *Cleopatra* tooke so sadde an apprehension: but in this case, the vanquished are they that are crowned, and all the glory and advantage of the victory rests on their side: I am not out of hope to see so good a dayes worke; and seeing you are rather layd asleepe in the opinion of your mother, than obstinate in a wrong cause: I intreat you, that you will not be frighted with phrases. Wee will not use this hard terme to say, you have abjured your heresie; wee will onely say, you are awaked out of your slumber, and if our deare

friend,

friend, Monsieur *de Moubis*, would doe so too, than would be the time of a great festivall in Heaven; and the Angels would rejoyce at the prosperitie of the Church. My zeale Madam, is not out of ostentation: for it is most true, that such a change, is one of my most violent wishes; and to see you say your prayers upon your Beads, I would with all my heart give you a payre made of Diamonds; though I am not rich, yet I hope you doubt not of the truth of these last words, and that I am with all my soule,

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 7. *May.* 1632. *Your, &c.*

Another to her.

Letter XXXIX.

MAdam, it hath beene, as much my shame, as my glory, to reade your Letter, having so ill deserved it, and the remorse of the fault, I committed, makes mee, that I dare not yet rejoyce in the honour, I received. You are

are good and gracious, even to the not hating of evill actions; Your delinquents, not onely obteine impunitie, but you allow them recompence; and idlenesse hath more respect with you, than diligent service with ordinary Masters. This is the felicitie of the Golden age, where Plentie had no neede of tilling; and where there was reaping without sowing. Yet Madam, I must not so abandon my cause, that I forbeare to alledge the good it hath in it; it is long since I writ unto you, it is true, but the cause hath beene for that these six moneths, I have every day been upon comming to see you: and according to the saying of the Oratour your acquaintance, I have dispenced with my ordinary dyet, in hope of a great Feast, and to performe my devotion with the more solemnitie. If Monsieur *de* ——— have kept his word with mee, he hath told you, how often he hath found me upon the very poynt of comming; but as many journeys, as I intended to make, so many crosse accidents alwayes happened to hinder them, and the mis-fortune that accompanies me, makes every dutie, though never so easie to another, impossible to me. Yet Madam, I have never ceased from doing continuall acts, of the reverence I beare you, and I never sweare, but by your merit. My braine is drie in any other Argument, and wordes are drawne from me one by one; but when there is occasion to speake of you, then I overflow in words; upon this onely Text, I take

a pleaſure to be Preaching; and Monſieur *de* ——— to whom I am alwayes before a harkener; as ſoone as I beginne diſcourſe of you, becomes my auditour. I can aſſure you Madam, he honours you exceedingly; and neither his ambaſſage to *Rome*, from whence Gentlemen returne not commonly without a certaine conceit of ſoveraigntie; nor the imployments of the State, which make particular men, thinke themſelves the Publike, have beene able to make him take upon him, this ungratefull gravitie, which makes Greatneſſe ridiculous, and even vertue it ſelfe odious. He hath proteſted here, before good companie, that hee will never be found other, and that Fortune ſhould have an ill match in hand, to thinke to corrupt him. I uſed my ordinary rudeneſſe, and intreated him, to be mindfull of his word, and to be one of our firſt examples of ſo rare a moderation. You ſhall ſee Madam, in a Letter I ſend you; that which hereupon I am bound to ſay of him: and I intreat you, to maintaine for me, that I am no common prayſer: and that, if I were not perſwaded of what I ſay, it is not all the Canons of the Towne ſhould make mee to ſay it. It is onely the worth of things, or at leaſt, the opinion I have of their worth, that drawes from mee the prayſes I give them. If Monſieur *de* ——— ſhould returne to be a private perſon, I ſhould not reſpect him a jot leſſe, than now I doe: and if you ſhould be made Governeſſe of the

the Kings house, I should not be a whit more than I am,

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 30. *April.* 1633. *Your, &c.*

Another to her.

LETTER XL.

MAdam, never trust me any more, I promise that I cannot performe, but though I be a deceiver, I am an honest one; my promises are alwayes true in my intention, though oftentimes false in the Event. I know not what to say of this unfortunateness, nor to what knowne cause, to attribute this long trayne of mischiefes. It must needs be, there is some Devill imployed, to hinder voyages to *Lymosin*: and that will not suffer me to goe thither to see you: sometimes he rayseth up suites in Law against me, sometimes puts me into a quarrell; and when these be composed, and that I am ready to take horse, either he sends mee companie to divert mee, or prickes my horse in shooing, or puts a legge out of joynt; for, all these crosses have befallen mee, as he that delivers you this Letter can be my witnesse. But withall Madam, he shall assure you, that though

I flie away by night, and be carried in a chayre, it ſhall not be long ere I will have the honour to come and ſee you. In the meane time, vouchſafe to accept from me, the amuſement of halfe an houre, and be pleaſed to reade an Inſcription, which was lately found, and taken forth of the ruines of an old Building. It is engraven in Letters of Gold, upon a Table of blacke Marble, and ſeemes Prophetically to ſpeake of you and mee. If I were a man could make Verſes, you might doubt it were ſome tricke put upon you, but my ignorance juſtifies mee, and ſeeing, as you know, Poets are not made, it were a ſtrange thing I ſhould be borne at the age of ſeaven and thirtie yeares. I expect from you a Comment upon the whole Myſtery; and remaine

Madam

At *Balzac*, 6. *Jan.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

In Effigiem D. D. præſtantiſſimæ & laudatiſſimæ fœminæ.

Hæc eſt ſequanico, veniens à littore Nympha:
Hoſpite quâ Lemovix jure ſuperbit ager.
Quis deſiderium Domina mihi dirius urbis
Mitigat?

Mitigat; & per quam non fera turba ſumus?
Vindicat hãc ſibi Thuſca charis, ſibi muſa latina,
Nec minus eſſe ſuam, Graius Apollo velit.
Hunc ſophiæ Gens ſancta colit, dat jura diſertis,
Princeps Grãmaticas temperat una Tribus.
Scilicet ne diſtent ſpecioſo ſuna tumore
Vna ſcit, & fractis verba ſonora modis.
Indicat urbano quid ſit ſale tingere ludos,
Et quid inhumano figere dente notas.
Novit ab agreſti ſecernere plectra cicuta,
Voſq; ſacri vates non ſociare malis.
Ergo quid infidi petitis ſuffragia vulgi?
Qui dve Palatinus quæritur arte favor?
Quæ canitis vivent, ſi docta, probaverit auris,
Et dabitur veſtris verſibus eſſe bonos.
At ſi quando canat, taceas vel maſcula Sappho,
Te meliùs ſalvo noſtra pudore canut.

Another to her.

LETTER XLI.

MAdam, my eyes are yet dazeled, with the brightneſſe of your Cabinet, and I vow unto you, the Night was never ſo fayre, nor ſo delicately trimmed up, as lately at your Houſe.

Not when the Moone accompliſhing her way
Vpon her ſilver wayne, beſet with ſtarres
Within the glaomy world, preſents the day.

I have ſhewed our Ladies the Deſcription of this proud and ſtately Night, and of the reſt of your magnificence, which if it were in a ſeverer Common-wealth than ours, would be called a Profuſive Waſt; they admire you in your houſe, as well as in your Verſes, and agree with mee in this, that Wiſedome hath a hand in every thing, and that, after ſhee hath diſcourſed of Princes, and matters of State; ſhee deſcends to take care of her Hoſts, and lookes what is done in the Kitchin. But from a vertue of their own, they alwayes come to that of yours, asking me continually for Newes of your entertainment, and for Copies of your Letters: and by this meanes, the happineſſe which I have from you, is inſtantly made common to all the neighbourhood, and yet ſtayes not there neither, but ſpreads it ſelfe both farre and neere, that when you thinke, you write but to one particular man, you write indeed to a whole Province. This is not to write Letters, but rather to ſet forth Declarations and Edicts; I know Madam, you were able to acquit your ſelfe perfectly, in ſo noble an Imployment; complements are below the dignitie of your ſtyle; and if King *Eliſabett*, ſhould come againe into the world (you know of whom this is ſpoken) no queſtion but he would make you his chiefe

Secre-

Secretary of State. Monſieuer *de* —— extolls you yet in a higher ſtrayne, and is infinitely deſirous to ſee you in this Country. Yeſterday, of his own accord he made himſelfe your Tributary, and hath bound himſelfe to ſend you, every yeare, a reaſonable number of his Loaves; if you ſhall like them, they will grow into more requeſt than the Gloves of the *Frangipani*: but becauſe your people of *Lymouſin*, may take occaſion to Equivocate here: I entreat you to advertize them, that this Perfumer hath thirtie thouſand pound rent a yeare; and holds the ſupremeſt dignitie of our Province, and that this Glover is a *Romane* Lord, Marſhall of the Campe of the Kings Armies, couſin to St. *Gregory* the Great, and that which I value more than all this, one of the honeſteſt men that lives. I am bold to uſe my accuſtomed libertie, ſeeing you allow mee to doe it Madam, having given me your Letters Patents for it, and will beare me out to laugh in graver ſubjects than this is. It may therefore ſuffice me to ſay, but moſt ſeriouſly, that I am

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 2. *May*. 1634.

Your, &c.

Another to her.

Letter XLII.

MAdam, your place is before all other things whatſoever, and therefore no lawfull impediment can be alleaged, for fayling in the dutie, that is due unto you. I have theſe two moneths had great affayres; which in the rigour of your Juſtice, is as much as to ſay, I have theſe two moneths neglected my dutie. Having not written to you, in all this time, I am contented to call it, a Diſorder, which otherwiſe I ſhould call a Buſineſſe, and I doe not thinke, I could with all the reaſons of the world have made you patient, to ſtay ſo long, for the thankes I am to give you. Your preſent hath equally wherewith to content both the covetous and the vaine; it hath ſoliditie no leſſe than luſtre; the onely ſight of it, refutes the modeſtie you uſe in ſpeaking of it: you are injurious Madam, to ſo excellent a thing; it deſerves the moſt ſtately inſcription, you could deviſe to give it, and if I were worth the having of a Cabinet, this ſhould be the prime piece, I would make choice of to adorne it. Becauſe vulgar people have nothing but eyes, therefore they value nothing but Candleſtickes of Cryſtall, and guilded vermillian diſhes, but men of underſtanding, who ſee leſſe with their eyes than with their ſpirits, they reflect upon objects,

jects, that are more ſimple and immateriall, and preferre not the peoples errour, and Artificers fingers, before the truth of things, and before the Maſter-pieces of the workes of reaſon. Hee, to whom you did me the honour to ſend me, is farre above all the Encomiums I can give him: I have onely this to ſay Madam, that I have with me here, a famous Authour, who as ſoone as he hath once read him, is reſolved inſtantly to ſhut up ſhop, and give over his Trade. He proteſts he will never more ſet hand to Penne, unleſſe it be to ſigne his laſt Will; and therefore meanes to make you a ſacrifice of all his Papers. I ſhewed him the incomparable Sonnet, *De L' Amant qui meurt*, at every verſe, he called you Divine, and made ſuch lowd Exclamations, that he might have beene heard to the great high way: which you know, how very farre it is from my Chamber. Hee ſayth, he will maintaine it, even to the ſheete Saint *Jaques*, that *Parnaſſus* is fallen upon the Diſtaffe, and that *Racan* hath given over the right he pretended in the ſucceſſion of *Malherbe*. He ſpeakes in this familiar manner, of theſe two great Perſonages, and I never heare him uſe any meaner ſtyle: if I can keepe him with me a while; I will tell you more of him, and promiſe you a collection of all his Apophthegms. I ſaw yeſterday Monſieur *de* ——— who is a moſt juſt valuer of vertue, and by conſequent, moſt perfectly reverences yours. He infinitely deſires you would come amongſt us, and that you would make choice of one of his

houſes

houſes for your abode: if you were pleaſed to doe this, I ſhould have no more journeys to make: I ſhould be the happieſt unhappie man that ever was, if I had you here to be my comforter, and that I might be alwayes telling you, that I alwayes am,

Madam.

At *Balzac*, 1. *Aug.* 1634.

Your, &c.

Another to her.

Letter XLIII.

MAdam, you never heard ſpeake of ſuch a diligence, in two moneths your Letter hath gone twelve myles; ſo as a buſineſſe that required haſt, had been this way in a good caſe: and if therein you had given me adviſe for ſaving my life: I might have had good leiſure to die, before your adviſe came. I have made grievous complaints hereof, to my good kinſwoman —— who layes the fault of her fault upon a thouſand that are innocent; upon her Gentlewoman, her Nurce, three maides, foure men, &c. ſo as Madam, there have beene great arraignments upon this matter; and never was

any

any crime so long and so rigourously in examining; for my selfe, the joy I take to heare of your health, makes me forget my most just complaints, and sweetens all my choler. I thinke no more of the late receiving it; I content my selfe, that I have received it at last; and I finde enough in your Letter, to make me amends, for the slownesse of your messenger. Besides Madam, I give you to understand, that I have had some few dayes, with mee here, Monsieur *Bardyn*, as much as to say, The Living Philosophie: or *Socrates* risen from the dead. You make doubt perhaps, what the subject of our conference hath beene? Indeed Madam, it hath been your selfe, and we have concluded to erect your statue in the most eminent place of his *Lyceum*: and if any Stoick come to new build the *Particus*, and any other to restore the Academie, no doubt but they will honour you with the like respect, and you shall alwayes be reverenced of wise men, next to wisedome it selfe. If you write shortly to —— I entreat you Madam, to doe me the favour, to put in your packet the dispatch I send you. It imports me much, to have it beleeved, that —— and I doubt not, but you will be content, to use this little fraud for my sake, who am without reservation,

Madam,

At Balzac, 10. Decemb. 1634.

Your, &c.

Another

Another to her.

Letter XLIIII.

MAdam, I am of your opinion, and can by no meanes approve the ambition of your fayre neighbour: her head is full of ſtate and ſoveraigntie, and aymes certainly at a Crowne. God loves her too well to ſecond her bad deſires, and to give her that ſhee askes: ſo rare a beautie ought to be the recompence of vertue, and not the prey of Greatneſſe; It is fit, that he who poſſeſſeth her, ſhould underſtand, when things be excellent, ſhould know the value of this, and all his life be thankfull to his good fortune for it: it is fitter to make a Gentleman happie, than to give contentment to a tyrant; ſhee might perhaps be ſome amuſement to him, when he were cloyed with killing of men; but withall, ſhee might be ſure to be the next object of his crueltie, at the next fit of his wicked humour. You know the Story of *Marianne*; our Theaters at this day ſound forth nothing ſo much, as the cryes of this poore Princeſſe: hee that put her to death, loved her above meaſure, and after her death, kneeled downe a thouſand times before her image, praying her to forgive him. *Poppea* was firſt the Miſtris, afterwards the wife, and alwayes the Governeſſe of *Nero*; ſhee had vanquiſhed this Monſter, and made him tame, yet at laſt he ſlipt from her,

her, and in an inſtant of his choler, gave her a kicke upon the belly, which was her death. His unkle *Caius* dealt not ſo roughly with *Ceſonia*, yet in the greateſt heat of his fire, he made love to her in theſe termes: *This fayre head ſhall be chopt off, as ſoone as I but ſpeake the word*: and told her ſometimes, that he had a greater minde to put her on the racke, to make her tell him, why he loved her ſo much. The meaning Madam, of all this is, that the tameſt of all Tygers is a cruell Beaſt, and that it is a moſt dangerous thing, to be wooed with talons. I have ſeene the Booke you write to me of, and finde it not unpleaſing; particularly, where ſpeaking of the makers of *Paſquins*, and of ſatyricall Poets, he ſayth, that beſides the golden age, the age of ſilver, of braſſe, and of iron, ſo famous and ſo much talkt of in their Fables, there is yet behinde to come an age of wood, of which the ancient Poets never dreamt; and in the miſeries and calamities whereof, they themſelves ſhall have a greater part than any other. If I goe abroad to morrow, I hope to have the honour to ſee you: In the meane time, that I may obſerve good manners, and not be wanting in formalities, I will ſay I am

Madam,

De Balzac, 16. *Aug.* 1627.

Your, &c.

To

To ——

Letter XLV.

MY Lord, beſides the thankes I owe you for my Head, I have a ſpeciall charge from Madam *de*——to thanke you from her, and to give you a teſtimonie of your Coachmans skill. He is in truth, a great man in his profeſſion; one might well truſt him, and ſlip from hence to *Paris*: He glides by the brinke of *Præcipices*, and paſſeth broken bridges with an admirable dexteritie, ſay what you can of his manners otherwiſe; Pardon mee, my Lord, if I maintaine that they be no vices, and that you doe him great wrong to reproach him with them in your Letter. Hee doth that by deſigne, which you thinke hee doth by inclination, and becauſe he hath heard, that a man once overthrew the Commonwealth, when he was ſober, he thinkes, that to drinke well, is no ill qualitie to well governing: Hee takes otherwiſe no care for going aſtray, ſeeing he hath a God for his guide, and a God that was returned from the *Indies* before *Alexander* was come into the world. After ſo long a voyage, one may well truſt Father *Denys*, with a ſhort walke; and hee that hath tamed Tygers, may well be allowed to mannage

mannage horſes. Your Coach-man, my Lord, hath ſtudied thus farre; and if they, who hold in their hands the reynes of the State, (to uſe the phraſe of ——) had beene as intelligent and dextrous as he, they would have runne their race with a better fortune, and our age ſhould not have ſeene the fall of the Duke of ——nor of the Earle of ——: it is written to me from the Court, that ——: Theſe are the onely Newes I received by the laſt Poſt; but I ſend you, in their companie, the Booke you deſired, which is as you know, the booke of the wickedneſſe of the world, and the ancient originall of all the moderne ſubtleties. The firſt Chriſtians endevoured to ſuppreſſe it, and called it, *Mendacciorum Loquatiſſimum*: but men at this day, make it their Oracle, and their Goſpell: and ſeeke in it rather for *Sejanus* and *Tygellinus*, to corrupt their innocency, than for *Corbulo* or *Thraſeus*, to inſtruct them to vertue; at our next meeting wee ſhall talke more hereof: The great Perſonage I have prayſed, ſtands in doubt, that his Encomium is at an end, and preſſeth me to conclude, that I am

My Lord,

[At *Bolzac*, 4. *June*,
1634.

Your, &c.]

To

To ——

Letter XLVI.

SIR, I am ſorry to heare of the continuance of your maladie, though I hope, it be not ſo great as you make it. Theſe are fruits of this unſeaſonable time, and I doubt not, but your Pleame, which overflowes with the rivers, will alſo with the fall of the rivers, returne againe to its naturall bounds. I have had my part in this inundation, and it would be no ſmall commoditie to me, that things ſhould ſtay in the ſtate they now are in; for by this meanes, my houſe being made an Iſland, I ſhould be leſſe troubled, than now I am by people of the firme Land: But ſeeing upon the abating of the waters, depends the abating of your Rhume, I am contented with all my heart, they ſhall abate; as above all things deſiring your health: yet withall, I muſt tell you, there is care to be uſed: you muſt abſteine from all moyſt meates, forbeare the good cheare of *Paris*; and follow the adviſe of an ancient ſage, who counſelled a man troubled with your diſeaſe, to change the rayne into drowth. You ſee how bold I am, to ſend you my præſcriptions; I entreat you to follow them, but not to imitate me; for in this matter of Medicines, I confeſſe my ſelfe a Phariſee; I commend a Julippe to others, but

I drinke my ſelfe the *ſweeteſt Wines*. But to ſpeake of ſomething elſe, I cannot imagine, why Monſieur *de* —— ſhould keepe me languiſhing ſo long, and having made mee ſtand waiting three moneths after his time appointed, ſhould now require a further prorogation; and a longer delay. For my part, I verily beleeve, he ſpake not in earneſt, when he made you this untoward anſwer, and that it was rather for a tryall of your patience, than for an exerciſe: He hath the reputation of ſo honeſt and juſt a man, that I can make no doubt of that he hath promiſed to Monſieur *de* —— and I am perſwaded, he accounts himſelfe more ſtreightly tyed by his word, than by his bond. Monſieur the —— beleeves that I have fingred my ſilver a yeare ſince, and you know it is a ſumme provided to ſtoppe three or foure of my Perſecutours mouthes, who will never leave vexing you with their clamours day and night, till they be ſatisfied. It is therefore your part to uſe all meanes poſſible, to content them, at leaſt if you love your libertie; and take not a pleaſure to be every morning ſaluted with extreame unpleaſing good morrowes. I expect hereupon to heare from you; and am

Sir,

At Balzac, 17. *Jan.* 1630. *Your*, &c.

To ——.

Letter XLVII.

SIR, you are too juſt to deſire ſuch duties from a ſicke friend, as you would exact from one that were in health. The reaſons I can give of my ſilence, are much juſter than I would they were, and me thinkes, three moneths continuing in a Feaver, may well diſpenſe with any obligation whatſoever of a civill life. Yet ſeeing you will needs have me ſpeake, I cannot but obey you, though I make uſe of a ſtrangers hand to quarrell with you. I cannot endure the diſſimulation you ſhew, in doubting of my affection, and of the truth of my words. I underſtand no jeaſting on that ſide; theſe are Games that I am uncapable to learne, and in matter of friendſhip, I am of that tendernesſe, that I am even wounded with that, which is perhaps intended but for a tickling. I perceive I have beene complained upon to you, but I entreat you to beleeve, it hath been upon very falſe grounds; and I require no better juſtifier, than her owne conſcience that accuſeth mee. Within a few dayes, I will come my ſelfe in perſon, and give you an account of all my actions; and will trayne my ſelfe on

on to *Paris*, in hope to enjoy the happineſſe of your companie. In the meane time, be carefull to cure the maladie you tell me of, which brings us forth ſuch goodly Sonnets, and makes ſo well agree the two greateſt enemies that are in Nature, I meane, Paſſion and Judgement: ſo I bid you Farewell; and am with all my heart,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac*, 25. *Auguſt.*
1639.

To Monſieur *de Coignet.*

LETTER XLVIII.

SIR, I am much bound unto you for your writing to me, and for ſending me Newes that exceedingly pleaſeth mee. You may well thinke, I have no mind to croſſe my own good; and to refuſe giving my conſent to the Earle of *Exceters* requeſt. To have ſo illuſtrious an Interpreter in *England*, is more than a full revenge upon all the petty Scribes that oppoſe mee in *France*: it is the crowning and triumph of my writings. I am not therefore ſo a Philoſopher, that I place the honour he doth mee, amongſt things indifferent, but rather to tell you plainly, I have perhaps received too ſenſible a contentment in it; and upon the poynt of falling againe

into my old deſire of glory; of which I thought my ſelfe to have been fully cured: I ſend you a word, which I entreat you to deliver to him, which ſhall witneſſe for mee, how deare and glorious, the markes he gives mee of his love and account, are unto mee; Otherwiſe Sir, I doubt not, but I owe a great part of this good fortune to the good opinion you have of me, which is to be ſeene in every lyne of your Letter; and that you have confirmed the *Engliſh* in this Error, which is ſo much in my favour. Onely I entreat you, never to ſeeke to free them of this errour, but ſo to deale with them, that if you convert them from other, it may ſtill be with reſervation of this. The truth in queſtion is of ſo ſmall importance, that it deſerves not any curious examination; and in which, to be in a wrong beliefe, makes not a man to be either leſſe honeſt, or more unfortunate: Never therefore, make ſcruple to oblige me, ſeeing you ſhall oblige a thankfull man, and one who is;

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac*, 12. *June*. 1629.

To Monſieur *de Neufvic.*

LETTER XLIX.

SIR, If I were onely blind, I would try to make ſome anſwer, to the good words of your Letter; but the paine, which my ill eyes put me to, makes mee uncapable of this pleaſing contention: and I cannot draw from my head, in the ſtate it now is, any thing elſe but Water and Waxe. And beſides the unhappie blindneſſe I ſpeake of, I am in ſuch ſort overflowed with Rheumes, that if it were in the time of the old Metamorphoſes, I thinke verily, I ſhould be turned into a Fountaine, and become the ſubject of ſome new Fable. I have loſt as well my ſmelling, as my taſte; my Noſe can make no difference betweene *Spaniſh* Leather, and an old Cowes hide: and I ſneeze ſo continually, that all my converſation, is but to ſay, I thanke you; to them that ſay, God helpe you. Being in this eſtate, doe you not wonder, I write unto you, and have the boldneſſe to be ſending Letters? In truth, never complement coſt me ſo deare as this, and if I would make uſe of the priviledge of ſicke men, I might very juſtly require a Diſpenſation; but I had not the power, to let your ſervant goe away, without telling you, that you are a very honeſt Impoſteur; and that the *Perigurain* you ſend, is the moſt refined *Frenchman* that ever ranne

afoote to *Paris*. It muſt needs be, that the people of your Village is a Colonie of the Louver, that hath preſerved the firſt puritie of their language amidſt the corruption of their Neighbours. There never were ſuch fine things written upon the banke of *Dordonne*; at leaſt, not ſince the death of Monſieur *de Montaigne*, yet I eſteeme them not ſo much, becauſe they are ſo fine, as becauſe they come from you, whoſe I paſſionately am,

Sir,

At Balzac, 25. Jan. 1653. *Your, &c.*

To Madam *Deſloges.*

Letter L.

MAdam, I am alwayes of your minde; and like not Ladies that would be Cavaliers. There are certain bounds that part us, and mark us out our ſeveral duties and conditions: which neither you nor we can lawfully paſſe. And the lawes of Decencie are ſo ancient, that they ſeem

to be a part of the ancient religion. *Moses* hath extended the commandements of God, even to the distinction of your apparell, and ours; and you know hee expresly forbids to disguise our selves in one anothers cloathes. Women must be altogether women; the vertues of our sex, are not the vertues of theirs; and the more they seeke to imitate men, the more they degenerate from their owne kinde. We have had some women amongst us, that would ride *Spanish* horses, would discharge Pistols, and would be parties in maintaining quarrels. M. the Marshall *Scomberg* shewed mee once a letter, which he writ to a Gentleman of ——— at the end whereof were these words; *I kisse the hands of this valiant and pleasing Lady, that is your second in the day, and your wife at night.* This Lady might perhaps bee valiant, but to my humour, she could not be pleasing. If she had had a beard, she could not have had a greater fault. Women that are valiant, are as much to blame, as men that are cowards. And it is as unseemly for Ladies to weare swords by their sides, as for Gentlemen to have glasses hanging at their girdles. I professe my selfe an enemy, Madam, to these usurpations of one sex upon another. It strikes me with a kinde of horrour, when I reade in historie of the ancient women Fencers, whom the *Romanes* beheld with such pleasure in their Amphitheater; and I account not *Amazons* in the number of women, but of Monsters and Prodigies. Sweetnesse and tenderneſſe are the qualities that belong to you;

and will your ſhe Friend give over her claime to theſe, that is, to the ſucceſſion of her mother, and the priviledges of her birth? will ſhe not be as well content as you, with the partition which Nature herſelfe hath made? I cannot conceive with what face ſhe can goe a hunting amongſt ſuch violence & tumults, and how ſhe can run hallowing all day, till ſhee bee out of breath, after a kennell of Hounds, and a troope of Huntſmen. God made her for the Cloſet, and not for the Field: and in truth, it is a great ſin to diſtend ſo handſome a mouth, and to diſfigure ſo comely a face, with blowing a horne. To expoſe ſuch excellent things to all the boughes of the Forreſt, and to all the injuries of the weather; and to endanger ſuch pretious colours with winde and raine, with the ſunne and duſt. And yet, Madam, to ſee hunting, without being a partie, to goe in Coach, and in Parkes incloſed, where a multitude of beaſts are kept priſoners, and come to dye at Ladies feet, ſuch a recreation as this, I doe not condemne, being onely entertained with the eyes, and may paſſe either for a ſpectacle, or a walke; and is as farre from agitation as from reſt. But this ſerves not her turne, ſhe calles theſe but lazie and ſedentarie recreations, and takes no pleaſure, but when it is with hazard of her life. But what would be thought Madam, if one ſhould come and tell you, ſhee is ſlaine with a fall, by ranke riding, or that ſhee hath met with a wilde Boare, that was too hard for her? In ſuch caſes, there would not

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onely be no excuſe for her death, but it would bee a blot upon her memory for ever: and to ſave her honour, there muſt bee feigned ſome other accident in her Epitaph. As for that other diſcourſing Lady you complaine of, and whom I know, ſhe commits not, in truth, ſuch extravagant faults as this doth; yet ſhee hath her faults too: and I can no more allow of women to bee Doctors, than of women to bee Cavaliers. She ſhould take you for a paterne, and make profit of the good example you give. You know indeed, an infinite number of excellent things; but you make no open profeſſion of your knowledge, as ſhee doth, and you ſhew, you have not learned them to keepe a ſchoole. You ſpeake to her, when ſhee preacheth to you, and making popular anſweres to her riddles, and giving diſtinction to her confuſion: you doe her at leaſt, this good office, to expound her to her ſelfe. Neither in the tune of your voyce, nor in the manner of your expreſſing, is any thing ſeen in you, but that which is naturall and French: and although your ſpirit bee of an extreame high elevation, and farre above the ordinarie reach, yet you ſo accomodate it to the capacitie of all that heare you, that whileſt the meaner ſort doe underſtand you, the more able ſpirits doe admire you. It is a great matter, Madam, to have gotten the knowledge of ſuch excellent things: but it is a greater matter ſo to hide them, as if they were ſtollen, and to call them, as you doe, by the name of your ſe-

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ciet Truantings. Your Canvas, your Silke, your Needles, are ſeene, but your papers are not ſeene; and thoſe women that are taken with men that are not their husbands, are not more ſurprized than you are, when you are found to have an Authour in your hand, that is not French. I know therefore, Madam, you cannot approve of one ſo contrarie to your ſelfe, how faire a ſhew ſoever you make, nor will ever change the plainneſſe of your words, for her learned gybriſh. Pedanterie is not ſufferable in a Maſter of Art, how ſhould it be borne withall in a woman? And what patience can endure to heare one talke a whole day together, Metamorphoſis and Philoſophie to mingle the *Idæas* of *Plato*, and the *Predicables* of *Porphirie* together; to make no compliment, that hath not in it a dozen Horizons and Hemiſpheares; and at laſt, when ſhee hath no more to ſay, then to raile upon mee in Greeke, and accuſe me of Hyperbole, and Catacreſe. Theſe be her deviſes, ſhe will have, in two verſes, at leaſt foure full points, ſhe hath a deſigne to ſet on foot, and bring into uſe againe, the Strophes and Antiſtrophes, ſhe gives Rules both of Epick and Dramatick Poeſie, and ſayth, ſhe cannot endure a Comedie, that is not within the law of foure and twentie houres: and this ſhee is going about to publiſh through all *France*. If I had a mortall enemie, I would deſire no greater revenge of him, then to wiſh him ſuch a wife. Nothing hath more confirmed mee in my deſire of ſolitude,

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than the example of this Ladie: and I see plainly, that a single life is the best thing in the world, seeing it lies in covert, and is free from the cumber of this talking Ladie. I expect by this bearer the Essayes you promised mee, and am

Madam,

At Balzac, 20. Septemb. 1628. *Your, &c.*

Another to her.

LETTER LI.

MAdam, I cannot possibly live anie longer without hearing from you: but I cannot heare of anie of whom to heare it; and *Lyonnois* are as rare in these parts, as *Spaniards* since the warre was proclaimed. I must therefore make use of a messenger, whom you have raised to an Embassadour, to the end hee may informe mee of your health and your friends. My love of you, drawes on a curiositie for all things that are yours: and my minde will not be in quiet, till I heare how my mother, your children doe, and what good newes you heare from

from them. Particularly I deſire to know, whether you bee yet a Grand-mother in *Holland*; and whether my Ladie, your daughter in law, have brought you Captaines or Senatours, at leaſt, Madam, they ſhall bee children much bound to their mother; ſeeing, beſides their birth, they ſhall owe her for their libertie, a thing they ſhould not doe to a Fleming of *Bruxels*. I have ſeene the Cavalier you have ſo often ſpoken of, and I thinke you judge verie rightlie of him. Hee conſiſts wholly of a Pickedevant, and two Muſtachoes: and therefore utterly to defeate him, there needes but three clippes of a paire of Cizers. It is not poſſible to bring one ——— to bee afraid of him. Hee ſayth, that if he wore a Lions skinne, and carried in one hand a Torch, and in the other a Clubbe, yet in ſuch equipage hee would bee more ridiculous than redoubtable. Hee beleeves hee hath choler enough, but beleeves not hee hath any heare; hee reckons him, in the number of beaſts that are skittiſh and reſty, but not that are cruell and furious: And when I tell him, he hath been often in the field; hee anſweres me, it hath been then, rather to feed, than to fight. You can, if you pleaſe, returne mee a hundred fold for this my untoward ſhort relation: and it will bee long of you, if my man come not back laden with hiſtories, which muſt certainly have been written to you by the laſt

laſt Poſts. Take pitty upon the ignorance of your neighbours, and doe me the honour to beleive I am,

Madam,

At *Balzac*, 15. *Aug.* 1635. *Your, &c.*

To Madam *du Fos.*

LETTER LII.

MAdam, my deere Couſin; There is nothing heard in all quarters, but benedictions and prayſes, which our poore pleaders give you. They invocate you, as their Redeemer; and if *Themis* be the goddeſſe of good cauſes, you, it ſeemes, are the goddeſſe of good ſucceſſe. For my ſelfe, I have knowne a long time, that you are powerfull in perſwaſion, and never ſpeake without prevayling. This is the cauſe, why I have promiſed Monſieur *de* ——, not that you ſhall ſollicite for him, but that you ſhall ſpeed for him; and I am this day warranted of the Event. I could tell you, to make you reſpect him the more, that he is able to thanke you, in five or ſix languages; that he

hee hath a full Magazine of Aſtrolabes and Globes; and that, being but of a meane ſtature, he hath yet, by his knowledge in the Mathematicks, found a meanes to make himſelfe as high as Heaven. But I will content my ſelfe to ſay, that he is my friend, and your Oratour: that if my commendation, and your own glory be deare unto you, you cannot but very ſhortly ſend him backe with full ſatisfaction. I promiſed to ſend you the two Sonnets, you have heard ſo much ſpoken of, but my bad memory, makes me fayle in a part of my promiſe, and I can ſend you, but one and a halfe:

The one entyre is this:

Tu reposois Daphnis, au plus haut de Parnasse,
Couronné de lauriers si touffus & sivers,
Qu'ils sembloit te Couvrir des orages divers
Dont la rigueur du sort trouble nostre bonace.

Quand l'injuste Mevalque a heeu en cett' audace
D'employer les poysons sous sa robe couverts,
Pour corrumpre ton Nom qui remplit l'univers
Et me spriſe du temps la fatale menace.

Mais si durant la paix, tes Innocents Escrits,
Forceront d'avouer les plus rares esprits:
Que Florence devoit un Temple a ta memoire,
Ce style de combat, Cet Effort plus qu'humain,
Feravoir a quel point, un peut mettre sa gloire,
Qu'andl'injure t'a mis les armes a la main.

The

The halfe one is this:

Quelque fois ma raiſon par des foibles diſcans,
M' incite a la revolte, & me promet ſecours
Mais lors que tout de bon je me veux ſervir d' elle

Apres beaucoup de peine, et d' efforts impuiſſants
Elle dit, qu' vraiment eſt ſeule aymable & belle,
Et m' y rengage plus que ne font tous mes ſens.

The Aathour of this laſt Sonnet, hath made one in *Spaniſh*, which in the Court of *Spaine*, goes under the Name of *Lopez de Vega*, and another in *Italian*, which *Marino* verily beleeved, he had read in *Petrarke*; It is a Spirit, that changeth himſelfe at pleaſure, and transformes himſelfe into what ſhape he liſt: yet he deſerves better prayſes than this, and his Morall qualities are nothing behinde his Intellectuall: I will tell you his Name, when it ſhall be lawfull to love him openly, and to make his *Encomium* without ſcruple. But firſt, it is needfull, that Fortune which hath caſt him upon an Enemies Countrey, ſhould bring him backe to *Paris*, where both of us, meane to waite upon you, to make our Court; and from whence I deſire not ever to returne, but onely to teſtifie to you more carefully, than heretofore I have done, that I am

Madam, my deare Couſin,

At Balzac, 4. May 1633

Your, &c.

To Madam *de Campagnole.*

Letter LIII.

MY moſt deare Siſter, I ſend you the Book which you required of mee, for my Niece, and I beleeve, that this and her Prayer-Booke, make her whole Librarie: ſhee ſhall finde in it, a Devotion that is not too myſticall, nor too much refined; and which hath nothing but Morall and reaſonable. I like this popular Divinitie, which meets us halfe way, and ſtoops a little, that we may not ſtrayne our ſelves too much. It followes the example of its Author, who made himſelfe familiar with common people, and put not backe ſo much as Courtiſans and Publicans, farre from making diviſion in families, and withdrawing women from obedience to their mothers, and their husbands. It commends this obedience, as their principall verue, and calles it a ſecond worſhip, and a ſecond religion. I ſhall be glad to ſee my Neece make profeſſion of a pietie, ſo conformable to naturall reaſon, and ſo good a counſellour of all other duties. But let her not, I pray, climbe higher, and undertake Meditations of her owne head: *Grenada* whom I ſent her, hath taken this paines for her, and hath meditated for her, and for all other that ſhall reade his Bookes. There is nothing more dangerous, than to

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mount up to Heaven without a helper and a guide; and it is a great confidence, one muſt have in his Spirit, to let it goe ſo farre, and be aſſured, it will ever come backe againe. It is not long agoe, there was in a Towne of *Spaine*, a Societie of devoted perſons, who continued in meditation ſo many houres a day, leaving off all baſe works, to live, as they ſayd, a more heavenly life; but what thinke you, became of it? even a thouſand domeſticall diſorders, and a thouſand publike extravagancies. The leſſe credulous, tooke the pricke of a pinne, for a Saints marke, the more humble, accounted their husbands prophane; the wiſer ſort, ſpake what came in their heads, and made faces perpetually. In ſo much, that when in the moneth of *May*, there did not paſſ three or foure nunne madde; it was counted a good yeare. It is fit to ſtay ones ſelfe upon the true vertue, and not to follow the vaine Phantaſmes of holineſſe. And it is farre ſafer, to ground ones ſelfe upon a ſolid and certaine reading, than to goe wandring in a hollow, and unſteady contemplation. If I had more time, you ſhould have more words; but hee that brings you the letter, calls upon mee for it, and I can no more to it, but that I perfectly am

My deare ſiſter,

Your, &c.

De Balzac, 15. April. 1638.

Another to her.

Letter LIIII.

MY deareſt Siſter, all the world tells me, that my Niece is fayre, and you may beleeve, I will challenge no man, for ſaying ſo. Beautie is in Heaven a qualitie of thoſe glorious bodies, and in Earth the moſt viſible marke that comes from Heaven. It is not fit therefore to ſlight theſe gifts of God, nor to make ſmall account of this ſparke of the life to come: It is not fit to be of ſo croſſe an humour, to blame that which is generally prayſed. Marke when a comely perſonage comes in place, having but this advantage of her birth, you ſhall preſently ſee all that were talking, to hold their peace; and what noyſe ſoever there was before, you ſhall have all huſht, and an univerſall calme upon a ſuddaine: you ſhall ſee a whole great multitude, all buſie in different labours, to make preſently but one body, and that onely to ſtand to gaze and wonder: ſome leave to make up the reckoning they had begunne, ſome curtoll their complements, and cut them off in the midſt; every man puts off his conceits to ſome other time, onely to take a full

full view, and to contemplate this divine thing that preſents it ſelfe. If it be at a Sermon, they leave hearkening to the Preacher, and they are no longer the auditours of M. *de Nantes*, but the ſpectatours of *Caliſta*. The fayre can never be ſeene without reſpect, without prayſes, without acclamations. They triumph, as often as they appeare, and their youth hath not more dayes, than their beautie hath Feſtivalls. But the miſchiefe is, my deere Siſter, that the Feſtivals are ſhort, the youth is not laſting, and the fayre at laſt come to be ill favoured. Queenes and Princeſſes grow old, and there is no old beautie, but that of God, of the Sunne, and of the Starres. Theſe heads that now have neither skinne, nor fleſh, nor hayre; Theſe carkaſſes and dry bones have beene in their time, the divinities and wonders of the world: and was heretofore called the Dutcheſſe of *Valentinois*, the Dutcheſſe of *Beaufort*, the Marquis of ——: Beſides there may happen diſeaſes, which will doe old ages worke before hand, and are oftentimes more gaſtly than death it ſelfe. Wee are frighted ſometimes to ſee the ſpoyle and ruines of Faces, upon which the foote of ſickneſſe hath troaden, and there is nothing, in which wee may more obſerve the lamentable markes of the inconſtancie of humane things. From hence I conclude, that beautie being a thing ſo frayle and tender, ſubject to ſo many accidents, and ſo hard to keepe; it is fit wee ſhould ſeeke after another beautie,

that is more firme and permanent, that can better withſtand corruption, and better defend it ſelfe againſt the force of time. Above all, it is not fit, that women ſhould be proud of a qualitie, that is infamous for the loſſes and wracks of many poore Conſciences, and which as innocent and chaſt as it can be, will yet be a cauſe to rayſe in others, a thouſand fowle deſires, and a thouſand unhallowed and wicked thoughts. Say, my Niece hath ſome thing in her that is pleaſing, ſome thing that is fayre and beautifull, as her friends conceive, yet ſhee ought alwayes to be afraid of ſuch a good, that is ſo dangerous for doing hurt to others. I ſet before her eyes, the ſad Picture of that which ſhee ſhall be hereafter; to the end, ſhee may not grow proud of that which ſhee is now. There is no hurt in meditating a little upon this poynt. But allow her the libertie wee even now tooke from her; yet withall, put her alwayes in minde, that of the foure beauties I have ſhewed her in my *Taſſo*; there is but one of them, that will be a fit example for her to follow. Shee muſt leave *Armida* and *Erminia*, for the Gallants of the Court, *Clorinda* is for the valourous men of *Gaſcoigne*, and *Perigord*; but ſhee that I propoſe for her Patterne, is *Sophronia*. And if ſhee have not courage enough to ſay to the Tyrant, as ſhee ſayd, It is I that am the Delinquent you looke for; let her at leaſt, have the other conditions, that are neceſſary to the being her follower,

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and imitate her in them. This fayre Saint made profeſſion of modeſtie, and neglected her beautie; ſhee was alwayes, eyther hidden under a veile, or ſhut up in her Chamber, and all the world might ſuſpect her to be fayre; but there was ſcarce any at all that knew it but her mother. Shee had no deſigne to entrappe any mans libertie, and therefore layd not her ſnares in their way, nor went to Church to ſee and to be ſeene. My deare ſiſter, I cannot chooſe, but take upon me here to be a reformer of corrupt manners, and make my complaint to you, of a Cuſtome, which as well as many other naughtie things, the Court hath caſt upon us. What reaſon is there in the world, that women ſhould enter into holy places, of purpoſe to draw upon them, the view and attention of the Company? as much as to ſay, to trouble and diſturbe the whole devotion of a Towne, and to doe as bad, or worſe, as thoſe buyers and ſellers did, whom Chriſt whipped out of the Temple? By this meanes, good actions become evill, and Pietie comes to have no better odour before the Altars, than Perfumes that are muſtie and corrupted. Women now adayes, are bound to be ſeene to be at Church; and this very deſire of being ſeene there, is the ordinary prophanation of the place where they are ſeene. And in truth, ſeeing this place is particularly called the Houſe of God, what is it but to vilifie God, even in the higheſt degree, to come and offend at his owne doores, and as it were to his face?

face? It is even as great an Impudency, as that of the firſt Angells, who ſinned in Paradiſe. Yet herein certainly, the *Italian* women are more pardonable than the *French*; for they indeed, have no other breathing time of their unfortunate libertie, being at all other times, kept up as ſlaves and priſoners: but in *France*, where women are not denyed the company and viſits of honeſt men, they can have nothing to ſay, in juſtification of this incontinency of their eyes, and of this unſufferable vanitie, to ſeeke to part ſtakes with God, in mens vowes, and to ſhare with him in his publike Adoration. You little thought this morning to heare a Preacher, and I as little thought to be one, but as you ſee, the zeale of Gods Houſe, hath brought mee to it; and finding my ſelfe at leiſure, I was deſirous to beſtow part of it upon you. The Text was given mee yeſterday, by the company that was here; where my Nieces beautie was ſo much extolled, that, ſending you Newes, which are to her ſo glorious, I thought fit, to ſend her withall, a cooling, to keepe her glorying in ſome temper: and ſo my deare Siſter, I take my leave, and am with all my ſoule,

Your, &c.

At *Bolnac*, 3. *May*,
1635.

Another

Another to her.

Letter LV.

MY dearest sister, having both of us but one passion, it makes us alwayes talking of one thing. My Neece is the subject of all our Letters, as she is the object of all our cares. For my owne part, I see not a good or a bad example, which I make not use of, for her instruction, and endevour to imploy it to her profit. You remember a woman the other day, who values nothing, likes of nothing, excuses nothing; and let her be in the best & most pleasing company that may be, yet she is sure to put them all into dumpes and melancholy. You can come on no side of her, but she pricks and bites: all her coasts are craggie and rockie. And it was not without cause my brother sayd, that if the man you wot of, had married her, there would certainly have nothing come of that marriage, but Teeth and Nayles. It is impossible to live in peace with such a savadge chastitie. I make no more reckoning of it, than of that of the Furies, whom the ancient Poets call virgines, and wonder not, that women of this humour, love no man, seeing they hate the whole world.

This ſad and ſullen poyſon taking up all the roome in their ſoules, leaves no place at all for other paſſions that are ſweet and pleaſing. They flye pleaſures, rather by having their mouth out of taſte, than by having their judgement in perfection: and are ſo continually fretting, that they have no leaſure at any time to be merrie. As long as they bee chaſte, they thinke they may lawfully bee diſcourteous, and ſcratch men, ſo they doe not kiſſe them. They have a conceit, that by wanting one vice, they have preſently all vertues: and that for a little good fame they gaine to their husbands, they may keepe them under yoake, and affront all mankinde. It is true, the loſſe of a womans honour is the greateſt diſgrace ſhe can poſſibly incurre; and which once loſt, ſhee hath nothing left her that is worth the keeping: But yet it followes not, that the preſerving it, is any ſuch royall act; and I doe not admire any, for not being willing to live in miſery and diſgrace. I never heard, that a woman ſhould bee praiſed, for not falling in the fire, or for not caſting her ſelfe downe a rock. We condemne the memorie of them that kill themſelves; but we give no reward to them that preſerve themſelves. And ſo indeed it is, a woman that magnifies her ſelfe for being chaſte, magnifies her ſelfe for not being dead, and for having a qualitie, without which ſhe were as good bee out of the world, ſeeing ſhee ſtayes not in it, but for a plague to her name, and to

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ſee her owne infamie. I ſay yet more, that ſhee ought not ſo much to conſider the vice as an evill thing, as to conſider it as an inpoſſible thing, and not to have it ſo much in deteſtation, as in ignorance. For indeed, if a woman bee truly vertuous, ſhee will ſooner believe there are Meremaids and Centaures, than that there are any diſhoneſt women: but will rather conceive that the world is given to ſlandering, and that Fame is a lyer, than that her neighbour is falſe and diſloyall to her husband: though with her owne eyes ſhe ſhould ſee the fault committed, yet it is her part to ſuſpect her eyes were miſtaken, and that it was but an illuſion which ſhe ſaw; at leaſt, ſhee ſhould never give ſentence upon this ſort of delinquents, ſeeing Chriſt himſelfe would not doe it to the adulterous woman. When others wrong a woman, it is her part to be ſorrie: and when others ſay, ſhe hath beene unfaithfull, it may bee enough for her to ſay, ſhe hath beene unfortunate. And yet more than this too, I could wiſh, if it were poſſible, that where ſhee findes moſt weakneſſe, there ſhe ſhould make report of moſt goodneſſe: und I would not, that vertue ſhould beget this bad qualitie. It is an enemie to ſocietie, and deſerves not to have ſo good a mother: and one may well flie and blame the vice, ſo as the flying it, bee without oſtentation, and the blaming it be without choler. For otherwiſe, it would bee as much as to require a ſtatue for doing nothing: and in

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the ſmart of the puniſhment, to ſeeke for the pleaſure of revenge. An honeſt woman reformes the world by the example of her life, and not by the violence of her ſpirit. She ought not to proclaime warre againſt any; not againſt the moſt indiſcreet and inſolent: and if there chance any licentious or uncivill word to be uttered in her hearing, ſhe ought to checke it, either by giving no eare, or by falling into ſome other diſcourſe, or by caſting upon the ſpeaker a beame of modeſtie, that may cover his confuſion, and pierce his very ſoule: and thus ſhe ſhall uſe a chaſtiſing without offending. There is as well a ſeveritie in modeſtie, as a ſweetneſſe; and which keeps inſolence it ſelfe in awe. and a woman that carries this excellent vertue in her eyes, keepes men within the bounds of their dutie, without ever falling into out-rage, or into words of choler. Other vertues are hidden, and have nothing in them that is viſible, or that falls under ſence. This This vertue hath a body of light, and riſeth up into the face, in thoſe pretty ſtraines, which baſhfulneſſe that is her uſher, as *Aurora* is the Sunnes, ſends up into it. And in truth, the Purple, whereof the Poets ſpeake, which appeares at the breake of day, is nothing ſo rich and glorious, as that which is diſcloſed in an honeſtie a little baſhfull; the effect whereof in noble tempers is not an over-flowing of blood, but onely one ſingle drop well husbanded. It is not a maſſe of red, which ſets the face on fire.

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It is onely a first impression, and as it were, a shadow of tincture, that lightly colours it. This honest blush, which is so pleasing a thing in maydens faces, and which I distinguish from that, which is sottish and untoward, is a barre, and sufficient defence against the audaciousnesse of the most impudent; and when it is seen to shine in a womans looke, there is no licentiousnesse, that is not dazeled with it, and is not stopt from daring to proceed. And therefore there is no necessitie of using any straining of the voyce, any churlishnesse of words, or any agitation of gestures, to doe that, which may better be done by silence, and with quietnesse. And indeed women are bound, if for nothing else, yet for the very interest of their beauty, to shunne a passion, that makes such villanous faces, and sets so many wrinkles upon their countenance. I have heard some of them complaine, that the sent of a Rose was too strong, and that Muske made their heads ake, because it had not milde sweetnesse enough: and why then will they not take that sweetnesse into themselves, which they seek for so much in other things? and finde fault with the want of it, in that Art, which proposeth to it selfe no other end? If without this sweetnesse, there grow from the most pretious odours, a certaine qualitie which offends them; and if there bee some Flowers, and some perfumes that please them not, what likelihood is there, that Brimstone and Salt-peter can please them, and that

their

their humour can have any thing common with theſe violent ſubſtances? It is true perhaps that ſweetneſſe and mildneſſe have their exceſſes; but yet, even thoſe exceſſes are more lawfull, than the juſteſt temper of ſhrewiſhneſſe and incivilitie; at leaſt in a woman, they are much more commendable: and it becomes her better to diſſemble that ſhee knowes, than to diſcover verities that are odious: and better ſhe ſhould be thought to come out of another world, than to carry to a man the firſt newes of her ſtinking breath; and teach another to know the infirmitie of her race, which perhaps he knew not before. Theſe liberties are not ſufferable in the freeſt converſations, they draw on other more dangerous liberties; and though your ſex be inviolable, and have the priviledge of ſanctuarie, yet prophane perſons ſtick not to lay hands on the Saints themſelves, and on their Altars, and nothing is ſo ſacred, that can eſcape the hand of ſacriledge. Onely thoſe perſons that can revenge offences, may venture to give offences; and a man that will give the lye, muſt be of a condition to fight a Duell, & maintain it by Armes. My Neece hath no great need of theſe precepts, nor indeed of any forraigne inſtruction; ſhe cannot wander from the right, if ſhe goe not aſtray from her owne inclination; nor can be troubleſome to others, if ſhe borrow not a vice which is none of her owne. I have therefore repreſented to her, the woman of the other day: but after their exam-

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ple, who ſhewed their ſlaves drunke to their children, and that is to make her afrayd of filthy objects, and to make that hatefull to her, which is not in it ſelfe lovely; to confirme her in the principles which you have taught her, and to draw her out ſome rules from her own actions: ſhe is (I know) naturally good; but the beſt natures have need of ſome method to guide them, and direction doth never any hurt to vertue: ſhe is able to keepe herſelfe in termes extreamly obliging, without ever falling into the baſeneſſe of flatterie: She is able to pleaſe without colloguing; and though ſhee call not every thing by the right name, nor bee ſo very curious to ſpeake in proper termes, yet her ſtile ſhall not for that, bee the leſſe liked, nor her companie the leſſe deſired. She may call them wiſe that want the reputation of beeing valiant; and women that are ſad, ſhe may ſay they are ſerious. If a man bee not of a quicke ſpirit, ſhe may ſay, he is of a good judgement: and if one bee unfortunate in his actions ſhe may ſay, he hath a good meaning in his counſails. But yet in this there is a meaſure to bee held, and a choyce muſt bee made, in laying her colours, that ſhee ſeeke not to diſguiſe all ſorts of ſubjects: for there are ſome indeed that are not capable of diſguiſing. Thoſe that are pale, ſhe may praiſe for their whiteneſſe: but thoſe that have a dropſie, ſhe muſt not praiſe for their fatneſſe: ſhee may ſay, that ſcruple is a bud of pietie. But ſhee muſt not ſay, that prophaneneſſe

neſſe is an effect of Philoſophie. Shee may make a favourable conſtruction of things doubtfull, and ſweeten the rigour of particular judgements; but ſhee muſt not contend againſt common ſence, nor bee oppoſite to verities that are publicke and manifeſt. Shee muſt make a difference betweene errours and crimes, betweene a docible ſimplicitie and a preſumptuous ſtupiditie, betweene ſots that are honeſt, and thoſe that are wicked. And if ſhee happen to bee in companie, where ſome weake ſpirit is oppreſſed, as the world is full of ſuch that will triumph over the weake, and take no pittie of any, ſhee muſt then, by all meanes, bee a protectreſſe of ſuch a one, and make herſelfe a Sanctuarie for all thoſe, whom ſtronger adverſaries would otherwiſe ruine. This onely is to bee obſerved, that ſhee ſo undertake the maintaining of weake cauſes, that it may appeare by the tune of her voyce, that it proceedes from exceſſe of goodneſſe, and not from want of knowledge: and that ſhee compaſſionates humane infirmities by an act of charitie, makes not herſelfe a partie by falſe perſwaſion. I am now at the end of my paper; and ſhould have beene a good while ſince at the end of my letter: but I alwayes forget my ſelfe when I am with you, and never thinke howres ſhorter, than thoſe I beſtow upon your memorie. And ſo my

deare

deare ſiſter, I bid you farewell, not without great longing to ſee you: and if you and all your company come not hither the next week, I proclaime it to you, that I am no longer

At *Balzac*, 10. *July*, 1634. *Your, &c.*

THE SECOND PART of the third Volume of the Letters of Monſieur De Balzac.

To my Lord the Cardinall, Duke of *Richelieu*.

Letter I.

MY Lord, being ſtayed here by ſome occaſions, I ſuffer this hard neceſſitie with a great deale of paine, and account my ſelfe baniſhed from my Countrey, being ſo long a time deprived of your preſence. I deny not, but the victorious and triumphant Newes, that comes continually from the Armie, gives me ſome reſentment of joy, and that

the brute of your Name in all quarters, toucheth me very ſenſibly; but it is no perfect ſatisfaction to me, to learne that by others relating, which I ought to know as an eye-witneſſe, and I conceive ſo great a pleaſure to conſiſt, in the ſight of your glory, that there is not a common Souldier under your Command, whoſe happineſſe and good fortune, I doe not envie. But my Lord, though I cannot ſerve you with my bodily actions, yet I revere you day and night, with the thoughts of my minde, and in this ſo worthy an imployment, I never thinke the nobleſt part of my ſelfe, can doe ſervice enough. Your Lordſhip, next to the King, is the eternall object of my ſpirit, I never turne my eyes from the courſe of your life; and if perhaps, you have Courtiers more officious than my ſelfe, and ſuch as doe their duties with greater oſtentation and ſhew, yet I am moſt ſure, you have no ſervant that is more faithfull, and whoſe affection comes more truely from his heart, and is fuller of life and vigour. But to the end, my words may not be thought vaine, and without ground, I ſend you now a proofe of that I ſay, by which, you ſhall perceive, that a man that is himſelfe perſwaded, hath a great diſpoſition to perſwade others, and that a Diſcourſe, founded upon the things themſelves, and animated with the truth, both ſtirres mens ſpirits with greater force, and alſo begets a firmer beliefe, than that which is but feigned, and comes but in the nature of Declayming. This, my Lord,

is a part drawne out from the whole bodie, and a piece, which I have taken moſt paines to polyſh; which, I freely vow unto you, that all the houres of a calmer leiſure than mine, and all the powers of a more elevated ſpirit than ordinary, would have found worke enough, to bring to perfection. In it, there is handled, Of the vertue, and victories of the King; Of the Juſtice of his Armes; Of Royaltie and Tyrannie; Of uſurpers and lawfull Princes; Of Rebellion chaſtened, and libertie mainteined; but becauſe the Prince I ſpeake of, is a ſtirrer, and makes no ſtay any where, and that in following him, I ſhould imbarque my ſelfe in a world of ſeverall ſubjects; I have therefore, preſcribed to my ſelfe certaine bounds, which in his actions, I ſhould never have met with: and after the example of *Homer*, who finiſhed his *Ilias* with the death of *Hector*, though that were not the end of the warre; I have thought fit, not to goe further, than the taking of *Suze*, though this were but the beginning of the wonders, wee have ſeene of his. You know my Lord, that this kinde of writing, which I propoſe to my ſelfe, is without compariſon, the moſt painfull of all other; and that it is a hard matter, to continue long in an action that muſt be violent, and to be violent in an action that muſt continue long. This prayſe belongs properly to Orateurs, I meane ſuch as know how to perſwade, how to pleaſe in profiting, and can make the people capable of the ſecrets of

Governning a Common-wealth. For as for Philoſophers, that have written of this argument, their diſcourſe is commonly ſo drie and meager, that it appeares, their intention was rather to inſtruct, than to reconcile; and beſides, their ſtyle is ſo thornie and cumberſome, that it ſeemes they meant to teach none, but the learned. And in this, there is no more difficultie, than there is in healing of men that be in health. And for a man, to make himſelfe obſcure, there needs no more, but to ſtay upon the firſt notions wee have of truth, which are never, eyther wholly pure, or purely mingled, and which falling from the imagination upon paper, leave upon it ſuch a confuſion, that it reſemblet rather an informed abortion, than a perfect production. Beſides, in the compoſition of a Hiſtorie, eſpecially where the Politiques have to doe, an Authour is carried, and borne out by his matter, and the things being all made to his hand, which eaſe him of the paines of invention, as the order of the time eaſeth him of the care of diſpoſing; he hath little to doe for his part, but onely to contribute words, which is by ſome made ſo ſmall a matter, that when *Menander* was preſſed by ſome friends to publiſh a worke of his, that he had promiſed: He made anſwere, it ſhall preſently come forth; for it is in a manner all finiſhed and ready, there wants nothing, but to make the words. But in the perſwaſive kinde of writing, (beſides, that there muſt be a better

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choice made, and a ſtricter order uſed, in placing the words, than in ſimple Narrations, which for all their luſtre and riches of expreſſion, require no more but plainneſſe, and fit termes) they which deſire to attaine perfection, or indeed to doe any thing at all of worth, endeavour all they can, to put in uſe, and reduce to action, the moſt ſubtle *Idæa's* of all Rhetoricke; to rayſe up their underſtanding to the higheſt poynt of things; to ſearch out, in every matter, the verities leſſe expoſed to view, and to make them ſo familiar, that they who perceived them not before, may by their relation come as it were to touch them. Their deſigne is, to joyne pleaſure to profit, to mingle daintineſſe and plentie together; and to fight with Armes, not onely firme and ſtrong, but alſo fayre and glittering. They endeavour to civilize Learning; drawing it from the Colledge, and freeing it from the hands of Pedants, who marre and ſully it in handling: and to ſay the truth, adulterate and corrupt it, abuſing this excellent and delicate thing in the ſight of all the world. They ſeeke not to avoyde Rockes by turning aſide from them, but rather by flyding gently over them, and rather to eſcape places of danger, than to ſhunne them. And to make it appeare, that nothing is ſo ſowre or bitter, but that it may be ſweetned and allayed by Diſcourſe. Finally, they ſuffer themſelves ſometimes to be tranſported with that reaſonable fury, which Rhetoricians have well

knowne, though it goe beyond their Rules and Precepts: which thruſt an Oratour into ſuch ſtrange and uncouth motions, that they ſeeme rather inſpired, than to be naturall; and with which, *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero* were ſo poſſeſſed, that the one of them ſweares by thoſe that dyed at *Marathon*, and of his owne authoritie makes them Gods: the other, askes queſtions of the Hilles and Forreſts of *Alba*, as if they had eares, and were able to heare him. But if I were one that did come any thing neere ſo noble an end, (which I neither will nor dare beleeve) and that I were able to make ſtrangers ſee, that all things in *France* are changed for the better, ſince the happie Reigne of our King, who no leſſe augmenteth our ſpirits, than he encreaſeth our courage; yet it is not I that ſhould merit the glory of this, but I muſt wholly attribute it to the happineſſe of my time, and to the force of my object. Howſoever, my Lord, if I cannot be taken into the Liſt of learned and able men, at leaſt, I cannot be denyed a place amongſt honeſt men, and loyall ſervants; and if my abilities be worthy of no conſideration with you, at leaſt, my zeale and affection, are better worth, than to be rejected. With which meditation, I am ſometimes ſo raviſhed, that I doubt not, but my reſentments muſt needs content you; and that it is no unpleaſing recreation to you, to caſt your eye upon a Philoſopher in choler. And though true love content it ſelfe with the teſtimony of its owne

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Conſcience; and that I give you many prooſes of my moſt humble ſervice, which I aſſure my ſelfe, will never come to your knowledge; yet for your ſatisfaction, I deſire you might heare me ſometimes in the place where you are, and might ſee, with what advantage, I maintaine the publike cauſe, in what manner I controll falſe Newes that runs about, and how I ſtop their mouthes that will be talking in diſparagement of our affayres. It is certaine, that it is not poſſible our State ſhould be more flouriſhing than it is, or that the ſucceſſe of the Kings Armes ſhould be more glorious than it is, or that the Peace of the People ſhould be more aſſured than it is, or that your Government ſhould be more judicious than it is; and yet wee meete with certaine ſpirits, that are troubled with their owne quietneſſe, are impatient of their owne felicitie, cannot be held in any good beliefe, but by proſperities that are ſupernaturall; and longer than they ſee miracles, give no credit to any thing. If preſent affayres be in good termes, then they caſt out feares of thoſe to come; and when they ſee, the events prove happie, then they fall affrighting us with Preſages. They take an Oath, to eſteeme of no perſons, but forreyners; of no things, but farre fet. They admire *Spinola*, becauſe he is an *Italian*, and their enemie; they cannot abide to prayſe the King, becauſe he is a *Frenchman*, and their Maſter. They will hardly be drawne to confeſſe, that the King hath overcome, though they

ſee before their eyes, an infinite number of Townes taken; of Factions ruinated; eternall Monuments of his Victories: and more eaſily the King hath gotten the applauſe of all *Europe*, than theſe mens approbation. They would perſwade us, if they could, that he had rayſed his Siege before *Rochell*; That he had made a ſhamefull Peace with the Proteſtants; and that the *Spaniards* had made him run away. They doe all they can, to exterminate his Hiſtory, and to extinguiſh the greateſt light that ſhall ever ſhine to poſteritie. I doubt not, but they caſt a malicious eye upon my Booke; for preſenting an image of thoſe things which offend them ſo much. And they who beleeve Fables and *Romances*, and are in paſſion, for an *Hercules* or an *Achilles*, who perhaps never were; They who reade with extaſie of joy, the actions of *Rowland* and of *Reinold*, which were never done, but upon Paper: Theſe men will finde no relliſh in a true Hiſtory, becauſe it gives teſtimonie to the vertue of their naturall King. They can like well enough, that againſt the credit of all Antiquitie, *Xenophon* being a Græcian, and no *Perſian*, ſhould frame *Cyrus* a life after his owne fancie, and make him die in his bed, and amongſt his Friends; when yet hee dyed in the warres, and overcome by a woman: and they can like well enough, that *Plinie* ſhould tell a lye in open Senate, and prayſe *Trajan* for temperance and chaſtitie, who yet was given to wine, and to another vice ſo fowle

that

that it cannot honestly be named; but they can by no meanes like, that I, who am the Kings subject born, should say that of him, which no man can deny to be most true, and that being to make a patern for Princes, I should rather make choyce of his life, than either of that of *Cyrus*, which is fabulous, or that of *Trajan*, which is not the purest, that I may not speake of that of *Cæsar Bogia*, which is all blacke with licentiousnesse and crimes. Heaven it selfe is not able to give this kinde of people a Governour to their minde. Hee that was according to Gods owne heart, should not be according to theirs: They would not thinke *Salomon* wise enough, nor *Alexander* valiant enough. They are generally enemies of all sorts of Masters; and accusers of all things the present time affoords. They make our heads ake with crying out, that there was no necessitie to make a war in *Italy*; but if you had stayed still at *Paris*, they would have cryed out much lowder, that it had not been honest, to suffer our allyes to perish. Because some of our Kings have made unfortunate voyages beyond the mountaines, therefore they will needs have it, that our King, though he follow not their counsels, should yet fall into their misfortunes. They accuse your conduct with old proverbs, because they cannot with sound reasons. They say, *Italy* is the Church-yard of the *French*: and being not able to observe the least fault in all your carriage in that country, they lay upon you the faults

faults of our auneſtors, and charge you with the errour of *Charles* the eighth. Yet I conceive that theſe mens ſinne is rather of infirmitie than of malice, that they are rather paſſionate for their opinions, than Penſioners of our enemies; and that they have more need of helpe by Phyſicke, than of reſtraint by law. But it is a grievous thing to ſee, how the buſie-bodies of our time, ſpeake the ſame language, which Rebels did in times paſt; and abuſe the happineſſe of libertie, even againſt him, who hath procured it unto us. They come continually, and tell me, wee are like to receive much prejudice by the diſcontent of ſuch a Prince, that is gone from our ſide. And I anſwere them, it is better to have a weake enemie that cannot hurt us, than hold a troubleſome friend, that would doe us no good. They will by all meanes, that the King at any price, ſhould ſuccour *Cazall*; and I tell them, that he hath ſuccoured it alreadie, by his conqueſt of *Savoy*: and that in the ſtate as things now ſtand, it cannot bee taken, but to be delivered backe. They are not contented that you performe actions that are extraordinarie, they looke you ſhould performe ſome that are impoſſible: And though there ariſe ſometimes ſuch difficulties in things, that they cannot by any poſſibilitie be encountred; I ſay not, by defect in the undertaker, but by reaſon of repugnancie in the ſubject; yet they will not take for payment, ſuch reaſons as wiſe men are ſatiſfied withall, but they would have the King doe

that

that, which the Turke and Perſian joyned together, were not able to doe. Theſe things, my Lord, would put mee extreamly into paſſion, and I could never bee patient at ſuch exceſſe of ungratefulneſſe, if I did not remember, that there hath ſometimes beene a ſpirit, ſo ſullen, and ſo ſawcie, that it dared to finde fault with the workes of God himſelfe, and was not afrayd to ſay, that if hee had been of his counſell, as well in the creation as in the government of the world, hee would have given him better advice than hee tooke at firſt, or than hee now followes. After ſo immenſe a folly, you muſt not thinke it ſtrange, if there be ſome Extravagants; and the vulgar at all times hath beene found but an unjuſt Iudge of vertue; aud yet for all that, it hath never beene without admirers: and now, if thoſe that have but little inſtinct, and can doe nothing but murmure, and doe not favour him, it is for us, my Lord, to teſtifie unto you, that reaſonable men, and ſuch as know how to ſpeake, are of the better ſide.

At *Balzac*, 4. *Aug.* 1630.

Your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

Balzac.

Another

Another to him.

Letter II.

MY Lord, hearing that Monſieur de —— meanes to queſtion mee about the Benefice you did mee the honour to give mee: and that by vertue of his diſpenſation, hee hath ſent to take poſſeſſion, I have conceived no better ſhelter, to avoyd this ſtorme, than under the greatneſſe of your Name; nor any ſafer defence againſt the forces of ſuch an adverſarie, than the reſpect of ſuch a Protector as you are. I require not in this any ſtrayning of your Lordſhips power; I know you are ſparing of it in your owne proper intereſts, and reſerve it for occaſions that are publicke and important: I onely require the continuance of your love, and that you would ſignifie to him that troubles mee, you would bee glad hee would let me bee at quiet. For beſides that to ſtand in ſuit with a man of his robe, were as much as to fight with a Maſter of Fence, and to put ones whole right in hazard. It would trouble me, my Lord, though I were aſſured of ſucceſſe, to thinke I ſhould owe any part of it to any other beſides your ſelfe, ſeeing I account

count it more glorie to receive from you, than to wrest from another. Monsieur de—— may doe well, to keepe his dispensation for a better market, and draw much more profit with a little patience. And indeed, I verily believe, hee lookes for nothing to make him surcease, but for some demonstration from you, of your desire: and that he rather hath an ambition to bee intreated by M. the Cardinall, than any designe to take your gift from mee. I humbly intreat your Lordship to give him contentment in this poynt, and not suffer me to fall, at this first step of my Fortune; and that I may not alwayes bee unfortunate, being as I am with all my soule,

My Lord,

At *Balzac*, 8. *Novem.* 1631.

Yours, &c.

Another to him.

LETTER III.

MY Lord, I am infinitely bound unto you for the honour you have done me, to remember

member me, and for the paines you have taken, to write in my behalfe to Monſieur de ——— It is true, your paynes hath not had ſo good ſucceſſe, as I verily hoped it would: for though hee had given out, that for his ſatisfaction hee required no more but ſome ſmall ſigne, that it was your deſire: yet having received that ſigne, hee continues ſtill in the ſame termes, and holds the ſame rigorous courſe he did. It makes mee thinke, my Lord, that hee knowes not of what worth your commendation is: certainly, if it had been imployed for any other but my ſelfe, it had found all the yeelding and reſpect it meriteth: but indeed, I caſt unfortuneſſe upon all matters I deale in: my evill Fortune ſuffers mee not to make benefit of your love; you have no ſooner a thought to doe me good, but preſently a thouſand impediments ariſe to hinder it. You give mee preſents, and I doe not receive them: You command I ſhould be payd my penſion, and your command is not obeyed. Not yours, my Lord, of which one might ſay, *Eſt fatum quodcunque voles.* You have read my booke with pleaſure, and ſpoken of it with commendation; and yet I ſuffer perſecution for making it, as much as to ſay, for being a true Frenchman, and a lover of publick liberty. For as for the objections they make againſt mee, they certainly are but colours and pretences: If my words be not learned, or eloquent, they are yet found, and full

of

of truth. There is not one to bee found in all my worke, which a meane Advocate were not able to defend before the severeſt Tribunall in the world. The makers of libels, who condemne them, are the men of all other, that firſt corrupt them. I begin my Lord, to bee wearie of this long and obſtinate injuſtice; my Philoſophie beginnes to faile mee in this caſe: and I ſhould bee cleane and altogether out of heart, if I had not your goodneſſe to relye upon. For this, at this day, is the common refuge of all oppreſſed innocents, and no man invocates it in vaine. I therefore make my ſelfe believe, that it will at laſt ſend mee alſo ſome faire dayes, after ſo many ſtormes and tempeſts rayſed againſt mee by mine enemies: and that after you have ſaved Nations, and ſet Princes in their Thrones, it will bee no hard matter to relieve a poore private man who adores you, and whom calumnie ſeekes to ruine. I know ſome my Lord, whom you have made happy, and yet ſcarce knew their names; when you did mee the honour to give mee your good word, and yet fare never the better for it. And ſome I have knowne advanced by you, that lay hidden in the throng, when your ſelfe drew mee out, and placed mee amongſt the few, yet what get I by it? For in truth I could never make any uſe of this advantage, becauſe indeed I could never ſerve you with

ſuch care and ſubjection, as the forwardneſſe of your favours obliged me to doe. My indiſpoſition hath alwayes hindred my good deſignes; I have alwayes combated with weakneſſe of body, and never durſt venture to begin a life, which I was not aſſured I were able to hold out. This hath forced me, my Lord, to court you in a new faſhion; and to ſeeke to doe you ſervice by my abſence and eaſe, and not trouble you with unſeaſonable officiouſneſſe, and with many low curtſies to no purpoſe. I am able to ſay, unworthy as I am, that I was the firſt man that preached the wonders of your life unto the people, exhorted all Frenchmen to doe their duties; have in mine owne perſon given good example in the Provinces, and have healed many ſpirits that were ſicke, and ill perſwaded of the preſent government. I am not ſo well knowne by my name, as by my forwardneſſe in your ſervice. And when the ſpitefull rumour ran abroad of late, many perſons of qualitie can tell, how generally I tooke it: and how I reſolved to follow you to the worlds end, if ſo bee the unfortunateneſſe of France ſhould remove you from the Court. Yet I am not troubled, that I make you not theſe proofes of my Fidelitie, though they would be leſſe difficult to me, than to entertaine you, as now I doe, with my intereſts; which to ſay true, is a cruell torture I put my ſelfe to. It is not my deſire, you ſhould have misfortunes, to the end I might make uſe

of

of my conſolations: nor is it my wiſh, there ſhould be diſorders in my countrey, and diſgrace to my maſter, to the end I might the better ſhew my ſelfe a good Frenchman, and a loyall ſervant. But yet my Lord, why may I not be of ſome uſe in a calme, and have a place as well in the joy, as in the ſorrow? You alone are the authour of your victorie; but you alone cannot furniſh your tryumph, but muſt have many Artificers to worke about it. I have materials enough to make many large Fabrickes; but to undertake the worke, I muſt entreat your Lordſhip I may have a little contentment, or at leaſt, a little quiet. The ſplendor of your perſon is ſo great, that it ſends forth beams of light to your remoteſt ſervants: and the power which heaven hath given you, is ſo redoubtable to all ſorts of tyrants, that to give a period to my perſecution, there needs no more, but that you give ſome ſigne you meane to protect me; which favour I perſwade my ſelfe you will not deny me: for beſides the common cauſe of being oppreſſed, you have knowne a long time, that I make a ſpeciall profeſſion to be

My Lord,

Your, &c.

At Balzac, 5. Ian. 1632.

To Monſieur *Cytois*, Phyſitian to M. the Cardinall.

Letter V.

SIR, my curioſitie were undiſcreet, if I ſhould aske you newes of occurrents in the Armie; but you cannot take it ill, that I aske you newes of my Lord the Cardinals health. I learne the progreſſe of his glorious actions by the mouth of Fame: but I muſt learn from you how he fares in his continual agitation; and whether the temper of his bodie feele no alteration by the violent motions of his ſpirit. I conceive that God doubles his force when there is need; and that hee hath regard to the neceſſitie of ſo many people that cannot miſſe him: but I know alſo, that hee makes uſe of the ſecond cauſes, and that your cares and induſtrie concurre with his providence. The ſervices you doe to one particular man, are obligations to all the world. Never had any Science a more worthie or more profitable imployment than yours hath: And if the Romanes erected a ſtatue to *Antonius Muſa*, for healing of him who oppreſſed their libertie, why may not you juſtly expect a publicke

licke acknowledgement for preſerving of him, who makes us all both free and happie? I ſend him the diſcourſes whi ch———— I humbly entreat you to take care they may come to no other hands but his: and therefore that you will keep them in your cuſtodie, that they may be ſafe untill I come my ſelfe to *Paris*. I expect this courteſie from that good will you have alwayes promiſed mee: and here I make you this ſolemne proteſtation, that you can never honour any man that is more paſſionately than I am

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 5. *Aug.* 1630. *Your*, &c.

To Monſieur *de Chaſtelet* Counſellour of the King in his Counſell of State.

LETTER V.

SIR, it is great worke of memorie to bee mindfull of mee at the Court: but it is an

effect of a divine goodneſſe to make it raine dainties in the deſart: Since Manna, there was never ſeene there, ſuch a thing as you ſent me; and if you were bound to furniſh mee with ſuch fare, fortie yeares of baniſhment at this diet, would be to me fortie yeares of felicitie. To ſpeake in plaine tearmes, your preſent is unvaluable: and to helpe my ſelfe in ſpeaking of it, I have beene forced to fetch compariſons from heaven, becauſe inferiour things are never able to expreſſe it. You doe it wrong to give it the name of a Preface: but what may we expect from the worke it ſelfe, before which ſuch a preface is ſet? If the outſide be ſo rich, and there bee ſo great magnificence in the Gate-houſe, what will bee in the Galleries, and Cabinets? and what will the Palace be that is worthie of ſuch an entrance? I ſee indeed that it is a mark of greatneſſe, but I feare withall, that it is a want of proportion, and being not poſſible the reſt ſhould equall the the beginning, you will bee accuſed for diſturbing the order of things, and for putting perfection out of its place, which ſhould not come in but at the laſt. See here an accuſation that is verie nice, and whereof it is a glorie to bee convinced. In this there is leſſe account to be made of vertue than of vice; and the diſorder which makes a magnificence, is more worth than the method which retaines a povertie. Blame not ſir, the event of this diſpute: Beautie begets the prize in all cauſes

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where the eyes are judges: and they who blame you for adorning too much your refutation of the Bookes of *Flanders*, blame you for having your Armour too much guilded, and that in ſtriking you dazle their eyes. It ſeemes they know not that the *Lacedemonians* never tricked up themſelves, but when they went to fight; and that *Ceſar* made his vaunt, hee wanne battailes with perfumed Souldiers. The pompe of your ſtile arreſts not the ſight without profit: It is pleaſing to the Reader; but withall it is fatall to ſlander. In it there is to bee ſeene the luſter and braverie of Tournaments; but withall, there is to bee ſeene in it the force and terribleneſſe of warre. The onely pittie is, you had not a competent Enemie to fight withall, and that ſo much force and valour ſhould bee ſpent upon a feeble furie, and which is now at the laſt drop of its poyſon. The wretched man you purſue, and who dyes blaſpheming; was not worthie of ſo noble a Reſentment as yours, having nothing conſiderable in him, but that you vouchſafe to ſpeake of him: you make him of ſome worth by alledging him ſo often. In undoing him, you make him famous, and his objections will one day not be found, but in your anſweres. It is five and twentie yeares ſince hee was a fugitive from his order, and ſhould have had his triall before the Generall of the Ieſuites. And if theſe good Fathers did not deale too gently with delinquents, and

change impriſonment into baniſhment, hee had from that time beene ſuppreſſed, with all the filthy bookes hee hath made ever ſince. But it was neceſſarie, that (to crowne his inconſtancie) after hee had abandoned above a dozen ſides, hee ſhould now for his laſt prize, become a paraſite to the Spaniards, and a Secretarie to thoſe bad French that are at their Court. Let it never trouble us Sir, that hee calles us Flatterers: Atheiſts call honeſt men ſuperſtitious. *Catiline* called them all ſlaves that would not be parracides; and it hath alwayes been impoſſible, to be vertuous with approbation of the wicked. They are delinquents themſelves, that find fault with our innocency, & they are idle fellows, who proſtrate themſelves every day before a *Don Dego*, or a *Don Roderigo*, and yet thinke much wee ſhould doe any reverence to M. the Cardinall *Richlieu*. But it is fit they ſhould be taught, that here is the true worſhip, at *Bruxells* but Idolatrie; and that to adore a forreigne Power, and ſuch a one that doth miſchiefe to the whole earth, is not, at leaſt an action ſo truely *French*, as to revere a vertue, that is native of *France*, and that doth good to all the world. Seeing they abuſe our tongue, in prayſing their Tyrants, and juſtifying our Rebells; It cannot be denyed us, to bring it backe to its naturall and proper uſe, and in more honeſt ſubjects, to purifie and make cleane thoſe words and phraſes, which they have proſtituted to the conceits of the Marquis

of

of *Aytona*, or made to ſerve the paſſion of *Spaine*. If tyrannie were more to be feared than it is, and that the unfortunateneſſe of *France* ſhould make it reach hither; yet it ſhould never make mee to unſay the propoſitions I hold, and it ſhall be all my life a moſt pleaſing object to mee, to ſee my ſelfe enrolled in the Catalogue of Authours, condemned by the enemies of my Countrey. I thinke, I may boldly ſay, I was one of the firſt mainteiners of the truth, and he perhaps that layd open the field, where ſo many Oratours and Poets finde themſelves exerciſe: It is time now, that I leave it to younger men, and ſuch as are more able than I am. Yet I intreat you to remember Sir, that I give place without running away; and that it is the coldneſſe of my bloud, and the abatement of my ſtrength, that forceth mee, and not any want of courage or change of will. Never thinke I will ever fayle in theſe: I alwayes preſerve in my heart, the principles of good actions, I meane, good deſires; and when I can no longer be a runner in the Race, yet I will be one of the moſt earneſt Spectatours, and fight at Cuffes, when I can doe nothing elſe. In the meane time, to the end, that a good part of my ancient travaile may not be loſt, and that I may not make that an unprofitable ſecret, betweene my Muſes and mee, which may perhaps ſerve for ſome edification to the Publicke: I thinke fit, to make you account of certaine things I have here-

heretofore conceived; and to ſhew you, that in actions of my dutie, I oftentimes content my ſelfe with the teſtimony of my owne Conſcience. Theſe are Pieces that were wrought before the ſecond voyage into *Italie*, and before the lamentable Diviſions of the Royall Familie. In the puritie of publick joy, amidſt the applauſes of all the Kings ſubjects; and even of thoſe who have ſince loſt their loyaltie, and now lye rayling upon us at *Bruxells*. I ſend you ſome ſheets, as I firſt light upon them, and I ſend them Sir, rather to doe you Homage by laying my Compoſitions at your feete, than to make a Challenge, as oppoſing them to yours, rather to acknowledge the ſuperioritie of your Eloquence, and to goe in your Lyverie, than to make my ſelfe your Competitor, and ſeeke to brave you, with ſo raſh a Compariſon. If you finde any relliſh in Diſcourſes ſo farre ſhort of the force and merit of yours; and if you thinke they may give my Maſters of the Univerſitie, any the leaſt contentment, I earneſtly entreate you, to preſent them a Copie; and withall, my humble ſubmiſſion to their judgement. I know, this Societie is at this day the ſupreme Tribunall that Cenſures all workes of the Braine, and gives Rules to all other Tribunalls of *France*. I neither doubt of the ſufficiencie, nor ſuſpect the integritie of the Judges that præſide there: Moreover, I confeſſe Sir, it could never have a more happie Conception, ſeeing your ſelfe was the firſt

that

that ſpake it, nor a more illuſtrious birth, ſeeing M. the Cardinall was a Patron to it; and therefore, borne in Purple, as were thoſe Princes in *Conſtantinople*, whom I would call, *Porphyrogenetes*, if the Academie had Naturaliſed this Forreigne word. The honour it hath done me, to make me a member of their body, without binding me to part from hence, and the place it hath given mee, without taking away my libertie, are two ſingular favours I received from it, both at one time. And to ſay the truth, it is no ſmall benefit to a man of the wilderneſſe, that turnes his face ſometimes towards the world, and is not altogether deveſted of humane affections, that hee may injoy together, both the repoſe of ſolitude, and yet flatter his imagination with the glory of ſo pleaſing a Societie. This I cannot doe without thanking you for ſo great a favour; and if they underſtand not of my Reſentment by your mouth, they may have juſt cauſe to condemne me for one of little Gratefulneſſe. Lend mee therefore, I beſeech you Sir, ſome five or ſix words, I would aske you more, but I know they are of that worth, and ſo high in their account, that theſe few will be enow, not onely to ſatisfie for the complement I owe; but for the Oration alſo, it is expected I ſhould make them. You will not, I hope, denie mee the teſtimonie of your love, and I require it of you by the memory of the other Obligations I owe you.

you. *Atq; per inceptos promiſſum munus iambos:* you know my meaning, and that I have long time beene, and am

My Lord,

At Bataz, 15. Jul. 1635.

Your, &c.

ſelves, that find fault without Modeſtie, for they are idle fellows, who proſtrate themſelves every day before a *Don Dego*, or a *Don Roderigo*, and yet thinke much wee ſhould doe any reverence to M. the Cardinall *Richlieu*. But it is fit they ſhould be taught, that here is the true worſhip, at *Bruxells* but Idolatrie; and that to adore a forreigne Power, and ſuch a one that doth miſchiefe to the whole earth, is not, at leaſt an action ſo truely *French*, as to revere a vertue, that is native of *France*, and that doth good to all the world. Seeing they abuſe our tongue, in praiſing their Tyrants, and juſtifying our Rebells; It cannot be denyed us, to bring it backe to its naturall and proper uſe, and in more honeſt ſubjects, to purifie and make cleane thoſe words and phraſes, which they have proſtituted to the conceits of the Marquis

of

Hee is ſo carefull of the Reputation of his Armes, that he cannot abide his victory ſhould be ſpoken of with doubting: To make him confeſſe, wee have loſt one man, it is neceſſary there ſhould be foure Regiments defeated; and when he is ſpoken to, of the Emperours ayde, that this is a Remedie to be lookt for, when the contrary part is dead. To make this man a Preſent, the Poet you wot of, made lately ſome Verſes upon the eſtate of affayres in *Lorrayne*, and anſwers another Poet, who had written, that the King would never be able to hold it, and that the reliſh of affection, which the Country beares to its ancient Duke, would

remember Sir, that I give place without running away; and that it is the coldneſſe of my bloud, and the abatement of my ſtrength, that forceth mee, and not any want of courage or change of will. Never thinke I will ever fayle in theſe: I alwayes preſerve in my heart, the principles of good actions, I meane, good deſires; and when I can no longer be a runner in the Race, yet I will be one of the moſt earneſt Spectatours, and fight at Cuffes, when I can doe nothing elſe. In the meane time, to the end, that a good part of my ancient travaile may not be loſt, and that I may not make that an unprofitable ſecret, betweene my Muſes and mee, which may perhaps ſerve for ſome edification to the Publicke: I thinke fit, to make you account of certaine things I have here-

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you. *Atq; per inceptos promiſſum munus Jambos:* you know my meaning, and that I have a long time beene, and am

My Lord,

At *Balzac*, 15. *Jul.* 1635. *Your, &c.*

To Monſieur *de Bois Robert.*

Letter VI.

SIR, I heare you have beene ſeene at *Paris*, from whence, I conclude, you are not at the warre in *Flanders*, but are content to goe and give it your malediction upon the Frontiers. If you would acquaint us with the paſſages of that Countrey, you ſhould infinitely oblige your old friend, who feeds upon no other nouriſhment but Newes, and takes no Newes to heart, but thoſe which concerne the King. Hee

Hee is ſo carefull of the Reputation of his Armes, that he cannot abide his victory ſhould be ſpoken of with doubting: To make him confeſſe, wee have loſt one man, it is neceſſary there ſhould be foure Regiments defeated; and when he is ſpoken to, of the Emperours ayde, that this is a Remedie to be lookt for, when the contrary part is dead. To make this man a Preſent, the Poet you wot of, made lately ſome Verſes upon the eſtate of affayres in *Lorrayne*, and anſwers another Poet, who had written, that the King would never be able to hold it, and that the relliek of affection, which the Country beares to its ancient Duke, would never ſuffer any familiaritie or friendſhip to reflect upon us. The ——— that are the Latins of this Countrey, would make him beleeve, that he hath found a meane between the Character of *Catullus*, and that of *Martiall*, and that hee hath avoyded the drineſſe and harſhneſſe of the former times, without engaging himſelfe in the luxurie and intemperance of the latter times. With theſe new Verſes, I ſend you the old Proſe you deſired, and which hath lyen ſo long aſleepe in my Cloſet. Though they be writings of an old date, yet you know, they are alwayes in ſeaſon; and ſeeing they entreate of the ſoveraigne vertue, that is of M. the Cardinall, they entreate of a matter that is immortall, and can never looſe the grace of being new. *Thermopyla* and *Platea*, are to this day the common places of the *Gracians*

Grecians that are in the world; and our remoteſt poſteritie, which ſhall more quickly enjoy the labours of this rare man, than wee doe; ſhall ſpeake more often, and more honourably of them than wee doe. I beleeve, the Letter to Monſieur *Chaſtelet*, will not diſlike you, and that you will find ſomething in it worth your reading. I had word ſent me from *Paris*, that his ſtyle was too much paynted, and too full of Figures for a military ſtyle; but you ſhall ſee, how in prayſing him for the reſt, I juſtifie him in this; and with what byace I defend the cauſe of worthy things. I entreate you to aske him for me, the laſt Libells of ——: and to deliver them to —— to bring them to me. You have heard by —— the cauſe I have to complaine of Monſieur *de* ——: Delayes in ſuch caſes are very dangerous, and if you have not already made an end of the matter, I feare mee, the Stocke that was appoynted for paying of me, will goe ſome other way. Doe herein what you ſhall thinke fitteſt, and I ſhall remaine

Sir,

At Balzac, 15. Jul. 1635.

Your, &c.

Auſtraſia

Auſtraſia infelix, ne ſomnia blanda tuorum,
Neu memores Aquilas, Imperiumq; vetus.
Quamvis & Titulos & Nomen inutile factes,
Multusq; in vano Carolus ore ſonet.
Carolus ecce iterum, Noſtri virtute Capeti
Concidit, & lapſas luget Egenus opes.
Vel ſolo Dixiſſe ſat eſt, capta Oppida nutu
Atq; ultro exutum terga dediſſe Ducem.
Auſtraſia huic vilis nimiùm & neglecta fuiſti,
Nec te ita qui tenuit, crèdidit eſſe ſuam.
Credidit hoſtiles fugitivus linquere terras,
Sed te qui propriam jam tueatur adeſt.
Ille Triumphata redijt qui victor ab Alpe,
Et per quem placidis Mincius errat agris
Ille ſuo natus Juvenis ſuccurrere ſaclo,
Non tantùm Patria ſiſtere Fata ſua.
Cur ſequeris Funus? Vacuã cur diligis umbrã?
Everecq; colis diruta ſaxa domus?

Deſere

Deſere Feſſa tuos ſupremâ clade jacentes,
Te validam & ſtantem, Deſernere tui.
Prima mali patiens, atq; inter Gallica pridem
Fulmina, & Arctoas non benè tuta minas:
Tandem pone animos, ac Noſtra aſſneſce vocari
Ni facias, Cecinit quæ mihi Phœbus, habe.
Alternis vertet te Celta & Teuto ruinis,
Et niſi Pars unus es, Præda duobus eris.

To

To Monſieur *Favereau*, Councellour of the King in his Court of *Aydes*.

Letter VII.

SIR, He whoſe Verſes you commended, beleeves upon your word, that hee is a great Poet: but I told him, that your words are alwayes favourable, and that hee ſhould not flatter himſelfe with an approbation which you never denyed to any. He hath, ſince that, ſhewed mee other Verſes, which hee made for M. the Cardinall, and intreated mee, to ſhew you ſome of the places, which I thought the moſt accompliſhed, but upon this condition Sir, that at leaſt for this once, you ſhall be a conſcionable Judge, and ſhall tell us upon your Oath, whether you thinke this good, or that bad:

Quid referam Oceanũ tibi ne vialentior obſtet
Oblitum ſolitus ſegniùs iſſe vices?
Et tua concordes ſiluiſſe ad Claſſica ventos,
Surgeret

Surgeret ut tacito machina fixa mari.
Machina quã vaſtos Gens ſera tuliſſe Gigantes
Credat in Æquorei Cærula regna Jovis.
Quid referam Captas primis rumoribus arces,
Caſtraq́ nec faciem ſuſtinuiſſe tuam?
Nẽpe aliquid caleſte tibi eſt, quòd cũcta verẽtur
Præſenteſq́ trahis ſemper ad arma Deos.
Non hoſtem timuere hoſtes, ſed Judice viſo,
Horruit ad certam pallida turba necem.
Si pugnas viciſſe parum eſt, &c.

Cernis ut ad ſubitum conſpecti muricis ignem
Depreſſum attollat Parthenopæa Caput.
Quæ quondam vim paſſa, ferumq́ exoſa cubile,
Geſtit in antiquos Caſtra redire thoros.
Non animum ſadi amplexus, ſada oſcula mutent
Sed prior invicto durat amore fides.
O quoties ſuperos Mortem Manesq́ rogavit,
Dum fugeret paſſus Mauræ ſuperbe tuos!
O quoties

O quoties voluit fieri vel in æquore rupes!
Fruſtrarive tuas æquoris unda manus!
Fata obſtant, dominúq; imponunt multa querenti.
Quo gravior Siculus non fuit antè Cyclops.
Qui dapibus diris, qui ſanguine veſcitur atro,
Qui formoſa ſacrâ pollut ora lue.
Qui furto, non Marte potens &c.

Hîc placidis Doris Tellurem amplectitur ulnis,
Ac leviter ſummas languida mulcet aquas.
Littus Amore calet ſolo, cui Myrtea ſylva,
Sufficit & virides Citria ſylva comas.
Quâ dulces Zephyrorũ animas fragrãtibus umbris
Miſcet, & Ambroſio tingit odore Venus.
Exul hyems fugit in ſcopulos, ubi mollia tantùm
Frigora, & æſtivas juſſa parare nives.
Cætera quid memorẽ? teneri domus aurea veris
Hîc micat, æternis Ora beata roſis.

Nec ſteriles oſtentat opes, ſed Præſide Baccho,
Luxuriant pleno Flora Cereſq; ſinu.
Et dubitat tanta Ludovix accedere dati.
Hectoreis Ludovix jam quoq; major avis!
Et Nympha ingenuos morientis deſpicit ignes,
Nec memor eſt altra quàm premit eſſe ſuam?
Rũpe moras Armãde, hæc pars pulcherrima rerũ
Te vocat, & ſegnes increpat uſq; moras.
Parthenope te maſte vocet &c.

I have ſome conceit, this laſt Deſcription will not diſlike you, and having heard ſay, as well as I, that the Kingdome of *Naples* is a Paradiſe inhabited by Devills; you will finde ſome reliſh in the fiction of the perſecuted Nymphe, and not be troubled with the Encomiums which our Friend affoords the *Spanyards*. Naturally he doth not much love them; but ſince the warre hath beene proclaimed, and that all traffique with them is forbidden, now his nature is turned into Reaſon, and now he ſayth, Hee ſhould not thinke himſelfe a true *French-man*, or a good Citizen, if hee ſhould

should hold intelligence, so much as with *Seneca*; much lesse (as you may perceive by the Character of his phrase) with *Lucan*, whom *Scaliger* hath handled so hardly, or with another of that Countrey, of whom he is continually repeating these words, which I thinke fit to let you heare: *Hispani Poetæ & Romanæ sermonis Elegantiam contaminarunt, & cum inflatum quoddam & tumidum, & Genio suo moribusq; congruens invenissent Orationis genus, quo uterentur Exemplo suo cæteros, a recta illa & in qua, præcipua Poetarum sita laus est, imitatione naturæ, Itaq; fere post Augusti tempora, ut quisq; maxime versum instauraret, sententiam maxime contorqueret, eo denique modo locutus fuerat, quo nemo serio soleret loqui, ita in pretio haberi cæpit. Quinetiam fucatus ille splendor, & adulterina Eloquentiæ species, ita nonnullorum qui veræ Eloquentiæ gustum non habent, occæcavit animos, ut his quoq; temporibus extiterint Hispani Duo, quorum alter, Lucanum Virgilio, alter Martialem Catullo, anteponere veritus non sit. Quorum alterutrum ita dissentio, & siquis Deus potestatem mihi optionemq; faciat &c.* You see by this, that the *Spanyards* have marred all in the world, and have alwayes beene the corrupters of all good things. It is not the Politicks onely, that they have spoyled, making it an Art of wickednesse, and a science of Piracie; but they have done as much hurt to other inferiour knowledges, and have dealt no kindlier with the servants, than

with the Mistris. It is they that brought in the first heresie, and the first novelties in the Latin Eloquence. It is they that have pickt quarrels with *Cicero* and *Virgill*; that have made Bookes with nothing but Antitheses, and as one should make Feasts with nothing but Salt and Vineger. I make you report of a Poets opinion, who requires yours upon the fragments I send you, where his desire is, to come as neere as might be to that ancient grace, which was to be seene in the *Romane* writings, till such time as the plaster and dawbings of the *Spanyards*, had marred their puritie. I intreat you to send him your judgement of it; and in the meane time, will assure you, that he is as much as I can be

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 1. *Septemb.* 1635. *Your, &c.*

Another

Another to him.

LETTER VIII.

SIR, I am your vexation in ordinary, and because you have not rejected my first importunities, you have given me encouragement to continue them still. Hee that brings you this Letter, beleeves that my commendation would doe him no hurt with you; and I beleeve so too; and seeing his intereſts are very deare unto mee, I earneſtly intreat you, to let him finde that our common beliefe is not ill grounded. The favours you doe mee, are so much the more pure, in that they looke for no requitall, and that you have no friends that have ſuits at *Balzac*. You therefore may worke, as your cuſtome is, by the onely motions of your vertue; and as it is fit, you ſhould be more ambitious than I, so you muſt be content, to leave me all the profit of our friendſhip, and keepe for your ſelfe all the glory. I expect an anſwer out of *Holland*, where, I doubt not, but your worke is in high eſteeme, as well for the merit of the

matter, as for the excellencie of the forme; I meane, as well for that it is the Production of a great Poet, as for that it is the action of a good Citizen. As ſoone as I heare newes from thence, I will acquaint you with it; and intreat this favour from you, that you will beleeve I paſſionately am,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 10. *June*, 1635.

Your, &c.

To Monſieur *Girard*, Secretary to M. the Duke *D'Eſpernon*.

Letter IX.

SIR, your laſt Letters have exceedingly comforted mee, and you have ſuch things for me, that they make me forgetfull of all my miſeries.

miſeries. With ſuch a friendſhip, I can mocke at ill fortune, and it makes mee taſte contentments, which good fortune knowes not of. It is true, that your abſence is a perpetuall cooling Card to my joy; and poſſeſſing you but in ſpirit, it requires a very ſtrong imagination, to deſire nothing elſe. Shall wee never come to be Citizens of one Citie? Never to be Hermits in the ſame Deſart? Shall my Counſayle be alwayes twenty myles from me? and muſt I be alwayes forced to paſſe two Seas to fetch it when I need it? I hope your juſtice will doe me reaſon, and that Heaven will at laſt heare the moſt ardent of all my prayers; but in the meane time, whilſt I ſtay waiting for ſo perfect a contentment, I would be glad to have of it, now and then, ſome little taſte: which, if it be not in your power to give mee; at leaſt lend it mee for ſome few dayes, and come and ſit as ſupreme Preſident, over both my *French*, and *Latin*. I promiſe you, I will never appeale from you to any other; onely for this once, give mee leave to tell you, that the word *Ludovix*, which you blame as too new, ſeemes to me a more Poeticall and pleaſing word, than either the *Aloyſius* of the *Italians*, or our *Ludovicus*; and beſides, It ſavours of the Antiquitie of our Nation; and of the firſt language of the *Gaules*; witneſſe theſe words, *Ambiorix, Eporedorix, Orgetorix, Vercingetorix*, &c. In which you ſee the Analogie to be plaine; yet more than this, I have an Authoritie, which

I am ſure, you will make difficultie to allow: you know Monſieur *Guyet*, is a great Maſter in this Art; but perhaps you know not that hee hath uſed this very word *Ludovix*, before I uſed it; for I tooke it from excellent Verſes of his:

Non tulit hoc Ludovix, juſta puer acer abira,
Et patria caſum ſic videamus, ait.

For other matters Sir, you may adde to that which was laſt alledged in the cauſe of Madam *Gourney*, this paſſage out of the divine *Jeruſalem*, where *Aladin* calles *Clorinda* the Interceſſour of *Sophronia*, and of her lover,

Habbian vita Riſpoſe & libertade
E Nulla a tanto Interceſſor ſi neghi.

I kiſſe the hands of that faire creature you love, and am with all my ſoule.

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 20. *Septemb.* 1635. Your, &c.

To

To my Lord the Earle of Port.

Letter X.

SIR, I have received a letter from you since your being in *England*, but not being able to read the Gentlemans hand that writ it to me, for want of a decipherer, I have been forced to bee uncivill till now, and have therefore not answered you; becauſe indeed I know not whom to answer: but now, that this Gentleman (whoſe name is a myſterie in his letters) is by good fortune, come againe into this countrey, I can by no meanes ſuffer him to part without ſome teſtimonie of the account I make of your favour, and the deſire I have to preſerve it, by all the poſſible meanes I can. I will make you Sir, no ſtudied Proteſtations, nor ſend complements to a man that is borne in the Countrey of good words, I will onely ſay, there are many reſpects that make your perſon deare unto mee: and that beſides the conſideration of your vertue, which gives mee juſt cauſe to honour you, that alſo of the name you beare, and of the ranke you hold, are things that exceed the value of indifferen-

cie. I love all them that love France, and wiſh well to our great Prince, of whom in truth I have heard you ſpeake ſo worthily, that as often as I remember it, it ſtirres mee up to doing my dutie, and to profit by ſo good an example. If hee had been ſeconded in *Italy*, wee ſhould have ſeene all we could have hoped. But God himſelfe ſaves none but ſuch as contribute themſelves to their ſalvation. *Saguntum* was taken while the Senatours were deliberating: and a wiſedome that is too ſcrupulous, commonly doth nothing for feare of doing ill. The moſt part of *Italians* are themſelves the workmen, to make their owne fetters: they lend the Spaniard their blood, and their hearts, to make a ſlave of their country, and are the parricides of their mother, of whom they might have been the redeemers. But of all this, wee ſhall talke more at *Paris*, if you come thither this Winter, as I am put in hope you will. In the meane time doe mee the honor to let me have your love, and to believe mee, there is none in the world more truely than I,

Sir,

[At *Balzac*, 10 *Sept.*
1630.

[Yours, &c.

To

To my Lord the Bishop of Nantes.

Letter XI.

MY Lord, the joy I take in the recoverie of your health, is not yet so pure, but that it alwayes represents unto me a terrible Image of your last sickneſſe. The imagination of a danger, though past & gone, yet makes my memorie afraid, I looke upon it rather in safetie, than with assurance. We missed the loosing you but very narrowly: and you were upon the poynt to leave us Orphans. I speake it seriously, and without any flattery at all, all the victories we have gotten, or shall get, would never be able to make us amends for such a losse: you would have made our conqueſt turne to mourning: M. the Cardinall would have found something to complaine of in his great felicitie, and would have watred his triumph with his teares. Let it not be Gods will to lay this crosse upon our time: and if it be a crosse inevitable, yet let it be deferred to our posteritie. It is necessarie the *Phœnix* should live out her age

age, and that the world ſhould be allowed time for enjoying the poſſeſſion, and ſo profitable and ſweet a life as yours. It is true, the world is not worthy of you; but, my Lord, the world hath need of you: your vertue indeed ſhould long ſince have beene crowned, but that your example is ſtill neceſſarie: and the more happie ones there be in heaven, the fewer honeſt ones will be left upon earth. Love therefore your ſelfe a little for our ſakes; begin now at laſt to ſtudie your health, which hitherto you have neglected, and make a difference hereafter between cold and heate, betweene good and bad aire; between meates that are ſweet, and thoſe that are bitter. Though you take no care of your health for your owne ſake, yet you muſt take care of it for the common good: For, I beſeech you my Lord, tell me, what ſhould become of the cauſe of the poore? what of the deſolation of widowes? what of the innocencie of men oppreſſed? I ſpeak not of the hope of ſuch as hope for preferment by you: for though I write to you my Father, and call you Monſieur, ——— yet I am none of that number. I deſire nothing from you at this time, but that which you may give me without asking it of another; your love and good will is the onely object of my preſent paſſion. I renounce with all my heart, all other things in the world, ſo I may keepe but this, and ſhall never complaine of my ſhipwracke, if it leave me ſo ſolid a planke as this to reſt upon. Bee

pleaſed

pleased to doe me the honour to believe it, and that I am with all my soule,

My Lord,

Your, &c.

At Balzac, 15. June,
1635.

To Monsieur *Senne*, Theologall of the Church of Saints.

Letter XII.

SIR, I have been in extasie to heare of your health, and that you keepe your bodie in that reasonable fulnesse of flesh, which contributes something to your gravitie, and addes nothing to your weight. I would not wish you to seeke to abate it, nor long to be like the dry and tawnie skinnes of the first Christians. For all *Tertullians* saying, all Saints have not been leane and melancholick. The last that wee have seene, were of your colour and

and ſtature; and you doe an honour to Divinitie, to preach it with a bright viſage, representing in ſome ſort the ſtate of future glorie you ſpeake of the people. Monſieur de ——— made me ſo rich a deſcription of your health, that I could not chooſe but begin my letter with this complement. I have ſeene ſince Monſieur de ——— who delivered me one from you, and with it, our friends booke, for which I thanke you with all my heart, I have yet peruſed onely ſome Tracts, which in truth ſeeme verie learned, and are as intelligible as the obſcuritie of the matter would well beare. It is true, the Title deceived me; and ſeeing you will have me ſpeake freely what I thinke, I muſt tell you, I thinke they are nothing leſſe than Orations, and that they are fitter to bee read upon a *Ioyne* ſtoole, than pronounced at a Tribunall. I had thought to have found in them the perſwaſive motives of Oratours, in the higheſt ſtraine of their ſtile, and I finde nothing but the dry doctrine of Philoſophers, and of them neither, nothing but the ordinarie language of their precepts: that it makes me think of theſe new Companies of Soulddiers which are levied under the name of Horſe, but are put to ſerve on foote, when they come to the Armie. I ſay not, it is neceſſarie to handle Schoole queſtions with all the pompe and force of eloquence, I onely ſay, that ſuch diſcourſes ought not to bee called *Panagyricks*, or orations, & that therein either

either craft or rashnesse in this proud inscription, which promiseth more than a Philosopher can performe. *Cicero* condemnes it of improprietie, as you shall see at the end of this Letter: and you cannot but confesse unto mee, that our friend hath mistaken himselfe two wayes: First, to believe hee ought to play the Oratour in Divinitie: and secondly, to imagine, that to make Orations with successe, hee need but to draw forth some *Exordiums* out of *Plutarchs* lives, and so alledge the so famous *Bucephalus*, that was broken by *Alexander* the great. These are ornaments so vulgar and so stale, that to use them at this day, is rather a marke of Clownishnesse, than of neatnesse. When fashions are left off in the Citie, they are then taken up in the Countrey; and there are none now but poore Gentlemen, that will offer to weare the massiest silver lace, when it is once fitterd, or the richest Plush, when it is once growne thredbare. Both the one and the other have been in fashion, but they are not so now. They were heretofore novelties, but are now but Rellickes. The first comparison that was made of the burning of *Dianaes* Temple, was excellent: all other since have beene but idle. And it is not enough, that the spring from whence water is drawne, be it selfe cleare, but to draw that which is cleare, it is necessarie also that Lawndresses and Passengers have not troubled it. I make no doubt Sir, but that which you will shew mee, shall bee very choyce and perfect

perfect. Youare I know, of too dainty a taste to bee contented with every sawce. I am very impatient till I see those rare productions: and I should ere this have seene them, but that your promises are as deceitfull as the Titles of your Booke; which notwithstanding is otherwise full of excellent discourse, and profound knowledge. It is now foure moneths that I have wayted for you, and you have still continued to wrong me, in continuing to breake your word: yet as much wronged as I am, I leave not to be

Sir,

At Balzac, 1. Octob. 1635.

Your, &c.

The

The Opinion of *Cicero* concerning the ſtile which Philoſophers uſe in their Writings.

LOquuntur Philoſophi cum doctis, quorum ſedare animos malunt, quam incitare. Siquidem de rebus pacatis ac minime turbulentis docendi cauſa, non capiendi loquuntur, ut in eo ipſo, quod delectationem aliquam dicendo aucupentur, plus nonnullis quam neceſſe ſit, facere videantur. Mollis ergo eſt eorum oratio & umbratilis, neque nervos & aculeos oratorios habet. Nec ſententijs eſt, nec verbis inſtructa popularibus, nec junctura numeroſa, ſed ſoluta liberius. Nihil iratum habet, nihil atrox, nihil mirabile, nihil aſtutum; Caſta, verecunda, incorrupta quodammodo virgo. Itaque ſermo potius quam oratio dicitur. Quanquam enim omnis locutio oratio eſt; tamen unius orationis locutio hoc proprio ſignata nomine eſt.

To Mounſieur *Granier*.

LETTER. XIII.

SIR, my perſecution ſhould be ſweete unto me, if in ſuffering it, I might have the happineſſe to ſee you; but your abſence makes it inſupportable: and it were as good for mee to

goe and be killed in the place where you are, as to come hither and die with languiſhing. Being here againſt my minde, I finde nothing that pleaſeth me: and the objects which I beheld before, as the riches of Nature, I cannot now looke upon but with horrour, and count them but as the moveables of a Priſon. I ſigh continually after your Cabinet, which hath ſo often ſerved for a haven to my toſſed ſpirit: and from whence I have ſo often fetcht Armes and courage to defend me againſt Fortune. I am not out of hope to ſee it once againe, and to ſit mee downe in that greene chaire, where you know I have uſed to be inſpired, and foretell things to come, as *Sibil* did from her Tryvet. In the meane time I muſt let the unhappy conſtellation paſſe away: and muſt give place to the choler of heaven. So long Sir, as you vouchſafe to remember me, and to hold me in the favour of *Meſſieurs du Puy*; I ſhall not want a good portion of conſolation. Theſe are perſons that without wearing purple, or bearing office, are yet illuſtrious and in Authoritie, at leaſt in the reaſonable world, and amongſt men, that can rightly judge of things. No imployment is ſo honourable as their Leiſure: no ambition ſo worthily at worke, as their vertue takes it reſt. You ſhall doe mee a ſingular favour, to let them know from me, in how great reverence I hold them both: and that never man entred the Gallery of Mounſieur *de Thou*, better perſwaded than I am, of theis incompareable merits. I will ſometimes

expect

expect to heare from you; and will always be with all my heart,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 3. *Septem.* 1632. Your, &c.

To Mounſieur *de Brje.*

LETTER XIV.

SIR, My deare Couſin, I have received three of your Letters, within theſe foure moneths: the other you ſpeake of, are not yet come to my hands, of which loſſe I am very ſenſible, for being depriued of your converſation; I cannot but exceedingly eſteeme of that, which repreſents it to me. I haue oftentimes told you, that you are naturally eloquent; but yet I muſt confeſſe you haue gotten new graces, by being in *Ciceroes* country, and the Aire of *Rome* ſeemes to haue purged your ſpirit, of all vulgar conceits. Mounſieur *de* ——— is in this of my opinion: and you haue written to us ſuch excellent things, that they were able to comfort us for your abſence, if we loued you but a little; but in truth, no Copie can be ſo good, as the Originall; and if you come not backe very ſhortly, I could finde in my heart, to goe as farre as *Nauona*, to haue your company. Your laſt Letter renues in me

my old loves, and makes me with so much pleasure, remember the sweetest part of the earth, that I even die with longing, till I see it againe. It is a long time that *Italy* hath had my heart, and that I sigh after that happy cowardice, with which the valiant reproach the wise. If I could have lived, as I would my selfe, I had beene a citizen of *Rome* ever since the yeare 1620. and should now injoy that happinesse in possession, which you but onely make mee see in Picture, but my ill fortune would not suffer me: shee keepes mee in *France*, to be a continuall object of persecution; and though it be now foure yeares since I left the world, and lost the use of my tongue; yet hatred and envie follow me in to the woods to trouble my silence; and pursue mee even in Dennes and Caves. I must therefore be fulne to goe beyond the *Alpes* to seeke a sanctuary, where I shall be sure to finde, at least my old comforter, who will be pleased to believe, that I am more than any other in the world,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 10. *May*, 1635. Your most humble &c.

To

To Mounſieur de Silhon.

Letter XVI.

SIR, I have word ſent mee from *Paris*, that you make complaints againſt me: but being well aſſured, you have no juſt cauſe, I imagine, it is not done in earneſt, but that you take pleaſure to give mee a falſe Alarum. Yet I muſt confeſſe, this cooling word, I heare ſpoken, puts me to no little paine: for though it make me not doubt of the firmeneſſe of your affection, yet it makes me challenge the malice of my Fortune. I have beeue for ſome time ſo unfortunate in friendſhippe; that it ſeemes there needes nothing but pretences to ridde me of them; the ſweeteſt natures grow ſoure and bitter againſt mee; and if this fit hold, I ſhall have much adoe to keepe my owne brother of my ſide. I would like as well, to be a keeper of the Lyons, as of ſuch harſh friends; for though I were more faithfull than *Pylades* and *Acates* put together; yet they would finde matter of diſcontentment; and my fidelitie ſhould be called diſſimulation. I cannot beleeve that you are of this number; but if you be, it is time for me to go hide my ſelf in the deſarts of *Thebais*, and never ſeeke converſation with men any more. It is my griefe and indignation that write theſe laſt words; for my patience is moved with the conſideration of the wrong

is done me: and if you should deale as hardly with me as others have done: It were fit, I should resolve to live no longer in a world, where goodnesse and innocencie are so cruelly persecuted. These sixe moneths, I have received from you, but onely one Letter; to which, I made no answer, because it was delivered me, but in *April*: at which time, you sent me word you should be in *France*. Since therefore by your owne account, you were gone from thence, before the time I could write unto you; would you, I should have written into *Italy*, to Monsieur *de Sidon*; that was not there? And that I should have directed my Letters to a name, without either hands or eyes to receive and reade them? You are too wise to deale so unreasonably with me; and I should call your former justice in question, if you take it ill, that I did not guesse, or rather prophesie of the stay of your voyage: & yet after a scrupulous examination of my conscience, I can find no other ground for your complaints, but onely this: and I am ashamed to charge so strong a spirit as yours, with so weake a conceit. I must have had a devill at command to send of my errands, and to deliver you my Letters, being so uncertaine as I was, of the place of your abode, and in truth, if I had had such a messenger, I had sooner thanked you, then I doe, for your excellent discourse: and should not all this while, have kept within the secret of my heart, the just praises it deserves. It hath taught me, Sir, an infinite number of good

Maximes;

Maximes; the ſtile pleaſeth me exceedingly, and I ſee in it both force and beauty, thorough all the paſſages, even that paſſage which did not ſo fully pleaſe me, yet hath as fully ſatisfied me, as the reſt of the worke: and though of my ſelfe I be blinde in the knowledge of holy things, yet the luſtre of your expreſſing, and the facilitie of your method illuminate my ſight. When my health ſhall give me leave to goe from hence, I will then for your gold bring you copper, and will receive your corrections and advise, with as much reverence and ſubmiſſion, as any Novice: but in the meane time, I cannot chuſe but put my hand to my wound, and require you to give a reaſon of your doing. I know not from whence ſhould come this coldneſſe in you; ſeeing for my ſelfe, I am all on fire: nor how, you, with your great wiſedome ſhould be altered and growne another man, ſeeing I continue ſtill the ſame, with nothing but my common ſence. Great ſpirits are above theſe petty ſuſpitions which move the vulgar: and I wonder you could conceive ill of my affection, knowing how well you had preſerved your owne. If it be the jealouſie of eloquence that provokes you; I am willing with all my heart, to leave you all the pretenſions I can have to it; and if you pleaſe, I will make you a Surrender before witneſſe. Conſider me therefore, rather as your ſollower, who is willing to encreaſe your troope, then as your rivall to ſtrive for precedence. Give mee leave to live: a man that cannot be loſt, what

neligence be uſed in keeping me; and remember that the leaſt reſpected of all my friends is much dearer to me, than all Sciences or all Bookes. Yet ſuch is my unhappineſſe, that few of them returne me the like, but ſeeme rather they would make a benefit, of my paines and ſorrowes. Becauſe they ſee I am perſecuted, they will make every the leaſt courteſie they doe me to be of great value, and ſet an exceſſive price upon their friendſhippe, becauſe they know I ſtand in neede of it. But I deſire them, and you alſo to take notice, that my friendſhip was never grounded upon any intereſt; but my love is ever without any mercenary deſigne, or hope of beneſit. If they be not willing to embroile themſelves in my affaires, I would have them know, I am as unwilling as they, they ſhould; and if they be not ſtrong enough, to defend the truth in publike; and when it is oppoſed; at leaſt let them not diſavow it, when they are in place of ſafety; let them not deny their friend when the ſtorme is over, and that there is no longer any danger in confeſſing him. You ſaw my heart, the firſt time you ſaw my face; you were at that time my Confeſſour; and I have not a ſinne that is hidden from you. I conceive you are too generous to make advantage of this exceſſe of freeneſſe you finde in me; and I doe not thinke you ſo ſubtle, that you would make a ſhew of diſcontent, for feare leaſt I ſhould beginne firſt. Theſe are ſubtilties indeede of the country from whence you come; but in my opinion very remote from your naturall

turall diſpoſition: and you neede not make complaints of me, to prevent the complaints I might elſe make of you. It is certaine, that if I had not equitie enough to excuſe my friends for things they were not able to performe; I might then perhappes have colour to complaine they performed not their promiſe: but I am one, that know there happen a thouſand impediments which hinder a man from keeping his word, and that every thing that is promiſed and not done, is not preſently a violating of faith, or a breaking of promiſe. Some have laboured to perſwade me, that ———: but I never beleeved any ſuch thing, and I could never imagine that you would goe about to build your reputation upon the ruines of the reputation of your friend. If any ſhall make uſe of ſuch like artifices, to doe ill offices betweene you and me: I earneſtly intreate you to make uſe of the like remedies, to preſerve your opinions ſound, and not to ſuffer your judgement to be corrupted. I take God to witneſſe, there is nothing in the world more deare unto mee then your friendſhip; I make publike and open profeſſion of honouring you: I highly eſteeme a number of eminent qualities in you, both Morall and Intellectuall; I have oftentimes ſhedde teares, when I read in your Letters of your grieſes; all this, me thinkes ſhould deſerve a little affection, and make the Fathers themſelves that are my adverſaries, not take it ill that you ſhould love me; eſpecially when they ſhall know, that I paſſionately am,

At *Paris* 8. *Feb.* 1631. *Sir*, *Your*, *&c.* To

To Mounſieur *de Sainte Marte*.

Letter XVII.

SIR, I am paid for my paines before hand, and looke for no greater recompence than you have already made mee. My ambition ſhould be very exceſſive, if it were not fully ſatisfied with your excellent Verſes: and if I did not thinke my ſelfe happie to be honoured by a hand, which crownes none but Soveraigne heads, and travells not, but about triumphall Arcks, and publicke Monuments. I have long ſince knowne, that all excellent things grow in your Garden; and that the Latine eloquence, which is but borrowed by others; and a ſtranger every where elſe; ought with you to be accounted as your patrimony: but I knew not till now, that this rare quality, is accompanied with ſo perfit a courteſie; and that a man ſo worthy of his name, and that addes new glory to that of the great *Scævola*, could admire any other mens wonders, beſides his owne. I will doe all that poſſibly I can, to deſerve this your favourable judgement, and not to make you ſorry for being deceived to my advantage: but how ſoever, if I be not able to preſerve your good opinion by my merit; I hope at leaſt to merit your favour by my affection, and to make you ſee that I truely am,

At *Balzac*. 2. Sept. 1638. *Your, &c.*

To

To Monsieur *D'Argenton* Counsellor of the King, and Master of Requests in Ordinary.

Letter XVIII.

SIR, having taken the paines that I have done, I cannot altogether disvalue my worke; yet I am not a little glad to be confirmed in my opinion by a man of your worth: and that my labour is not unpleasing to the soundest judgements. The second censure you make of it, assures me of the integritie of the first; seeing I should be too presumptuous to beleeve, you could be deceived twice together. But let us stay there, I beseech you; and thinke not, I will ever entertaine the vanitie you put upon me. I neither pretend to instruct the world, nor take upon me to teach you, in any thing: it is enough for me, that I can finde wisemen some recreation; & can lay things before your eyes, which you know already better than my selfe. I may perhaps be some helpe to your memorie, and refresh your old *Ideæ*; but to adde any thing to your knowledge, and impart to you any new Doctrine, this requires qualities that are not to be found in me. I rather hope to be much bettered in knowledge by you; and make account, to account you hereafter, for one of my Oracles. Prepare your selfe

ſelfe therefore to be perſecuted with Queſtions, and looke to receive importunities from me in ordinary. Thus I uſe my friends when they are abler men than my ſelfe; and this advantage which is not great, is accompanied with this inconvenience, which is not ſmall. You ſhall beginne to finde it, at our next meeting: but in the meane time, I intreate you to beleeve, that what badde deſigne ſoever I have againſt you, yet I remaine perfectly to be,

Sir,

At *Balzac*, 17. *Sept.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

To the moſt Reverend Father, *Leon*, Preacher of the *Carmelites*.

Letter XIX.

SIR, you do me too much good at once: your friendſhip is of great worth being alone; and you ſend it to me accompanied. It brings with it an infinite number of excellent things, and reſembles that happy River which leaves plenty in all places where it paſſeth. The Preſent I have received, comes from ſuch a fruitefull Vine: it is not a vaine ſhew of magnifi-

cence,

cence, which gives onely a light satisfaction to the eyes; but I finde it essentiall and solid; and any spirit that is capable of speculation, may well finde nourishment enough in the juyce onely of your Preface. I will not take upon me any more, though you sollicite mee to doe it; and instead of giving my advice, would have me, I should pronounce a Decree. Take heede my good Father, what you say; and consider what a goodly thing it would be to raise my Village into a Parliament, and make appeales, from *Paris* to *Balzac*. Though you had humilitie enough to submit to an unlawfull Magistrate: yet I have not presumption enough to intrude upon an unlawfull charge: Remember your selfe besides, that your Booke is dated from Mount *Carmell*, which is to say, out of our jurisdiction, and that Decrees are of no force, where time out of minde, there have beene Oracles. You know what *Suetonius* saith of it, in the life of *Vespasian*, he makes no bones to make a God of a Mountaine. I like not the boldnesse of such Metamorphoses: yet I am not ignorant, how farre the force of pietie may reach; and knowing it hath right to remove Mountaines, I doubt not but *Carmell* at this day may be in *France*; and that upon a place so holy and so high, there may descend more grace and light from heaven, than there ascends ignorance and vapours from the earth. Accept from me this true confession I make unto you, and dispence with mee for that soveraigne judgement you require of me: Though

I

I am not willing to be your President, yet I am not the lesse.

My most Reverend Father;

At Balzac 25. Aprill 1635. *Your, &c.*

To Mounsieur *Chaplain.*

LETTER XX.

SIR, I have now these three weekes taken mine ease, in spight of my selfe; and one of my feete, which I have not very free, keepes me in my bed, with more inconvenience than paine. Heretofore it hath put mee to torture; and therefore I count it now a favour, that it onely keepes me in prison, which I sweeten as well as I can, with my Bookes and my friends. You thinke you contribute nothing to the comfort I receive; but I assure you, the best part of it comes from you: and nothing comforts me so much for the faire dayes I lose, as that excellent *Ode* you sent me: I am even ravished with every part of it; the choice and marshalling of the words; the structure and harmony of the composition; the modest greatnesse of the conceits; the force which favours not of any violence: all these are worthy to be ranked with the best Antiquitie. In some

places you doe not onely touch me, but touch me to the quicke: the agitation of the Poet, is transferred upon the reader; and no Trumpet makes so loude, and silver a sound, as your Harpe doth:

Quand la Revolte dans son fort
Par une affreuse & longue mort
Rayasi cherement l'usure de ses crimes:
Et que ses boulevars en fin assujettis
Contre les appareils des armes legitimes
Implorerent en vain le secours de Thetis.

Ils décrivent l'horrible pas,
Où pan cent visibiles trépas
On crût de nostre Camp retarder la vaillance:
Et figurent encore au milieu de nos rangs
Themis qui te prêta son fer & sa ballance,
Affin de décider ces fameux differents.

Ils chantent l'effroyable foudre
Qui d'un mouvement si soudain,
Partit de ta puissante main,
Pour mettre Pegnerol en poudre.
Ils disent que tes bataillons
Comme autant de pais tourbillons
Ebranlerent ce Roc jusques dans ses racines,
Que mesme le vaincu t'eut pour liberateur,
Et que tu luy bâtis sur ses propres ruines
Vn rampart éternel contre l'usurpateur.

Either I know not my selfe in Verse; or certainely these Verses will live to the remotest poste-

poſteritie: they will be alledged for proofe and teſtimony in the counſells of the laſt Kings that ſhall reigne upon earth; and perhaps too, they ſhall ſerve for a Law, and for a Decree, as well as *Homers* Verſes did; by the authority whereof a great warre that was kindling betweene the Seigneury of *Megara* and *Athens* was reconciled. I know for my ſelfe, I ſhall never ſtay till your death, for putting you in the number of my Authours: and as often as in my preſence, there ſhall be ſpeaking of the ſiege of *Rochell*; of the forcing of *Suza*; of the taking and keeping of *Pigneroll*; ſo often ſhall I alleadge the divine Verſes you have written of them; and theſe alſo, which I lay not leſſe carefully up in my memorie,

Ils diſent que les Immortels
De leur culte & de leurs Autels
Ne doiuent qu'à tes ſoins la pompe renaiſſante,
Et que ta préuoyance & ton Authorité
Sont les deux fors Appuis dont l'Europe trẽblante
Soûtient & raffermit ſa foible liberté.

Dans un paiſible mouuement
Tu t'èleues au Firmament,
Et laiſſes contre toy murmurer ſur la terre.
Ainſi le haut Olympe à ſon pied ſablonneux
Laiſſe fumer la foudre, & gronder le Tonnerre,
Et garde ſon ſommet tranquille & lumineux.

And theſe other, which to him, to whom you addreſſe them are as much worth as a triumphant Arch:

Ton

Ton courage aux Monſtres fatal,
Eſt touſiours plus fort que le mal.
Sur le ſolide honneur ſa baſe eſt eſtabile:
Le droit & la raiſon l'accompaguent touſiours,
Et ſans que ſa vigueur ſoit jamais affoiblie,
Qu'on cede ou qu'on reſiſte, il va d'un meſme cours.

And theſe other that are ſo ſage and morall.

L'or pour luy ceſſe d'eſtre un metal pretieux,
La beauté periſſable eſt un bien qu'il moſpuſo:
Pour l'un il eſt ſans mains, & pour l'autre ſans yeux.

And theſe other that are ſo noble and ſo Poeticall;

Cependant que la Lune accomptiſſant ſon cours
D'eſſus un char d'argent enuironné d'eſtoiles
Dans le ſombre univers repreſente le cours.

And now after all this; tell me, if I have not profited by my reading, & have not made good uſe of your preſents. I ſhould quickly grow rich, if you would ſend me ſuch preſents often; but this is too inordinate a deſire, I muſt be content with one croppe in a yeare; and I may very well entertaine my ſelfe a long time, with that you have already ſent mee, for which I thanke you with all my heart, and am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac* 12. *July* 1633.

To Mounſieur *Bonnaud*, Counſellor in Ordinary to my Lord the Prince.

Letter XXI.

SIR, I acknowledge nothing in your Verſes due to me but only my name, all the reſt belongs to ſome body elſe; and is unfitter for me, than a Crowne for a private man. I cannot therefore valüe my ſelfe the more, for having a thing I cannot uſe; nor is it fit I ſhould put on Ornaments, which being as unfit for me, as in themſelves they are rich, would diſguiſe me rather, than adorne me. A courtier would complaine that you mocke him; *Et que vous en faites une piece*, A Doctour would ſay, you undertake a Paradox, and trie the ſtrength of your wit, upon the novelrie of an irregular ſubject. I thinke, I muſt my ſelfe be of this opinion; and charge you Sir, with abuſing Poetry: and for chuſing an incredible thing to make it beleeved. Nevertheleſſe, ſeeing the Philoſopher *Favorinus* tooke upon him to praiſe a feavour: and the *Romanes* adored it: I wonder not at your deſigne; for I perceive, there is nothing ſo bad of which may not be ſpoken ſome good; and whereof, *Quelques vns n'ayent Chanmé le feſte*. After this extravagant *Encomium*, and this ridiculous Temple; you might doe

doe well to take my miſeries too, and conſecrate them in your ſtances, and take me too, and make me a thing adoreable and divine: for they are but the ſports of your wit; which delight, though they doe not perſwade and amuſe with pleaſure, becauſe they are witty; but doe not deceive me becauſe I know their craft. For the aſſurance you give me by your Letter of your friendſhip: I am infinitely beholding to you, and make account to reape no ſmall benefit by it, for having a ſoule as you have, full of vertue, you make me a Preſent that is invaluable, to bring mee in to ſo worthy a poſſeſſion: and whileſt you offer me freeneſſe and fidelity, you offer me the two greateſt rarities this age affords. I beleeve you ſpeake more ſeriouſly in Proſe than you doe in Verſe; and that you are content to be a Poet, but have no meaning to be a Sophiſter. I likewiſe entreate you to beleeve, that the leaſt word I ſpeake, is accompanied with a Religion, which I never violate; and that there is nothing more true, than the promiſe I here ſeale you, moſt perfectly to be,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At Balzac 6. Octob. 1635.

To Mounſieur *Souchote.*

Letter XXII.

SIR, by your reckoning you have written to me thrice for nothing, when indeede I knew not of your firſt Letters, but by your laſt: if I had received them, you may be ſure I ſhould have anſwered them; for though I be not very regular in obſerving compliments, yet I am not ſo negligent of neceſſary duties, that I ſhould commit ſo many faults together. How profound ſoever my ſlumber be; yet I awake preſently, aſſoone as I am once ſtirred; and ſpecially when it is by ſo deare a name, and by ſo pleaſing a voyce as yours is. Never therefore require me to give it in charge to ſome other, to let you heare from me; ſuch a requeſt would be an offence to our friendſhippe, an action fitter for a Tyrant than a Citizen: it were to take me for the great *Mogull*, who ſpeakes to none but by an Interpreter. I like not this ſavage ſtatelineſſe; it is farre from me to uſe ſo little civilitie towards men of your worth: when it is I, that am beholding to you; I pray let it not be my groome that ſhall thanke you for it. I will take the paines my ſelfe to aſſure you I am wholly yours; and whereas, I did not bid you farewell at my going from *Pari*; you muſt not take it for an argument of ſlighting your perſon; but for an effect of the libertie I

preſume

preſume of, and of the renouncing I have vowed to all vaine ceremonies. They that are my friends give me this leave; and you are too well acquainted with the ſoliditie of things, to ground your judgement upon apparances; neither doe I thinke you will require them of me, who am as bad a courtier, as I truely am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 20.
July 1630. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Tiſſandier.*

LETTER XXIII.

SIR, you ſhall receive by this bearer thē reſt of the workes of ——: or to ſpeake more properly, the continuation of his Follies. They are now as publike, as thoſe *Du grand prenoſt divin, que vous auez viſité autres fois dans les fameuſes petites maiſons.* Hee uſeth me ſtill with the ſame pride and inſolencie he was wont: and you would thinke that hee wēre at the toppe of the Empyriall heaven, and I at thē bottome of hell; ſo farre he takes himſelfe to be above mee: but I doubt not, ere long, his pride ſhall be abated, and his inſolencie mortified. He ſhall ſhortly be made to ſee, that he is not ſo great a man as he thinkes himſelfe; and

if hee haye in him but one ſparke of naturall juſtice; hee ſhall confeſſe he hath triumphed without cauſe, and muſt be faine to give up all the glory he hath gotten unlawfully:

Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta:

Mounſieur *de* —— is ſtill your perfect friend, and he never writes to me, but hee ſpeakes of you. He is at this preſent at *Venice*, where he meditates quietly the agitation of all the world beſides; and where he enjoyes the honeſt pleaſures which *Italy* affoords to ſpeculative Philoſophers. But Sir, what meane you by ſpeaking of your teares; and of the requeſt you make unto me? Doe you not mocke mee, when you pray me to comfort you for the death of your Grandfather; who had lived to ſee ſo many Families, ſo many Sects, ſo many Nations, both to be borne and die: a man as old as Hereſie it ſelfe: the League was younger than hee; which when the Cardinall of *Lorraine* firſt conceived; hee cauſed a Booke to be printed, wherein hee advertized *France* of the conception of this Monſter. You weepe therefore for the loſſes of another age; it is *Anchyſes* or *Laertes* you weepe for; at leaſt it is for a man who did but ſuffer life, and was in a continuall combate with death. He ſhould long agoe have bin one of the Church Triumphant, and therefore you ought to have beene prepared for either the loſſe, or the gaine that you have made.

Moun-

Mounſieur *Bembo* was not of your humour; I ſend you one of his Letters, where you ſhall ſee, hee was as much troubled to comfort himſelfe for the life of two Grandmothers that would not die, as hee was for the death of a brother that died too ſoone. I commend your good nature; but I like not your Lamentations; which ſhould indeede, do him you ſorrow for, great wrong, if they ſhould raiſe him againe to be in the ſtate in which you loſt him. It may ſuffice to tell you, that he is much happier than I; for he ſleepes, and I wake; and he hath no more commerce with men unreaſonable and inhumane, and that are but Wolfes to one another. You know I have cauſe enough to ſpeake thus; but out of this number, I except certaine choiſe perſons; and particularly your ſelfe, whom I know to be vertuous; and whoſe I am,

Sir,

At *Paris*, 3. *Decem.* 1628. *Moſt humble, &c.*

The Letter of *Peter Bembo*, to *Hercules Strotius.*

AVias ambas meas, effœtas deploratasque feminas, & jam prope centum annorum mulieres,

res, mihi fata reliquerunt; unicum fratrem meum, juvenem ac florentem abſtulerunt, ſpem & ſolatia mea. Quamobrem, quo in mœrore ſim, facilè potes exiſtimare. Heu me miſerum: Vale; Id. Ian. 1504.
Venetijs.

Another to him:

Letter XXIV.

SIR, if it had not beene for the indiſpoſition of my body; I had not ſtayed ſo many dayes from thanking you for your many courteſies; but for theſe two moneths I have not ſtirred from my bed; ſo cruelly handled with the Sciatica, that it hath taken from me all the functions of my ſpirit, and made mee utterly uncapeable of any cenverſation: otherwiſe you may be ſure I ſhould not voluntarily have deprived my ſelfe of the greateſt contentment I can have, when I have not your companie: and that I ſhould not have received three Letters from you, without making you three Anſwers. Now that I have gotten ſome quiet moments from the violence of my torture; and that my paine is turned into lameneſſe: I cannot chuſe but take you in hand, and tell you, in the firſt place, that you are an ungratefull man, to leave our Muſes, and follow ſome of their ſiſters, that are neither ſo faire, nor ſo worthy of your affection. I intreate you to beleeve, it

is

is a temptation your evill Angell hath caſt upon you; and that you ought to reject it, as the counſell of an enemie. Things are not now to beginne; it is no time now to deliberate; you are gone too farre in the good way to looke backe, and to be unwilling to finiſh that little which remaines. To leave eloquence for the Mathematickes; is to refuſe a Miſtris of eighteene yeare old, and to fall in love with an old woman. God keepe you from this unhappineſſe, and inſpire you with better thoughts, than thoſe that have carried you to this deſire of change. It would be a diſloyaltie, I ſhould never pardon you; but ſhould blame you for it as long as I live. For making that reckoning of you as I doe; and expecting great matters from you: it were an infinite wrong you ſhould doe, to make me loſe the moſt pleaſing of all my hopes. I therefore by all meanes intreate you to perſevere in your firſt deſigne, and to reſolve upon a voyage of 3. months, to come and be reconciled to her whom you have offended, and to make her a publike ſatisfaction by the edition of your writings, by which it will plainely enough be ſeene, the great favours ſhe hath done you. And for my part, I promiſe you a chamber, where you ſhall have the proſpect of a garden twelve miles long; and ſo you ſhall be at once, both in the citie, and in the country. Beſides, I binde my ſelfe to ſet before your Booke an Advertiſement to the Reader, to the end that no man may be ignorant of the part I beare, in that which concernes you.

Con-

Conſider whether you like of theſe conditions, and whether you have courage enough to come and lodge *Au Pre aux Clerks*: where I will waite for you, without any deſigne of knowing, either what you meane, or what you meane to doe. You ſhall be ſure Sir, to have there admirable viſions, and ſhall meditate nothing but with ſucceſſe. And in truth, ſeeing the leaſt motion of your ſpirit, puts mee into extaſie; what will it be, when you ſhall employ your whole forces? And if your conceits be ſo juſt, and ſo well governed, in the midſt of confuſion, and unſeaſonable diſturbances: what a man will you be, when you ſhall be at leaſure, and have the libertie which now you want? Take my word for it, you neede not feare the cenſure of the world; Ile undertake, you ſhall have the approbation of all honeſt people: provided, that you make a truce with your Mathematicks, and never intricate your braines with that melancholicke and doting Science, which coſt *Archimedes* his life; at leaſt, before you caſt your ſelfe upon ſuch high and ſublime ſpeculations, it is fit you ſhould get you credit by exercíſes that are more ſwee[illegible] and popular. And now Sir, this is all you are like to have at this time, from my Sciatica, that I am,

Sir,

At Balzac 23. Your, &c.
March 1628.

An-

Another to him.

Letter XXV.

SIR, I doe but now receive your Letter of the twelfth of this Moneth, which confirmes mee in the opinion I have alwayes had; that my intereſts are as deare unto you as your owne. To compliment with you for this, would be to thanke you for being good, as much as to ſay for being your ſelfe; It is much better to returne you friendſhip for friendſhip, then to pay you with unprofitable words. In a word Sir, I make profeſſion to bee an honeſt man, and therefore all the thankefulneſſe that can be deſired from a perſon obliged you may expect from me. As concerning ——— I aſſure your I wiſh him no ill, becauſe I conceive he hath done me none; it is ſufficient for mee that my friends have no good opinion of his opinions; and that his owne friends beginne to take notice of his falſe dealing. In all this there is nothing eyther new or ſtrange; I am not the firſt innocent that have beene perſecuted in the world, and if I could not beare detraction and ſlander, I ſhould be more dainty then Princes, and their principall officers are, who forbeare not to doe well, though for their well doing they be evill ſpoken of; the beſt and ſoundeſt part is of my ſide, I want no protector eyther Males or Females, and if I would make uſe of

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all my advantages, I could oppoſe Doctour to Doctour, and Gowne to Gowne;

Fratribus & fratres, & clauſtra minantia Clauſtris.

But it is fit ſometimes to make ſpare of ones forces, and to reſtraine reſentment within leſſe bounds then juſtice allowes. The Prince you deſire to heare of, is yet in the *Idea* of the king his father, farre from comming as yet to *Paris* or *Thoulouze*; for my ſelfe I am alwayes blocked up by my Sciatica, and I thinke all the ſtormes of the middle region of the ayre fall downe upon my unhappy legges; but it is you that will bring mee health and faire weather, and your preſence will worke that miracle which I expect from Mounſieur *de L'orme*; come therefore I intreat you ſpeedily, and ſuffer not a man to die for want of ſuccour, who paſſionately is,

Sir

At *Paris* 30. *March*, 1628. *Your, &c.*

To my Lord, the Duke of *Valette*.

Letter XXVI.

SIR, it greeves me much that the firſt Letter you ſee of mine, ſhould not be pure and free from

from all my intereſts, & that in ſtead of intertaining you with matters of weight & proportionable to your ſpirit, I ſhould bring it downe to the petty affaires of a private man; yet I cannot beleeve that you being all gracious and all generous as you are, will thinke any occaſion of doing good unworthy of you, but that your vertue in this doth imitate the ſupreme, which is never ſo buſie in governing of heaven & the other nobler parts of the world, but that he takes care as wel for governing the meaneſt of all his creatures. I humbly beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider me in this laſt qualitie; and if it bee no incivilitie to make ſuch a requeſt, that you will undertake the buſineſſe I preſent unto you, but as a disburthening you of ſome more weighty; if it be not that my unfortunateneſſe makes the eaſieſt that are become unpoſſible, I ſee no reaſon you neede to imploy your whole forces about this matter; there needs no more but onely the motion of your will, and a light impreſſion of your credit, with ——— to give it all the ſoliditie and luſtre I deſire. I ſhould not ſeeme to underſtand the tearmes of the laſt Letter he did mee the honour to write unto mee; if I had not yet ſome little hope left, and a kinde of ſatisfaction in my owne conſcience. Yet I alledge to him no merit of my part, but much generouſneſſe of his, nor ſpeake of any ſervices of mine to recompenſe him, but of his goodneſſe that prevents them, and ſubjects not it ſelfe to the rigours of ordinary juſtice; This my Lord is all the right I

alledge

alledge for my selfe, and all the title upon which I ground my pretensions; but now I leave following it my selfe, and put it wholly into your hands; a place perhaps to which my ill fortune her selfe will beare a respect; but if shee shall be opposite to your desire, and prevaile above your favour, yet at least I shal thereby know the force of destinie to which all other forces give place, and which cannot be mastered by any force, nor corrected by any industrie; but yet it shall not hinder me from resting well satisfied, seeing I shall in this receive much more from you then I am denied by him, if I hold any part in your grace and favour, which is already my comfort against whatsoever ill successe can happen. It sufficeth me to bee happy with this kind of happinesse, which is more deare to mee than all the happinesse the Court can give me, being a man no more ambitious then I am,

My Lord,

At *Balzac* 25. *Decemb.* 1634.

Your, &c.

To

To my Lord, the Bishop of *Poitiers*.

Letter XXVII.

MY Lord, although Mounsieur *de* ——— hath promised me to give you assurance of the continuation of my service, yet I cannot forbeare to adde these few lines to his testimony, and to tell you that which I tell to all the world that your vertue is a transcendent farre above the abilities and cariage of our age. It is a match for antiquitie in its greatest pureneſſe and severitie. When the *Camilli* and the *Scipides* were not in imployment, they reposed themselves and tooke their ease as you doe; and when I consider sometimes the sweete life you leade at *Dissay*, I conclude that all the imployments of the Pallace, and all the intricacies of the Court are not worth one moment of a wise mans idleneſſe. It is well knowne that from your childhood you have despised vanitie even in her kingdome, and that in an ayre where shee had attractives able to draw the oldest and most reluctant spirits. All the pompe of *Rome* hath not so much as given you one temptation; and you are so confirmed in a generous contempt, that if good Fortune her selfe should come to looke you out, you would scarce goe out of your Closet to meete her in your Chamber. This is that I make such reckoning

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ning of in your Lordſhip, and which I preſer before all your other qualities; for thoſe how great ſoever they be, are yet but ſuch as are common with many baſe and mercenarie Doctors, where as this force and courage are things that cannot bee acquired in the noyſe and duſt of Schooles. You found not theſe excellent qualities in the *Vatican* Library, nor yet got them by reading of old Manuſcripts; you owe them indeede to Mounſieur your deceaſed father, that true Knight without ſpot or wrinckle; equally skilfull in the art of warre, and in affaires of peace, and that was the *Heros* of *Muret*, of *Scaliger*, and of Saint *Mart*. I propoſe not a leſſe object for my worſhip then they did, neither indeede is it leſſe, or leſſe religious then theirs was; and though you did not love mee as you doe, and though you ſhould denounce warre againſt me, and become head of a faction to ſeeke my ruine, yet I ſhould not for all that forbeare to revere ſo rare a vertue as yours is, but ſhould ſtil remaine,

My Lord,

At *Balzac* 4. *May*, 1630.

Your, &c.

To

To Mounſieur *Guyet.*

Letter XXVIII.

SIR, I feare not much to loſe a thing I eſteem but little, but holding your friendſhip in that account I doe, if I ſhould not have it, I ſhould never ſee day of comfort more; you muſt not therefore thinke it ſtrange that I was mooved with the Alarum that was given mee, for though I know my ſelfe to be innocent, yet my unfortunateneſſe is ſuch that I conceive any bad newes to bee no more then my due. Now that Mounſieur *de*——————hath quieted the agitation of my minde, and hath aſſured me of your love, I cannot forbeare to ſignifie unto you the joy I take, telling you wit tall that ſo I may preſerve a friend of your merit and worth, I doe not greatly care for loſing him that will leave me. There is litle to be ſeene amongſt men but malice & weakneſſe, and even of good men the greateſt part is ſcarce ſound; there is a cauſe why a firme and conſtant ſpirit as yours is, is of wonderfull uſe in ſocietie, and it is no ſmall benefit to them that are wearied & overtoyled as I am, to have a perſon to reſt upon, that cannot fall. There is neede of courage to maintaine a friendſhip, and indeede of prudence to performe the meaneſt duty of life; tis nothing worth to have a ſound will, if the underſtanding bee

defective, our ——— does a great matter, to make vowes and sacrifices; *Nil vota furentem, Nil delubra juvant*, hee complaines without cause upon his tax and other inferiour matters, this is to accuse innocents; the evill no doubt comes from a higher place, and it is the braine that is cause of all the disorder. The knowledge I have hereof makes mee have compassion of him, and excuse in a Doctor of threescore yeares old, those base shifting tricks that are not pardonable in a Scholler of eighteene. Any man but my selfe would call his action a cowardice and a treason; but I love to sweeten my griefe as much as I can. I cannot become an enemy at an instant, and passe from one extremity to another, without making a little stay by the way. I honour still the memory of our former friendship, & cannot wish ill to a man to whom I have once wisht well; but this is too much, I to complaine and you to quarrell; doe me this favour I beseech you to make choyse of something in your studie for a consolation of my solitude. I have already the *Encomium* of Mounsieur the Admirall *de la Valet*, but I would faine have the Epitaph of my Lady the Dutcheſſe of *Eſperon*, and those admirable Elegies you shewed mee once; *In quibus tam es Tibullo similis quam Tibullus sibi*; I intreate you to deliver them to Mounsieur ——— who will see them safely delivered to mee; if you please we will use him hereafter as our common correspondent, who knowing me to the very

very bottome of my heart, will, I doubt not most willingly adde his testimony to my protestations, that I truly am,

Sir,

At Balzac 25. Septem. 1630. *Your, &c.*

To Mounsieur *de L'orme*, Physitian in ordinary to the King, and Treasurer of *France* at *Burdeaux*.

Letter XXIX.

SIR, it is not now onely that I make a benefit of your friendship, I have had profit by it a long time, and you have often bin my advocate with so great force, and so good successe, that they who had before condemned me, were glad to revoke their sentence as soone as they heard you speake yet all this while you did but onely speake well of me, now you begin to doe well for me; it is you whom this yeare I may thanke for my pension. Without you Sir my warrant would never have perswaded my partner, it would presently have beene rejected, and he still have continued inexorable. But it must bee confessed there is no wilde beast but you can tame, no matter so bad but you can make good; as you heale maladies that are incurable, so you prevaile in

cauſes that are deſperate, and if you finde never ſo little life and common ſence in a man, you are able to reſtore him to perfect health, & make him become a reaſonable man. I deſire not to have the matter in any better termes then you have ſet it, I am glad I ſhall not need to invocate M. the Cardinall for my diſpatch, and that Mounſieur ——— hath promiſed not to faile to pay me in *September*. If he ſhould pay it ſooner, I ſhould bee faine to deſire you this favour, to keepe it for mee till that time. Now I onely intreat you, to draw from him a valuable aſſurance of it, and for ſo many favours and courteſies done me, I ſhall preſent you with ſomething not altogether ſo bad as thoſe I have already ſhewed you; and ſeeing one cannot bee called valiant for having the better of a coward, neither can I bee accuſed of vanitie, for ſaying I have exceeded my ſelfe. I am therefore bold to let my Letter tell you thus much, that if my falſe Pearles, and my counterfeit Diamonds have heretofore deceived you, I doe not thinke that the ſhew I ſhall make you of my new wares will uſe you any better. Yet my meaning is not to preoccupate your judgement, who neither of my ſelfe nor of my writings will have any other opinion then what you ſhall pleaſe to allow me. Since the time I have wanted the honour of ſeeing you; I have made a great progreſſe in the vertue of humilitie, for I am now proud of nothing but of my friends affections; Let mee therefore never want

yours

yours, I entreate you, as you may beleeve, I will all my life, moſt paſſionately be,

Sir,

At Balzac, 8. Decem. 1629. *Yours, &c.*

To my Lord ——

Letter XXX.

MY Lord, I hope you will not take it ill, that I put you in minde of a man, to whom you have heretofore made demonſtration of your love; and that after a long intermiſſion of theſe petty duties which are then troubleſome when they are frequent, you will give mee leave to tell you, that I have indeede omitted them, but more by diſcretion than by negligence. I know Sir, you have no time to loſe; and to put you to the reading of unprofitable words, what were it, but to ſhew an ignorance, how much the King imployes you, and how much the State needes you? It is therefore the reſpect I beare to your continuall imployments, that hath cauſed my ſilence; and I ſhould be very abſurd, if in the affiduitie of your cares, I ſhould preſent you with little pleaſing amuſements; and ſhould looke for an anſwer to ſome poore coin-

pliment, when you have ſo many commandements of importance: and ſo many orders of neceſſitie to deliver forth. It is enough for me that you doe me the honour to caſt your eyes upon the proteſtation I make you; that in all the extent of your command, there is not a ſoule more ſubmiſſe, nor more deſirous to beare your yoake, then mine is; and that as much, as any in the world, I am,

My Lord,

At *Balzac.* 10. *Aug.* 1630. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Senne, Theologall* of the Church of Saints.

LETTER XXXI.

SIR, you needs not wonder to ſee your name in the Booke I ſend you: Lovers you know, leave markes of their paſſion; and if they were able, would fill the whole earth with their Cyphers and deviſes. It is a cuſtome as ancient as the world, for with that beganne writing alſo: and at firſt, for want of paper, men graved the names of thoſe they loved, upon the barkes of trees. If any man wonder, I ſhould be in love with a Preacher; why wonders hee not at that *Romane*, of whom a

Grecian

Grecian said, that he was not onely in love with *Cato*, but was enchanted with him? You have done as much to others in this country; and I have as many Rivalls as you have auditors. Yet there is not the same Object of all our affections: they runne after your words, and hang at your mouth: but I goe further, and discover in your heart, that which is better than your eloquence. I could easily resist your Figures and your Arguments; but your goodnesse and your freenesse take me captive presently: I therefore give you the title of a perfect friend in your *Encomium*: because I account this, a more worthy qualitie, than to be a perfect Oratour: and because I make most reckoning of that vertue in a man, which humane societie hath most needed of. For other matters, Remember your selfe, in what termes I speake of the businesse you write of; and that onely to obey you, I have beene contented to alter my opinion. I was well assured, the enterprise would never take effect; but I thought it better to faile by consenting than by obstinacie, and rather to take a repulse, than not to take your counsell. I have known along time that fortune meanes me no good, and the experience I have of her hath cured me of the malady of hope and ambition. Make mee not fall into a relapse of these troublesome diseases, I beseech you; but come and confirme my health: you Sir that are a soveraigne Physition of soules, and who are able to see in mine, that I perfectly am,

Your, &c.

At Balzac 10. *Febr.* 1635.

To Mounſieur de Piles Cleremont.

Letter XXXII.

SIR, having heard of the favourable words you uſed of me at the Court; I cannot any longer forbeare to give you thanks; nor ſtay till our next meeting from telling you, how highly I eſteeme this favour, I cannot but confeſſe, I did not looke to finde ſo great a graciouſneſſe in the country of maliciouſneſſe; and ſeeing, that the greateſt part, even of honeſt men, have ſo much love for themſelves, that they have but little or none left for ſtrangers; I thought with my ſelfe, that the infection of the world had but lightly touched you; and that either you had no paſſions in you at all; or at leaſt, but very coole and moderate: but I ſee now, that you have more generouſneſſe in you than is fit to have, amongſt men that are intereſſed; and that you put in practiſe the Maximes of our Anceſtours, and the Rules of your *Epictetus*. It is I that am for this, exceedingly bound unto you; ſeeing it is I that receive the benefit of it, & that am the Object of your vertue You may then beleeve, I have not ſo unworthy a heart, as not to feele a reſentment anſwerable to ſo great an Obligation; at leaſt Sir, I hope to ſhew you, that the Picture mine enemies have made of me, is not drawne after the life; and that their colours diſfigure me

me rather then repreſent me. I have nothing in me Heroicall and great, I confeſſe: but I have ſomething that is humane and indifferent. If I be not of the number of the vertuous; I am at leaſt of their ſide. I applaud them whom I cannot follow, and admire that I cannot imitate. I am glad if I can be praiſed, not onely of the judicious and wiſe, ſuch as you, and our Mounſieur *de Boiſſat* are, but even of the ſimpler ſort that are honeſtly minded, ſuch as —— I know Sir, how to love in perfection, and when you ſhall know me better, you ſhall confeſſe there is none that can be more than I,

At *Paris* 2. *Your, &c.*
Aprill 1635.

To Mounſieur *de Voyture.*

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR, If I did not rely upon your goodneſſe, I ſhould take more care than I doe in preſerving your favour: and I ſhould not let a meſſenger goe from hence, by whom I ſhould not perſecute you with my Letters. But knowing, you are no rigorous exactor of that which is your due; much leſſe expect I ſhould give you more; I have conceived, I might be negligent without offence; and that having an abſolute power over mee as you have; you would uſe

uſe it upon me, with the moderation of good Soveraignes. And I ſhould ſtill continue to follow mine owne inclination, which findes a ſweeteneſſe in idleneſſe; if I did not thinke it neceſſary to advertiſe you that I am in the world; leaſt you ſhould thinke all your courteſies loſt, that you have done me. I would have beene glad I could have loved you all my life long without any kinde of intereſt, or temporall conſideration; yet it troubles me not to give honour to my friend, by giving him matter for his vertue to worke upon. I am content you ſhall hold the higher part in our friendſhip, which is to doe good, but then I looke to hold the lower and leſſe noble part, which is to acknowledge; and this is ſo ſetled in my heart, that a greater cannot be deſired from a man exceedingly ſenſibly, and exceedingly obliged. But though it were ſo, that you had no tie upon me; and that without ungratefulneſſe, I might forbeare to love you; yet I intreate you to beleeve, that the knowledge I have of your worth and merit; would never give me leave to do it; but that the naturall reſpect we owe to things that are perfect, would alwayes binde me infinitely to honour you, and to be with all my ſoule, as I am,

Sir,

At Balzac 15. July 1630.

Your, &c.

Au-

Another to him.

Letter XXXIV.

SIR, you are welcome from *Flanders*, from *England* and from *Spaine*. I am not onely glad for your returne; but I refresh my selfe after your voyages. For if you know it not, I must tell you, that my spirit hath gone these voyages with you; & you never passed the sea, that I was not neare a shipwracke. They that knew what it is to love; will not mislike the novelrie of this compliment, I have borne my part in all the fits of your Feavour: I have drunke part of all your potions: I have accompanied you in all your strange adventures. It is therefore great reason I should give you thankes, for giving my friendship rest, and that by finishing your travell, you have finished my unquietnesse. It is better Sir to be a private man at home, where there is courtesie and freenesse, than to be a Lord Ambassadour among publique enemies; and if the *Iewes* said well, that the Graves of *Iudea* were more beautifull than the Pallaces of *Babylon*; why may not we be bold to say, that the Dirt of *Paris*, is better than the Marble of *Madrill*? It is a juster thing to adore M. the Cardinall, than to put off ones hat to the President *Rose*, or to the Marquesse of *Aitona*; and it would have beene a newes no lesse shamefull than lamentable, if we had

come

come to reade in the *Gazets* theſe pittifull words; *A Sonne of France was waiting for the King of Spaines riſing up;*

Atque ibi magnis
Mirandusque Cliens ſedet ad Prætoria regis
Donec Heſperio libeat Vigilare Tyranno.

Thankes be to God, the face of things is changed, and a great Princes libertie hath coſt but the life of a good Horſe. At our next meeting, you ſhall tell me all the fortunes you have paſſed; and in requitall thereof, I will tell you newes out of the Wilderneſſe: and it ſhall be at Mounſieur *de Chandebons* Chamber, that our conference ſhall be; at leaſt if you care any thing for it; and that I be in his favour ſtill. Howſoever, this I am ſure, he can never love any man that honours him more perfectly than I doe, or that hath a greater opinion of the beautie and nobleneſſe of his minde. Hee is alwayes one of the deere objects of my thoughts; and I ſtill take him for one of thoſe true Knights, which are no where to be found now, but in the Hiſtory of *France*. I want ſuch an example before my eyes; to ſtirre up the faintneſſe I feele in my duty; and to thruſt me forward in the love of Vertue. The leaſt of his words makes my ſpirit but higher and greater, the onely ſound of his voyce gives me both life and ſtrength; and I doubt not but I ſhould be twice as good as I am; if I could but ſee him once a moneth, and make a third in your excellent

lent conferences. But this is a happineſſe which is at home with you, but farre off from mee, though I have a deſigne to come nearer to it; you injoy it to the full, and leave to others onely a deſire of it and a jealouſie, and jealous indeede I ſhould be if I did not love you more then I love my ſelfe, and if being bound to you for a thouſand favours I did not acknowledge my ſelfe more bound to take a contentment in your good fortune. Enjoy then your happineſſe, ſir and never feare I will oppoſe it, ſeeing I ſhall alwayes preferre your contentments before my owne, and ſhall be all my life,

At *Balzac* 5. *Novemb.* 1634. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Meſtivier*, Phyſitian to my Lord the Duke *D'Eſpernon*.

Letter XXXV.

SIR, I am a thirſt for the waters of *Vje*, ever ſince I heard you thinke them to be wholeſome; the reputation you give them hath made me to ſend for them, to try whether this Drug will do me any more good then others; I am apt to beleeve for the ſatisfaction of my taſte, that there are no better medicines then thoſe that are leaſt compounded, and which come ready made

made from the boſome of our common mother; but ſpecially I have a confidence in nature when ſhee comes authorized by your judgement, and hath the warrant of ſo eſteemed a name as yours, and by this meanes Sir you have ſaved mee a voyage into *Italy*; For ſo but for you I was taking a journey of two hundred and fifty Leagues upon the word of an antient Poet, to the end I might be of thoſe happy ones, of whom he writes theſe verſes.

Non venas relecant, nec vulnere vulnera ſanant,
Pocula nec triſti gramine miſta bibunt.
Amiſſum lymphis reparant impune vigorem
Pacaturque ægro luxuriante dolor.

I have ſince received your learned Letter, wherein you preſcribe mee the order I muſt hold in uſing this wholeſome diſorder, and teach me to drinke with art; in truth you have more care of mee then I am worthy of, my health is no matter of any ſuch importance that it ſhould be managed with ſuch curioſitie. It is not worth the paines you have taken in treating of it ſo learnedly, and writing theſe two leafes of paper you have ſent me. The publik wch you will have to be intereſſed in it will acknowledge no ſuch matter, it hath no uſe in theſe turbulent times of contemplative Doctors. The active life is that defends th frontiers, and repells the enemy, and the lea musket in the armie of M. the Cardinall of *Va letta* is at this time of more uſe then all th

Peri

Peripatetiks and Stoiks of this kingdome; wee may therefore thinke that the publicke you talke off dreames not of me, nor is engaged to preſerve my idleneſſe, but it is you that love me, and would therefore make mee of more worth then I am, thereby to have the more colour for your loving me. I am much bound unto you for this favour, yet I doubt whilſt you ſet me at ſo high a price, there is none will take me for ſuch as you would vent me; but I regard it not, I bound my reputation by your account, and deſire no other Theater nor other world but you; It ſufficeth mee that in your ſpirit I enjoy the glory you give mee, and ſweetly poſſeſſe my good fortune, which I know I merit not if you weigh it in the Skales of Scrupulous juſtice, but which you will yet preſerve to me, if you have regard to the paſſion with which I teſtifie unto you, that I am,

Sir,

At Paris 3. Your, &c.
Septemb. 1635.

To Mounſieur *de Meſmes D'Avaur*, Ambaſſadour to the King at *Venice*.

Letter. XXXVI.

SIR, if the perſecution continue, I ſhall bee forced to give place to envie, and to goe

waite

waite in the place where you are for a change to time, which in this kingdome is ſo adverſe unto me. It is indeede my adverſaries deſigne to make all ſorts of governments my enemies, and not to ſuffer me to breath at liberty, either in Monarchie, Ariſtocracie, or Democracie. You have ſeene his manifeſts printed, which have flowne beyond the Alpes; you know the cunning he uſeth to draw the publike ſtate upon me, and to make mee ill thought of, as well by the Kings Allies as by his Subjects. He goes about to baniſh mee out of all ſtates, to ſhut all places againſt me that are open even to fugitives, and not to leave my innocencie one corner of the earth to be in ſafety; yet Sir let him doe his worſt, and practiſe what hee can, I hope you will beare me out to ſay, that he ſhall never hinder me from having a place in your heart; nor be able to take from mee this pleaſing refuge. And beſides that Ambaſſadors houſes enjoy the priviledges of the antient Sanctuaries, and that there is neither juſtice nor violence but hath reſpect unto them; I aſſure my ſelfe your onely affection will intereſſe it ſelfe for my ſafety, without any other publique conſideration, and that you will defend me as a thing deare unto you; though the defence of a man affiicted were not otherwiſe in it ſelfe, a thing worthy the dignitie of an Ambaſſadour, and whereſoever you ſhall have power to ſpeake, I ſhall be ſure of a ſtrong protection, being as I am aſſured of your good Word, and this eloquent mouth, which perſwades

ſwades the wiſe, and makes that appeare which is juſt, ſhall gaine no doubt a good opinion of my cauſe to the undertaker, and a favourable cenſure of thoſe judges at leaſt that I acknowledge. I expect this iſſue from your almighty Rhetoricke, and hope Sir that in theſe troubleſome incounters you will double your love and your good offices unto mee. Though I ſhould be worſe intreated of the world, and of fortune then I am, and ſhould have nothing before my eyes, but lamentable ſucceſſes, and deadly preſages, yet you would remember how that *Cato* ſtood firme upon ruins, and held himſelfe conſtant to a ſide which the gods themſelves had abandoned. I doe not thinke my caſe is yet in this extremitie, it hath yet ſubſiſtence and foundation; and as it is not ſo badde but that an honeſt man may maintaine it with a good conſcience; ſo neither is it ſo weake but that a meane courage may undertake it without feare. The Gentleman that brings you this Letter hath promiſed to make you a more amplé relation hereof, and to informe you of my whole ſtory. I humbly intreat you to give him audience, untill I come and crave it my ſelfe; and that I aſſure you in your Pallace amongſt your other Courtiers, that I truly am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Paris* 20. *Decemb.* 1627.

To Mounſieur *de Thure*, Doctor of the Sorbone, and Chanon of the Church of *Paris*.

Letter XXXVII.

SIR, my deare Couſin, the newes you ſent me ſurprized me not, I am ſo accuſtomed to receive diſgraces, that I finde in this nothing extraordinary; it is true I am a little more ſenſible of it then of the former, and the place from whence it comes makes mee take it a little more to heart; yet ſeeing you ſeeme to compaſſionate my miſerie, I finde my ſelfe comforted of one halfe of it; and having you for my Champion, I feare not what my perſecutors can doe againſt mee. Suffer mee to call them ſo, that ſollicite your Colledge againſt me, and make it leſſe favourable to me, then I had good right to hope for. It is not their zeale of Religion, nor intereſt of the publike that ſets them on worke; it is an old ſpight they beare mee, which I could never maſter with all my long patience. It is the hate of a dead man which lives ſtill in his Tombe; it is his rellicks that warre upon me; and whereof ſome ill diſpoſed French doe ſerve themſelves to diſgrace a worke which hath no other end but the honour and ſervice of the King. I never doubted of your good nature, and I know if neede were, your charitie would

cover the multitude of my faults; but in this case I thinke I have reason rather to aske justice at your hands, and to tell you, that if you take the paines to consider my words as I meant them, and not as my enemies corrupt them, you will easily grant they containe nothing contrary to the orthodox doctrine, or that is not maintaineable in all the Schooles of Christendome. This being so my deare Cousin, I doubt not but you will strongly defend my cause, at least my person, and will be pleased to assure my Masters of your fraternitie, that having alwayes accounted their Colledge as the Oracle of true Doctrine, and as the interpretor of the Church in this kingdome; I could not wish a more sweet or glorious fruit of my travailes then to see them entertained by so learned and holy personages, that my greatest ambition is but to merit their good acceptance, and to deserve their favourable censure, and if for obtaining of this I have not either happinesse enough, or not enough sufficiencie, I have at least docilenesse enough to learne of them that which I know not, and to confesse that in their learned conferences they possesse the secret and certaintie of all holy points, whereof wee in our private meditations have but suspicions and conjectures, that if I were assaulted by strangers I could perhaps make a shift to resist, and that with successe, but that I preferre obedience which I owe before a victory which I might get; that I desire not to contest with my fathers, nor pretend to have

reaſon againſt their authority, to which I ſubmit my ſelfe in ſuch ſort, that I am reſolved to aſſure my ſelfe of nothing, but upon their word and credit, and from hence forth to acknowledge no truth, but that which they ſhall pleaſe to teach me: I leave it to you to augment, to reforme, or embelliſh this compliment, as you ſhall thinke fit; I make you Maſter of the whole buſineſſe: and never meane to diſavow any thing you ſhall doe, being abſolutely,

Sir my deare Coſin,

Your, &c.

At Balzac 18. Ianu. 1632.

To Mounſieur *de Vougelas*, Gentleman in Ordinary to my Lord, the Kings onely Brother.

Letter XXXVIII.

SIR, I humbly intreate you to take for your ſelfe, all the excuſes you make to mee; and to beleeve that I have alwayes a love anſwerable to your vertue: though I ſay it not ſo often, as by the lawes of Civilitie I am bound to doe. Since the comming hither of Mounſieur *de* —; you have beene the moſt ordinary and moſt pleaſing ſubject of all our conference; and I am much

much more curious to heare of your ſtudies, than to heare all the newes of the great world. Yet I intend not hereby to aske it of you with importunitie; and to engage you in a Commerce of unprofitable words, which would but wrong your neceſſary imploiments: I am well enough ſatisfied with the aſſurance I have of your love; and am well contented you ſhould keepe your compliments for thoſe you love not ſo well, when I ſhall finde my ſelfe to ſtand in neede of you: I am not growne ſo baſhfull, but that I can uſe the libertie, I have long uſed; and yet doe you no inconvenience by my freeneſſe. Hitherto it hath afforded you nothing but trouble; and it was your evill Angell that inſpired you with a deſire at firſt to be acquainted with me. But one day perhappes I ſhall be mure happy; and for ſo many and great favours you have done me, it may be you may draw from me ſome ſmall argument of acknowledgement. In the meane time Sir, I deſire you, not to caſt upon mee a reputation, which I am not able to maintaine; make no more mockes at my pratling; and hide the ſhame of your friend, which your other friend hath publiſhed. Hee onely is guilty of the fault that was done; and you may well thinke, I was not ſo impudent to ſend falſe Latin to the Vniverſitie of *Paris*, as much as to deliver falſe money to the Mint; and thinke to make Mint-men take it for currant. It ſhall ſuffice mee, that you approve of the *French*, I meane to bring you; or at leaſt, that you make it worthy

of your approving, by making it new, with your corrections. If Mounſieur *Faret* be returned from *Breſcia*, you ſhall make me beholding to you, to aſſure him from me, of the continuation of my ſervice. I make infinite account of him, and am with all my ſoule,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 15. *Your, &c.*
May 1629.

To Mounſieur *Gerard* Officiall of the Church of *Angouleſme.*

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR, my laſt Letters, are great Bookes; and I have nothing to adde, but only that I intreate you to take the paines to reade them over again, and to draw them into heads for the helpe of your memory, which though I know to be very excellent, yet I know alſo, it is extremely full of buſineſſe, and that I am but the five and twentieth of your Clients. I ſet downe nothing ſo preciſely, but that I leave you liberty to change my orders, if you finde them not fit, and to ſaile with the winde. Nothing but good ſucceſſe can be expected from your ſteering; you will ſo manage, I aſſure my ſelfe,

my

my resentments with Mounsieur *de* ——, and make him see so much respect and modestie in my griefe; that he will perhappes be sorry he ever disobliged me. I assure my selfe also, that when you fall upon my Chapter, where I treate with Mounsieur —— that you will not carry your selfe, as onely my instrument, and as one that hath charge of me; but that you will doe as an honest man should, that is perswaded to it by the truth, and interessed in the cause of oppressed innocencie. Concerning the perfumes I desired of you, I could wish you would bring me a shopfull; but you must use some body else to chuse them for you, for you know them not your selfe, but onely by name; and you may perhaps have the oyle of Nuts given you for the oyle of Iasmin; *Et du pain d'espice, pour des pastilles*. So it is that petty things are unknowne of great personages: you would thinke you should doe your selfe wrong to descend to such pedling wares, and of an Ambassadour, and a Philosopher, become a Merchant and an Apothecary; yet *Aristippus* would be dealing in things, that you thinke scorne of, and said, that he and the King of *Persia*, were the two unfortunate Ones, whom *Diogenes* pitied. You send me word, that Mounsieur *de* —— hath great Designes in the Commonwealth of Letters; and that he is resolved to be an Authour and a Preacher both at once. If you remove him not from so dangerous a resolution, you shall see Bookes that will be the Funeralls of common sence; and let but the

name be changed, and it will be ſaid of his Sermons, as an excellent man of our time, ſaid of the Sermons of Fryer *Lazarus*;

Peu de zele, moins de Science
Faiſoit que Lazare boſſu;
Preſchant des Cas de conſcience
N'eſtoit quaſi pas appercen.

As much as to ſay; that though thē Clocke hath beene long a ſtriking, and that hee hath beene talking a long houre, yet ſo little heede is taken of him, that none will beleeve there is any man in the Pulpit. Before he comes to the *Ave Maria*, all his Auditors are out of the Church, and hee may call them Apoſtates from the word of God, and Fugitives from the Church; yet with all he can ſay, he ſhall never make one of them to come backe. I have not theſe two yeares written thus much, with my owne hand; it is to me, as one of *Hercules* labours: and can you then doubt, how much I would be willing to doe, to doe you ſervice? I kiſſe the hands of all the Family, which you ſee; and which I honour exceedingly; and am,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 19.
Febr. 1633.

Your, &c.

An-

Another to him.

Letter XL.

SIR, I love you better than I thought, ſince you parted from hence, I have had a number of Alarums for you: and though I ſtand in convert yet that keepes mee not from the foule weather of your voyage. But I hope by this time you are upon returning; and that ſhortly, we ſhall ſit by the fires ſide, and heare you tell your adventures of *Beauſſe*, and of *Mantelan*. Whatſoever Mounſieur *de* —— have ſaid unto you, when you tooke leave of him; I doe not thinke, that in all the whole Diſcourſe, there can one paſſage be found, that is ſubject to any badde interpretation: if it be conſidered as a member depending upon the body, and not as a piece that is broken off. There may perhappes be found ſome propoſition, a little bold, but never to goe ſo farre as raſhneſſe: the Antecedents and the Conſequents ſo temper it, that if a man will not be too witty in another mans intentions, hee can never make any doubt of mine. It was never intended, you know, but onely to prove a Monarchie to be the beſt forme of governement, and the Catholike Church to be the onely Spouſe of Chriſt, Neither yet doe I write ſo negligently, but that I am ready to give a reaſon of that I write; and am able to de-

defend my opinions againſt thoſe particular perſons that oppugne them; for as for the ſoveraigne authority, you can witneſſe for me with what humility I ſubmit my ſelfe unto it. The day after your departure Mounſieur *de*——came to *Balzac*, whom I kept with me three whole dayes; I never ſaw man leſſe intereſſed, leſſe ambitious, leſſe dazeled with the ſplendour of the Court; and to ſpeake generally, better cured of all popular diſeaſes. By this I come to know the nobleneſſe, and even the ſoveraigntie of reaſon, when it is well ſchooled and inſtructed, we neede not mount up to heaven to finde cauſe of ſcorne in the littleneſſe of the earth, the ſtudy of wiſedome will teach it as well: A wiſe man counts all things to bee below him; Pallaces to him appeare but Cottages, and Scepters but baubles, it pittles him to ſee that which is called the greatneſſe and fortune of Princes, and from the heighth of his ſpirit,

Il void comme fourmis marcher nos legions,
Dans ce petit amas de pouſſiere & de boue
Dont noſtre vanité fait tant de regions.

I have at laſt found the Letter you required of me, which I now ſend you by this Poſt; our good father hath taken a coppie of it, and ſaith it is fit to be kept for an eternall monument in our houſe; and addes moreover that *Eraſmus* never had ſo much honour done him by the Sorbone, which inſtead of condemning my divi-

divinitie hath given a faire teſtimony in praiſe of my eloquence; for ſo hee pleaſeth to call the little ability I have in writing; for it is his cuſtome to make choyce of very noble termes for expreſſing of very vulgar qualities. For your ſelfe Sir, you know it very well, and I intreate you to advertiſe our other friends that know it not, that all this teſtimony and all this honour that is done me, is happened to mee by a meere miſtaking. I had ſatisfied the deſire of the Sorbone long before it, if I had underſtood they deſired any ſatisfaction from me; but two Editions of my booke comming forth at one time, my charitable neighbours in my abſence delivered the Sorbone the leſſe corrected Copy, in which indeede my propoſition was not ſo fully cleared & unfoulded as was fit, but never told them that in the other Copy I had cleane taken away all colour of wrangling, and juſtified before hand, that wherein I imagined they could finde any thing to ſay againſt mee; I expect to heare by the next meſſenger of your comming to *Paris*, and am with all my heart,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At *Paris*, 25. *Janu.* 1632.

Cla-

Clariſſimo Balzacio, Facultas Theologiæ Pariſienſis, S.

REddite ſunt nobis ad Calendas Aprilis abs te Littera, vir clariſſime, omnibus quidem gratiſſimæ, non eo ſolum nomine, quod multam in ordinem noſtrum obſervantiam præſe ferrent; ſed etiam vel maxime, quod propenſiſſimam tuam voluntatem, immutandi ea quæ in Principe tuo, offendere mentes Chriſtianas poſſent. Hunc in librum inquirendi, Fama quæ nec te latere potuit, non tam occaſionem nobis, quam neceſſitatem attulit. In quo ſane uti nulla niſi diſertiſſimo, ſic incogitanti quædam excidiſſe deprehenſa ſunt, ex eorum relatione quibus recenſendi ejuſdem delegata provincia fuerat. Præcipua eaque maxime inſtituti noſtri huic Epiſtolæ ſubnectemus; quæ & ſi judicabantur, minus ad orthodoxæ doctrinæ amuſsim quadrare, æquum tamen pro Chriſtiana charitate ac dignitate tua duximus, ut omnem judicij æquitatem amicæ monitionis humanitas præcederet, quo tu ipſe operi tuo emendando quaqua operam dares. Iſtud vero quam pro voto noſtro ſuccesſerit, vel ex eo intelleximus, ipſe quod tua ſponte in idem conſilium conſpiraveris docilitatem facultati noſtræ, ad id tua Epiſtola pollicitus. Quod & maxime tibi gratulamur, neque velimus tamen in Illud incumbas, ordinis noſtri duntaxat authoritate motus, uti benevole recipis, ſed ipſius veritatis; cui nunquam felicius triumphant ingenia, quam dum cedunt, ſummiſſis præſertim per religionis

religionis obſequium armis, quorum uſus quantum ſubſidii, ad decertandum conferret, tantum non poſſet non affere Impedimento, ad victoriam; ſiquidem, hoc in genere, Vincere niſi victi non poſſumus. Ne tu etiam talem deinceps debebis Modeſtiæ tuæ gloriam, Cujus laude, non minor inter Chriſtianos audies, quam inter mortales Facundia audiiſti hactenus; ejuſdem merito, lubentiſſimos laudatores habebis, quos alias multa urgente querimonia, officii ratio coegiſſet vel invitos eſſe Cenſores.

De Mandato D.D. Decani & Magiſtrorum Sacræ Facultatis Theologiæ Pariſienſis,
Prt. Bouuot.

Apud Sorbonam: Anno Chriſti, 1632.

Another to him.

Letter XLI.

SIR, my Philoſophy is not of ſo little humanity, but that I grieved exceedingly at the reading of your Letter, and was touched to the very quicke, for the death of ——— yet ſeeing he is happier then they that mourne for him; and that he hath left the world, in an age when he yet knew it not; I thinke it no wiſedome, to be obſtinate in an ill grounded ſorrow,

row, or to account that an evill to another, which is the greateſt good, could have happened to my ſelfe. Chriſtianity will not let me ſay, *Optimum non naſci, Bonum vero quam citiſſime interire*: but it hinders me not to believe, that one day of life, with Baptiſme, is better then a whole age of iniquity. I write this letter to you from ——— whether I am come to lodge, after I had entertained my Lord ——. untill night. I conceived, there was ſome neceſſity, to deliver him your Letter with all ſpeede; and therefore I expoſed my perſon to all the injuries of an incenſed ſky; and ventured to make a voyage, that would have frighted a ſtouter man then my ſelfe. By this you may know that I count nothing difficult, which reflects upon any intereſt of yours; or which concernes your contentment; and I love you ſo much, that I ſhould not ſay ſo much, if I had more craft in me then I have. But my good Nature exceedes al other conſiderations of vulgar Prudence; and I would not keepe you from knowing what great power you have over me, though I knew before hand, you would abuſe this power. For other things, I am very glad to heare, you beginne to grow ſenſible of the charmes of muſicke, and that Conſorts are in reputation with you. Yet I have ſeene the time, when your eares were no learneder then mine, and when you made no great difference betweene the ſound of Lutes, and the noyſe of Bells. See what it is to frequent good company; and to live in a Country of neateneſſe. I

that

that ſtirre not from the Village, know no other muſicke, but that of Birds; and if ſometimes I heare a more ſilver ſound; it comes from thoſe noble Animals, which Mounſieur *Heinſius* praiſeth ſo much: and which by *Lucians* ſaying, ſerve for Trumpets in the Kingdome of the Moone. I give you a thouſand thankes for your newes; but ſpecially for the laſt: it is certaine, that the choice of Mounſieur *de Bellieure* to be Ambaſſadour for *Italy*, is a thing will be generally well liked; men talke wonders already of his beginnings: of the readineſſe and Vivacitie of his Spirit, of the force and ſtayednesſe of his Iudgement, beſides ſome other excellent qualities of his Age, from which we may hope for much. And for my ſelfe, who am one, that love my Countrie exceedingly; I cannot but exceedingly rejoyce, in this new fruitefulneſſe which comes upon him, at the latter end of his old age. It doth me good to ſee famous deceaſed men, to live againe in their exceſſent poſteritie; and I doubt not of the good ſucceſſe of a *Negotiation*, where a *Bellieure*, a *Thou*, or a *Sillery*, is imployed. Theſe were our *Heroes* of the long Robe; and the Princes of our Senate: and now their children (that I may continue to ſpeake Latine, in French) are the Princes of our youth, at leaſt they are names more happy, and that portend more good to *France*, then the name of —— and no doubt, ſhe will have cauſe to thanke *M.* the Cardinall, for reſpecting races, that are ſo deere unto her: and for ſtirring up in the Kings minde,

the old inclinations, of the Deceaſed King his Father. I fall a ſleepe alwaies, when I am talking with you, and am rather in caſe to make ill dreames, then good diſcourſes: and ſo I take my leave of you, my deare and perfect friend, as I alſo am to you, as much as poſſibly can be,

At *Balzac* 4. *Octo.* 1634. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Talon*; Secretary to my Lord the Cardinall *De la Valette.*

Letter XLII.

SIR, I tooke infinite pleaſure, to ſee my ſelfe in one of your Letters; and Mounſieur —— who imparted it to mee, can witneſſe for me, with what greedineſſe I read that paſſage which concerned me. I cannot ſay, that he is here, though it be true, that he is not in *Gaſcogne*; for we enjoy nothing of him here but his Image; he is ſo married, that he would thinke it a diſloyalty to his wife, if hee ſhould dare to laugh when ſhee is not by. All his ſociable humour he hath left with her, and hath brought nothing to us, but his Melancholy.

When

When I would make him merry, he tels me, I goe about to corrupt him. All visites he makes in her absence, though it be to covents, and Hospitals, yet he calls them *De bauches*. So as Sir, you never saw man better satisfied with his present estate; nor a greater enemy to single life. He is not contented to pitty you and me, and to lament our solitude; but he reproacheth us outragiously, and cals us unprofitable members of the Common-wealth, and such as are fit to be cut off. As for me, I make no defence for my selfe, but your example; I tell him, let him perswade you to it first, and he shall soone finde me ready to follow his counsell. I hope we shall meete together ere long; and then we shall not neede to feare his being too strong for us, in our conferences, when we two shall be against him alone. Provide therefore Solutions for his Arguments; but withall deny me not your assistance in other encounters, where it may stand me instead. You can never doe courtesies to a man more capable of acknowledgement; nor that is more truely, then I,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 12. *Febrn.* 1633. *Your, &c.*

Another to him.

Letter XLIII.

SIR, I am exceedingly well ſatisfied with the newes you ſend me; and with the aſſurance you give me by your Letter of the continuation of your Friendſhip. Not that I was afraid, I ſhould loſe it, but becauſe it is a pleaſure, to heare ones ſelfe called happy; and that one cannot have too many titles for a poſſeſſion, which can never be too much valued. I take not upon me to contend with you in Compliments; or to diſpute of civility with you, who live in the light of the world; and have whole *Magaſins* of good words. For beſides, that I never had any skill of the Coure; it is now ſo long I have beene a countriman, that it were a miracle, if I had not cleane forgot it all. Pardon therefore a rudeneſſe which I cannot avoide, and ſeeing I am not able to anſwer you; give me leave to aſſaile you, and require you to give a reaſon of the preſent ſtate of things: What can you ſay Sir, of theſe wretched *Flemmins*, who ſhut their Gates againſt good Fortune when ſhe would come in to them? and are in love with their Fetters, and their Keepers? I doe not thinke there be truer ſlaves in all *Aſia*: and I doe not wonder our Armes can doe no good in their Country, ſeeing it is a hard matter to take a yoake from

mens

mens heads, who preferre it before a Crowne; and Soveraigntie when it is offered them. Sicke men are then to be despaired of, when they throw their medicines on the ground, and account of Potions as of Poysonings. It is not therefore our fault if they be not cured: wee have active power enough to worke, but it must upon a matter that is apt and disposed. I expect hereupon a Decree from your politician; and remaine,

At *Balzac* 1. *Your, &c.*
July 1635.

To Mounsieur *D' Espernon*, Marshall of the Kings Armies.

Letter XLIV.

SIR, my compliments are very rare; and I take no great care for preserving your friendship. I account you so true of your word, that I cannot doubt of having your love, seeing you have done me the honour to let mee have your promise. It is to no purpose to sollicite Judges that cannot be corrupted; It is enough for procuring their favour, that the cause be good. You see therefore, I doe not much trouble my selfe to commend mine unto you; and I present my selfe so seldome before

you; that if you had not an excellent memory, you had certainely forgot mee long agoe. I pray you not, to doe me good offices: for knowing that you let ſlippe no occaſion of doing good: I may be ſure to have my part of your good deedes, though you have none of my prayers. Your new Acqueſts at the Court; make you not leave that you have on this ſide the *Loyre*: your friends that are alwayes with you; take not up all your heart: there is ſome place left for your friends farther of: of which number I am one; and more in love Sir, with the comtemplative life, than ever. I am alwayes under ground and buried with my trees; and they muſt be very ſtrong cords, and very violent cómandements that ſhould remove me: yet I am contented to give my thoughts a libertie: and my ſpirit is often in the place where you are; and my abſence is not ſo idly beſtowed, but that I can make you a reckoning of it. I ſpeake to you in this manner, becauſe I know you are no hater of delightfull knowledges, and have an excellent taſte to judge of things. Though by profeſſion you be a Souldier; yet I refuſe you not for a judge, in our peaceable difference; being well aſſured, there are not many Doctours, more accompliſht, or of a ſounder judgement than your ſelfe. This qualitie is no oppoſite to true valour; the *Romanes*, whoſe diſcipline you ſeeke to reeſtabliſh; uſed to leade with them the Muſes to warre; and in the tumult of their Armies, left alwayes place for theſe quiet exerciſes. *Brutus* read *Polybius*, the

the night before the battell at *Philippi*; and his Vncle was at his Booke the very houre before he meant to die. Never therefore feare doing ill, when you follow the example of such excellent Authours: none will ever blame you for imitating the *Romanes*, unlesse perhappes the *Crabates* or other enemies, as well of Humanitie as of *France*. But to be thus blamed by *Barbarians*, is an infallible marke of merit; for they know no points of vertue, but such as are wilde and savage; and imagine, that roaring and being furious, are farre more noble things, than speaking and reasoning. I leave them to their goodly imaginations; and come to tell you, that though your Letter to my Sister, be dated from the Army in *Germany*; yet it is eloquent enough to come from the Academy of M. the Cardinall; it neither smells of Gunpowder, nor of *Le pais de adieu pas*; I know by certain markes, I have observed in it, that your Bookes, are part of your Baggage; and I finde nothing in it, that is worthy of blame, but onely the excessive praises you bestow upon mee; and if you were not a stout champion, and able to maintaine it with your sword, you would certainely ere this, have had the lie given you a thousand times for praising me so. I should be verry sorry to be a cause of so many petty quarrells; and so unworthy of your courage; a forraigne warre hath needs of your spirit; make not therefore any Civill, for my sake; I desire no such violent prooses of your affection: it serves my turne, that you love me quietly; and

if you ſo pleaſe ſecretly too; to the end, that our friendſhippe being hidden, may lie in covert from injuries; and that poſſeſſing it without pompe, I may enjoy it without envie. I reckon it alwayes amongſt my ſolideſt goods, and will be ſure never to loſe it, if perfit faithfulneſſe will ſerve to keepe it; and if it will ſuffice to be; as I moſt paſſionately am,

Sir,

At Balzac 4. Iune, 1631. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *de Rouſſines.*

LETTER XLV.

MY deare brother, I have upon this laſt occaſion, received nothing from you, but the offices I expected; I know you to be juſt and generous, and one that will alwayes religiouſly pay whatſoever you owe, either to Bloud or friendſhip, yet this hinders me not from being obliged to you, and to your good Birth for it. This hath beſtowed a friend upon me, which I never tooke paines, either to looke out, or to make; It is a preſent of Nature, which I ſhould have taken, if ſhee had given me my choiſe. I deſire you to beleeve, that I never ſtood leſſe in needs of comfort than now; I oppoſe nothing againſt the rage of a thou-

thousand adversaries, but my scorne: I am Armour of proofe against all the tales from the Suburbs St. *Honoré*; and from all the Libells of the streete St. *Iaques*. They encrease daily in light, and if the heate of their spirits doe not abate, there will shortly be a little Library of follies written against me. But you never yet heard, of such a gravitie as I have, nor of a mind that could take such rest in the midst of stormes and tempests as I do, and this I owe to Philosophie, under whose covert I shelter my selfe: it is not onely higher than mountaines, where we see it raine and haile below us: but it is stronger also than a Fortresse, where wee may stand out of danger, and make mouthes at our enemies. All that hurts me in the warre of —— ; is that, which concernes the interest of others: it grieves me extremely, that his crueltie should leave me, and fall upon my friends. I wish I could have bought out the three lives, that touch the honour of —— with a third Volume of injuries done to my selfe, and where no body else, should have any part: and I may truely say, that this is the onely blow, which that perfidious enemie hath given mee, that goes to my heart; and the onely of all his offenses that I have felt. I intreate you to let my friend know of my griefe; and to make sure unto me this rare personage by all the cares and good offices your courtesie can devise. His Vertue ought to be inviolable to detraction, but detraction will not spare Vertue it selfe, but takes a delight in violating the

beſt things. I have reaſon to place him in this ranke, and conſidering him as one of the moſt accompliſht works of Nature; I muſt needes conſider withall, that Nature it ſelfe, is ſometimes calumniated. Madame *de* ——— enquires often after you, and hath a great opinion of your heart and ſpirit. You may be ſure, I ſay nothing in oppoſition to the account, ſhe holds you in; but am rather glad to ſee my judgement confirmed by ſo infallible an authoritie: ſee, you be alwayes good; and alwayes lay hold upon our antient Maximes; and be aſſured, I am and alwayes will be

My deare brother,

At *Paris* 15. *Your, &c.*
Ianu. 1628.

To Mounſieur *Breton.*

Letter XLVI.

SIR, you are a man of your word, and ſomething more. You promiſe leſſe than you performe, having undertaken to furniſh me but with Gazets; you extend your largeſſe to large volumes of Bookes. This *Bonnius*, whoſe Verſes you ſent me is no ordinary man. The boldneſſe, and beautie of his phraſe, comes very neare the greatneſſe and magnificence of

Hor-

Horace. Hee chuſeth and placeth his words with the ſame preciſeneſſe, and care; he ſpeakes alwayes loftily, and if in all things there be bounds and limits; hee ſometimes ſeemes to goe beyond them. For example, upon the Canonization of *Ignatius*, made by Pope *Gregory* the fifteenth;

Nam te ille primus Vaticanis ritibus
Admovit aris Cælitem
Mixtumque ſuperis aureo curru dedit
perambulare ſydera.

A Pagan Poet could have ſaid no more of the deifying of *Iulius Ceſar*, yet in ſaying ſo much, he ſhould have ſaid too much: there being great difference betweene conſecrating the memory of a mortall man, or the giving him a Divinitie, between the declaring, or the making a God; between being *Auguſtus*, or being *Iupiter*. I know not alſo, why ſpeaking of Proteſtant Miniſters; he ſtands ſo punctually to deſcant upon the word, which of all cõceits is the pooreſt;

Maleque ominata Verba & inter Obſcæna
Exinde lege publica reponendum
Solus Miniſtri Carnifex geret nomen.

I ſhould thinke, that this deſcanting, makes not much for the honour of Princes chiefe counſellours; and it ſeemes, the Poet in this place, forgot M. the Cardinall; who guides the publike fortune and governs the world under this name of Miniſter. There is no great reckoning to be made, no great matter to be built upon three or foure little ſyllables, which ſignifie nothing

nothing, but what custome, without any reason pleaseth, & are of no more value than use gives them. This word *Vates*, is taken sometimes for a foole, sometimes for a sorcerer, sometimes for a Prophet: and the word Prophet it selfe, is sometimes taken for a Juggler; witnesse the Greeke Proverbe προφήτης Αἰγύπτιος: Will you upon this goe raile upon Prophets, and send them with their name to the Grave, or shut them up *Dans le petites maisons*? and yet further to endeere this subtilty of *Iouieus*, you may say that Ministers at all times have beene enemies of Christ, and prove it by this, because a Minister was one of those that stroke him on the face in presence of the high Priest: as it is sayd, *Vnus ex Ministris Caiphæ, &c.* The ground upon which such figures are built is so weake and ruinous, that there is no meanes to make it stand firme: our adversaries may make use of it as well as wee, and to be even with you for your Text of the Minister of *Caiphas*, they will I doubt not bring you another Text, where our Saviour himselfe is sayd to be a Minister, come to execute in the world the decrees of him that sent him, and to doe the eternall will of his Father. This is called triumphing for syllables and words, and running after Phantasmes. If the antient *Rome* had used to play in this fashion, Bishops called by them *Pontifices* would have beene but makers of Bridges, nor Dictators any more then Schoolemasters. Poore *Brutus* would have beene the Butt for all the arrowes of his time. The *Cassius*, the *Percy*, the

the *Beſtie* would not have had one day of reſt, they would have beene forced to get themſelves adopted into ſome other Families, and to change their names, thereby to ſave themſelves from the opprobrious Figures of Oratours and Poets. I meant to have written but two or three lines, and I am come to the bottome of my Paper; this is the pleaſure to bee talking with you that deceives mee thus, and makes me thinke that we are walking together and conferring about our Bookes and Studies. After all that hath beene ſayd, I conclude that your Poet is a great Lyricke Poet, and would have had a Penſion of *Auguſtus*, and have ſate at Table with *Mecœnas*. I bid you good night, and am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

At Balzac 10. Febru. 1631.

Another to him.

LETTER XLVII.

SIR, I am at leaſure for no body but you, and though I am peſtred with a multitude of ſmall affaires, yet I quit them all to come and tell you, that I have received your laſt diſpatch, and finde my ſelfe infinitely obliged to Monſieur *de* ——— ſeeing you put me

me in hope that hee will ſpend this winter at *Paris*, I purpoſe at that time to bee a daily waiter upon him, and try what I can doe to mend my fortune. I am told that you are growne friends with the graces, and will no longer be any enemy to honeſt pleaſures. Hold you firme I beſeech you in this reſolution, and never give it over if you meane well to your life. There is no danger in refreſhing your ſelfe ſometimes with pleaſing companie, that ſo you may returne more freſh and vigorous to your learned exercises. It is better to bee innocently merry *at the Inne in Venice, then to goe kill anes ſelfe in the vaute of the Church*, as the poore ——— I lament him in truth as a man dead and miſerable, and it greeves mee he had not time to bethinke him of his ſoules health, and to aske pardon of God; but to conceive that by his death a great light is extinguiſhed, and that the world hath loſt a great man; I knew him too well to have any ſuch opinion. Hee was to ſay true a man of mettall, and had [illegible] of wit that were not unpleaſant ſo long as they were not biting; but who would endure him to be enrolled amongſt moderne Authors, or give his verſe a place amongſt the Poets of this time? yet he himſelfe counted his courage and his military vertues as nothing in compariſon of his eloquence and excellent gift of ſpeaking & writing, wherein he was ſo highly conceited of himſelfe, that onely for telling him one day of it, he never loved me after, and is dead I aſſure

my

my ſelfe with a heartburning againſt me for it. They that reproove me for writing *Nouvelles Victorienſes* in my firſt Letter to M. the Cardinall, make it appeare they are no farre travellours in the Latin Country, and never come to diſcover *Victrices literas*, *Laureatas literas*, *Nuntiam laurum*, *&c.* Malice is a very unjuſt thing, but ignorance much more; *Homine imperito*, you know the reſt. And never take offence that there bee ſome will not ſo much as allow mee for a Grammar Scholler, and perhaps have reaſon. Wee oftentimes thinke our ſelves to bee the true owners of things, of which indeede wee are but uſurpers; there is nothing ſecure againſt wrangling, every thing is matter of ſuite in this wretched world, yet I meane not ſo eaſily to yeeld and give up my right, for if I were not able to write according to the rules of Art, I muſt certainly be one of a moſt dull capacitie, and altogether uncapable of all diſcipline. For did I learne nothing by ſeeing the Cardinall *Perron*? nothing by being a Schollar in the French tongue under Maſter *Nicholas Coeffeteau*? nothing by a thouſand conferences with the good man *Malherbe*? and laſtly nothing by lodging with father *Bandoin*? *Vel in Bicipiti ſomniaſſe Parnaſſo*? for one is as much as the other, as you know well. This man in truth is no ordinary father, his conceptions and productions are without intermiſſion; he fills our ſtudies with his bookes; he amends, reformes, embelliſhes the bookes of others; hee ſmells a Barbariſme

Barbariſme or an incongruitie ſeaven miles off; hee hath counted by tale all the improprieties that are in ——— : hee is admirable in the knowledge and uſe of all particles, and I am ſure he loves me not ſo little to hide any ſecret or myſterie of all his knowledge from me; I intreat you to kiſſe his hands for me, and to beleeve that I am moſt truly,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 20.
Aug. 1630. *Your, &c.*

Another to him.

Letter XLVIII.

SIR, three dayes ſince I imparted my melancholy and my unquietnes unto you, and how much I was mooved at the crueltie of ——— I have ſince received your Letter of the ninth of this preſent, which doth not indeede take all my paine from me, becauſe it declares not what is done againſt me, but yet aſſwageth it a little, becauſe it declares that nothing is done againſt mee that is deadly. However I muſt put on a reſolution for all events; and comfort my ſelfe with Philoſophie, and with you; you that are my true and faithfull friend, and that ſtand betweene mee and all the ſtones my enemies throw at mee. Your affection is no ſmall helpe to me in theſe troubleſome encounters,

ters, and the tenderneſſe you ſhew to have of me, bindes me in a very ſenſible obligation to you. Concerning the ill will of ——— it can doe me no great hurt, and pardon me if I doe not think my honour is ingaged to make ſo bloody a warre upon him as you would have me. The leſſe ſhew is made of reſenting petty injuries, the bet er and the more readily they are repelled; if I ſhould thinke upon anſwering him, I ſhould but mak a comment upon his gibriſh, for them that underſtand him not; and thereby bring his folly into the more credit and requeſt. When time and place ſerves we will handle him as hee deſerves, and doubt not but his lightneſſe ſhall light heavily upon him; onely doe you collect ſome common places upon this matter, and remember your ſelfe of all that hath paſſed betweene ——— to the end the hiſtory may not be loſt. I have had ſpeech with the man whoſe whole life is nothing but a continuall meditation of death; I never found him ſo auſtere, not ſo great an enemy of bravery as now; his devotion reſpects neither right of nations, nor lawes of civillitie. I have not beene able to get him to write to that perſon that loves him ſo dearely, and complaines to you ſo often about it. All the anſwer he returnes to his long Letters, are but theſe three words of the Goſpell, *Noli amplius peccare*, which in ſweeter and more courtly termes is as much as to ſay,

Lites heures au lieu de lire ſes poulets
Defile tes coliers, faits-en des chapelets, &c.

I received the other day a moſt elegant and gentle Letter from one Mounſieur *Ytterius*, a Lawyer of *Antwerpe*; but I know not by what meanes it came to my hands, nor by what direction to returne an anſwer. Pray enquire after him, and let our friends know that in ſpight of the Marqueſſe of *Aytona*, I have adherents in *Flanders*, and therefore hee neede not make his bragges for having burnt my booke at *Bruxells*. *Scilicet illo igne, vocem omnium Gentium, & libertatem Europæ, & conſcientiam generis humani abolere arbitrabatur.* By the next Poſt I will write to Mounſieur *Hottoman*, and will give Mounſieur *de la Pigeonnerie* thankes for the verſes you had of him to ſend me. Wee have read them here in good companie, both of Males and Females, and they all agree that the Fathers my adverſaries are none of thoſe Chriſtian *Ulyſſeſes*, hee ſpeakes of, that have nailed their Paſſions to the croſſe of Chriſt. I forgot to aske you of Mounſieur *Seton*, and to deſire you to call to him for the papers hee promiſed me. I regard him as one of the great Doctours of our age, and make uſe of the riches of his Spirit with ſo great privacie that hee ſeemes to be but as it were my Treaſurer. I know not how to make an end, nor yet am willing to ſay more, becauſe I muſt reſerve ſomething for Monday next. I therefore take my leave, aſſuring you there is none more truly then I,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 7. *Jan.* 1631. *Your, &c.*

To Mounſieur *Girard*, Officiall of the Church of *Angouleſme*.

Letter. XLIX.

SIR, I make uſe of you with the like libertie as I deſire you would make uſe of me; if therefore you have any ſpare time, you may allow it to the affaires of [illegible] but ſo as you allow it to mine firſt, and that you make a difference betweene friendſhip and courteſie. I doubt not but you will give your beſt advice to the Gentleman that is recommended to you, and will ſet forward the beſt you can the deſigne we have to make him one day an honeſt man. I finde the Booke more neatly and more correctly printed then I could have imagined; and I would tell you that you are an able Grammarian, but that I feare your Divinitie would be angry for giving you ſo ſmall a Prayſe, and ſo much vilified by the *Meſſieurs* our Maſters. The two tracts you ſent mee are as different of ſtile as they are of matter. Any man that can but reliſh the antient puritie will take the firſt of them for the worke of ſome Romane that lived in the times of the republicke, but the other can bee but the writing of ſome *Gaule* or *Spanyard* that came to declaime at *Rome*, in the raigne of the ſixth or ſeaventh Emperour. One meetes at the beginning with ſomething that dazells and makes a faire ſhew

of ſome great good to follow, but at the bottome there is no ſuch matter to bee ſeene; nothing but ſwelling and obſcuritie, oftentimes falſe traines, and every where bragges and bravadoes that are not tollerable. It is a pleaſure as I am told to heare this famous Authour talke of himſelfe; hee thinkes his Penne as much worth as the King of *Swedens* ſword, and no leſſe fatall to ſtates and Princes. Hee ſaith it is he that beſtowes glory or diſhonour, makes men famous or infamous as he pleaſeth, and that he hath meanes enough to be revenged of the Emperour or of the Pope, if the Emperour or the Pope ſhould offer him any wrong. *Scaliger*, *Lipſius* and *Caſaubon* were by his owne ſaying but his Forerunners, and all the light of the former age, but the *Aurora* of his, and yet for all this he hath but a very little head, and but very ſtaring eyes, and but a very fumbling ſpeech, and but a very ſilly diſcourſe, that you may know his judgement is not the predominant part of his ſoule. But the world talkes otherwiſe of him; that he is a loſt man, and one that hath forfeited his braines, not onely ſwallowed up of a ſtrong and vaſte imagination, not onely bending under the burden of an overcharged memory, but apt to loſe himſelfe in the walkes of *Platoes* Philoſophie, for which yet he is become an Apoſtate from *Ariſtotels* doctrine. I confeſſe unto you now that the time hath beene I have made much reckoning of this man, and am ſtill of thoſe ill husbands that give preſents, but pay no debts.

It

It is certaine I discharge my duty extreamely ill; and Mounsieur *Videll* hath just cause to thinke me the most uncivill man that lives. But you know the secret of this matter, and that in my incivillitie there is a kind of Religion which I have not dared as yet to violate. Vnlesse I should sinne against my faith given, I can neither enjoy the good he hath done me, nor give him the thankes I owe him, and this is the extremitie of my miserie, that I have received a most pretious gift, and yet can neither be rich by it, nor thankefull for it. Take some course for Gods sake, that I may dispense with an oath that is so contrary to honestie, and so directly crosseth the right of nations and all good manners. Intreat our friend to give me my libertie againe; which I have solemnly promised to imploy wholly in doing him service, and in accommodating that confusion which makes me commit this disorder. Mounsieur *de Plassac* hath so powerfully confuted that which I writ the other day to Madam *D'Angoisse*, that I am become perswaded my selfe, and am no longer of my owne opinion, but willingly confesse that if I should bee obstinate in defending my false maxims, I should doe as ill as make a schisme amongst Ladies, and bee the Author of a most pernitious doctrine. I have put his Letter in my packet, that you may see I yeelded not for nothing, and that you may shew it also to Mounsieur ——— who hath desired me he might see it. The *Encomium* of Mounsieur *de la Valette*, which your bro-

brother deſired of me; is in the 103. Booke of the Hiſtories of Mounſieur *de Thou*. Change but the date onely, and you will agree with me, that it was certainely made for our Mounſieur *de la Valette*, that is now. I ſend it you by this Poſt, and remaine,

Sir,

At *Balzac* 4. *Decemb.* 1632. *Your, &c.*

RUpein-brunam profectus, pulſatis muris, cum ab oppugnatione tentata cum damno ſuorum repulſus eſſet, rurſus redintegrata verberatione, ubi vidit ab ea parte conatũ fruſtra eſſe; jam ruinis ab obſeſſis ſarta; alio tormentat ranſfert; dumque in ijs Collocandis laborat, ictu majoris ſclopeti, in capite ſanciatus eſt; ex eoque vulnere, poſt duas horas deceſſit, incredibili ſui Regi Deſiderio relicto; cui ſtrenuam admodum, ac fidam operam ſemper nævaverat. Erat vir ſumma fortitudine preditus; in periculis, Imperterritus; in adverſis, Conſtans; in proſperis, moderatus, liberalis, comis, magnæ in explicandis negotiis ſollertiæ, in imperio at magiſtratu, quam privatus, melior. Eſpernonius quem ille hæredem reliquit, eum caſum acerbiſſime tulit: quippe fratre chariſſimo, & firmiſſimo Fortunæ ſuæ invidioſæ munimento Orbatus.

To

To Mounſieur *de Gues.*

Letter L.

SIR, my moſt deare Father, you have obliged me exceedingly unto you; for imparting unto me the good newes that is come, and for communicating with me, the joy you take, in the happy ſucceſſe of the Kings Army. I doe not thinke he hath a better ſubject in all his kingdome, then your ſelfe; never ſervant was more zealous for his Maſters greatneſſe; never *Perſian* more religiouſly adored Monarchy. You love your children, I know infinitely, yet this is but your ſecond love; that of the State, and of the Publicke, goes farre before it, and I feare mē, you would give us all for the pooreſt Frontier Towne of *Flanders*, or for any paltry Fort of *Millan*. That which I read in the Poſtſcript of your Letter, did not ſo very well pleaſe me, the good opinion, which Mounſieur *de*_____ hath of me, is more a burthen to me, then an honour: and I could wiſh, he would make leſſe reckoning of me, ſo he would let me be more at quiet. You have a ſtrange friend of him; to take me for his common placēs, and to thinke that I am an Index, for finding out conceits and figures. In the matter, you propounded to me on his behalfe; I can ſay no more then what I have ſaid already,

but if he pleaſe to take the paines to Tranſlatē my *French* into *Latine*, he may eaſily doe it in ſuch ſort, that he ſhall be taken for the Author, and I but for the Tranſlatour. I have told you, of the Dignity of the Language, in which he meanes to write, and what great advantage it hath over ours; it is certaine, that it elevates and raiſeth up the low thoughts of the Authours; and gives much more to them, then it receives from them. Whereas ours contrariwiſe, hath no beauty, but as the Authours embelliſh it and ſet it out; It hath no ſubſiſtence; but by the matter, no force, but from the ſubjects that are handled. I have made choice of ſome, which I thought fitteſt for his purpoſe; if he finde them for his turne, hee may make uſe of them: and better them much, by putting them into *Ciceroes* ſtile and phraſe: and theſe are they. Good men ought to deſire great Dignities, as a neceſſary meanes to performe great atchievements; which if they performe not; both God will call them to account, for his graces, no better employed, and the world will juſtly complaine, it is left a prey to the wicked; and that the deſire of their owne private quiet, makes them abandon all care of the publike. This is to tell you my Lord, that you ought to reſerve your humility, for actions that paſſe betweene God and you; but that for other matters, you cannot have too much credit, nor too much greatneſſe, ſeeing it is fit that wiſedome ſhould be obeyed, and that there are ſome vertues which cannot be acted by thoſe that are

poore,

poore, &c. Though we be not ſo out of the world, but that we heare newes of it; yet it paſſeth through ſo many places, that it cannot chuſe but receive divers impreſſions; and can never come to us in purity, ſeeing it gathers muddie, in comming but from the *Louure*. Yet I have come to know, and fame hath ſounded in our deſart, the great battles that have beene fought for the honour of *France*, and how you have vanquiſhed the ſpirits of ſtrangers; which is a greater victory, then to vanquiſh their forces. I have come to know, that *Italy* hath rigged up all ſubtilties, and imployed them to deceive us, and yet could not, and that theſe Spirits which thought to raigne in all aſſemblies, and to be the Maſters of reaſon, have not beene able to defend themſelves againſt you, but with ſpight and choller, Nor to complaine of any thing, but that you perſwaded them to that, which they came reſolved never to doe, ſo as they which called us Barbarians; and got alwaies as much by their Treaties, as they loſt by our Victories, have found at laſt, that there is wiſdome on this ſide the *Alpes*, as well as beyond: and are driven to acknowledge, that we had a man amongſt us now, able to hinder them from deceiving us as they had done. They wondred to ſee a ſervant, that could not endure there ſhould be a greater Maſter then his owne, that felt the leaſt evils of his Country, as if they were his proper wounds, and thought it a hurt to himſelfe, if there were but an offer made, to touch the Dignity of this Crowne, but when

they ſaw that you applyed remedies upon the ſuddaine, to all inconveniencies which they thought you could never have avoyded, that you not onely anſwered all objections they made, but prevented all they intended to make, that you dived into their ſoules, and tooke hold of their intentions there, and at the firſt conference, made anſwer to that which they reſerved for the ſecond, then in truth their fleame turned into choller, and then you quite rooted all their humane Prudence, and all their politicke Maximes, &c. I am not able to diſſemble the joy I take, to heare that your good ſervices are acknowledged, that when divers counſels had beene tryed, yet yours at laſt was ſtill faine to be followed, and that in guiding the fortune of *France*, you are no leſſe Preſident of all affaires of *Europe*. It is true, that of all externall contentments, I have none ſo ſenſible to me as this, but on the other ſide, when I heare that your health is continually aſſaulted, or at leaſt threatned by ſome accident or other; that the reſt which the quietnes of your Conſcience ought to afford you, keepes you not from having unquiet Nights, and that in the midſt of all your glory, and good ſucceſſes, yet you oftentimes are as it were weary of your life, then in deede, &c. And can it not be, that you ſhould come to heare the publicke acclamations, but in the unquietneſſe of your watchings? nor of your praiſes, but in your paines? Muſt the Senſe ſuffer, and the Spirit rejoyce? Muſt you be upon the Rocke, when you are in your Triumphs?

Muſt

Muſt you doe two contrary workes at once, and at the ſame time, have neede both of moderation, and of Patience: if vertue could be miſerable, and that the ſect which accounts nothing evill but paine, nothing good but pleaſure, were not univerſally condemned. Certainely the divine Providence, would at this day be complained upon, by all places of this Kingdome: and all honeſt men, would in your behalfe finde ſomething amiſſe, in the worlds governement. But my Lord, you know better then I, that it is the happineſſe of beaſts onely, of which we muſt beleeve the body, for as for ours, which reſides in our higheſt part, it is as little ſenſible of diſorders that are below her, as they which are in Heaven are uncapable of offences by ſtormes of the aire, or by vapours of the earth. And this being ſo, God forbid, that I ſhould judge of your condition, by the ſtate of your health; and not thinke him perfectly happy, whoſoever is perfectly wiſe. Doe but imagine with your ſelfe, that you have made a diviſion of the infirmities of humane nature, with other men, and then you ſhall finde the advantage is on your ſide, ſeeing there is in you, but a ſmall portion of paine, for infinite paſſions and defects that are in others. Yet I cannot but thinke, that the tearme of your patience is neere expired, and that the time to come, is preparing contentments for you that are wholy pure, and wil make you young again after the time, as before the time you have made your ſelfe old. The King that hath need

of

of your long life makes no wiſhes in vaine, and heaven heares not the prayers of the enemies of our ſtate. Wee know of no ſucceſſour fit to undertake what you leave unfiniſhed, and if it be true that our Armies are but the armes of your head, and that God hath choſen your counſaile for eſtabliſhing the affaires of this age; why ſhould we feare a loſſe which hath no right to come but to our poſteritie? he will not in this only point leave imperfect the happineſſe he hath promiſed us; he loves men too well to deprive them of that good which you are borne to doe them. When Armies are defeated there may new be levied, and a ſecond Fleet may be ſet forth when the firſt is loſt; but if you my Lord ſhould faile us, &c. It ſhall be in your time that people oppreſſed ſhall come from the worlds end to ſeeke the protection of this crowne; that by your meanes our Allies ſhall bee well payed for their loſſes, that the *Spanyards* ſhall be no conquerours, but the *French* ſhall be the freers of all the earth. It ſhall be in your time that the holy ſeate ſhall have her opinions free; that the inſpirations of the holy Ghoſt ſhall be no more oppugned by the cunning of our adverſaries, and that there ſhall be raiſed up courageous hearts, worthy of the antient *Italie*, and able to defend the common cauſe. Finally my Lord it ſhall be by your wiſdome, that there ſhall be no more tyrannie in Chriſtendome, nor rebellion in this kingdome: That the people ſhall leave in their ſuperiours hands both liberty and religion; and

that

that from this legall government, and from this perfect obedience there ſhal ariſe that happineſſe which Polititians ſeeke for, and which is the end of all civill ſocieties. My hope is that all theſe things ſhall come to paſſe thorough your wiſe government, and that after you have made ſure our peace and our neighbours, you ſhall your ſelfe enjoy the benefit of your good deeds with pleaſure and at your eaſe, and ſhall ſee the ſtate of things continue flouriſhing, whereof none but your ſelfe have beene the Author. I earneſtly entreate you ſo to deale with Mounſieur *de*——— that he may reſt contented with this; and diſpenſe with me for any new meditation which would require more leaſure then I am like to have. This bearer will deliver you the Hiſtory of Queene *Elizabeth*, which may ſerve you for a recreation till the end of the weeke, and then I ſhall come and aske your opinion, and deſire you to give me ſome light of that time out, of the great experience you have of many things. I deſire of God with all my heart that he will be pleaſed to afford you yet ſome great matter to exerciſe your ſelfe in, and that this wiſe old age of yours which wee ſo much admire may long continue to be a ſtrength and ornament to your family. Theſe are my earneſt wiſhes, and withall, to make you by a perfect acknowledgement of your favours, a perfect proofe that I am,

Sir, my deare Father,

Your, &c.

At *Balzac*, 7. *June* 1634.

To

To Mounſieur *de Boiſrobert.*

Letter LI.

SIR, the Muſes never favoured man as they doe you; you are the onely man that neede neither retreite nor leaſure for your meditations; In the troubles of the world you poſſeſſe your ſpirit in peace, and ſeeing the bruite of the court diverts not your attention, neither can the Sea and all its waves hinder your compoſitions. It is no ſmall advantage to finde that ſolitude in ones ſelfe, which others ſeeke for in the Deſart, and not to bee bound to goe out of the world for fetching in of ſound opinions and perſwaſive words. If the merit of yours take place, we ſhall ſhortly ſee at *Comædies* as many long Caſſocks as ſhort robes, and the moſt auſtere Philoſophers will have their hands and eyes in the recreations of the people, and ſo Sir of a miſchiefe you ſhall make a remedy; you ſhall ſet timourous ſpirits at liberty, and ſhall free us from two terrible monſters, ſcrupulouſneſſe, and vitious baſhfulneſſe. You make mee long to beare a part in this action, and in this ſort to defend the Theater; to take the field after you is not ſo much to fight as to purſue the victory, and I thinke it no wrong to vertue to juſtifie an innocent pleaſure, and that which is onely worthy of her; this we owe to *Iaſon*, to *Maſiniſſa*,

ſiniſſa, to *Brutus*, and to other worthy men, who live at this day in the perſon of the man you ſo much commend, and whom I admire as often as I heare. It is certaine that the grace with which he pronounceth verſes gives them a degree of goodneſſe which the Poets could not. They are more beholding to him that pronounceth them, then to him that made them, and this ſecond father (if I may ſo ſpeake) purgeth by his adoption all the vices of their birth; the tune of his voyce accompanied with the dignitie of his geſtures gives a kind of nobleneſſe to the moſt vulgar and baſe conceits. No ſoule is ſo ſtrongly fortified againſt the objects of ſence which he forcethnot; No judgement ſo wary and ſo well prepared, which is not caught with the impoſture of his words in ſuch ſort, that if in this world there be any happineſſe for verſes, it is certainly in his mouth, and in his pronouncing, by which as evill things get the colour of good; ſo good things get the uttermoſt of their perfection. Let me know Sir whither I hit right upon your inclinations, and in the meane time I give you many thankes for your many favours, particularly for the Letter of my Lord you tooke the paines to ſend me. Hee writes indeede in the ſtile of a Conquerour, and theſe words *Accepi, legi, probavi*, ſavour much of theſe, *Veni, vidi, vici*, of *Iulius Cæſar*, and of theſe Ἀνέγνωρ, Ἔγνως, Κατέγνως, of another *Cæſar* that was afterwards. Though I ſhould never receive other marke of his love but this, yet were this a full

a full recompence for all the paſſion I owe to his ſervice; yet I muſt tell you, I cannot forget the honour he hath done mee, in procuring me a promiſe that I ſhall be payd of ——— I have done all poſſibly I could to blot this thought out of my minde, but I confeſſe unto you that my imaginative part is a little ſtrong, I could never hitherto ſatisfie my ſelfe herein, and what bad anſwer ſoever I receive from men, yet ſtill I relie upon this word of God, who commands me to hope well, and therefore I waite ſtill for the accompliſhment of the Oracle. All our world is extremely bound unto you for remembring it, and I am my ſelfe more then all the world together,

Sir,

At *Balzac.* 3. *April*, 1635.

Your, &c.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

FINIS.